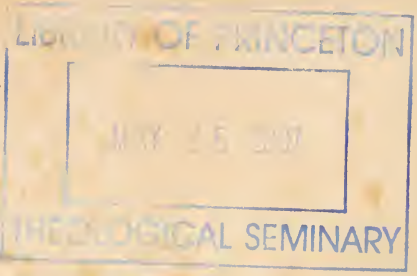
THE MISSIONARY IN MANY LANDS

Manfield Newton
Sydney, N.S.W.

UT-05

W. Wendt Library



BV 2064 .H68 1861
House, Erwin, 1824-1875.
The missionary in many land
s

LIBRARY OF PRINCETON
MAY 2 5
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

THE

MISSIONARY IN MANY LANDS.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
Esquimaux	*Front.*
A Dancer of Tahiti	24
Esquimaux Woman	33
A New Zealand Warrior	111
Burman Noble	223
The Queen of Madagascar	267
Queen of the Sandwich Islands	290
Warrior of the Sandwich Islands	296

THE QUEEN OF MADAGASCAR—THE STATE HOWDAH.

THE MISSIONARY

IN

MANY LANDS:

A SERIES OF INTERESTING

Sketches of Missionary Life and Labours,

AND OF THE

PROGRESS OF THE GOSPEL IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

BY

ERWIN HOUSE, A.M.

Illustrated and Enlarged.

LONDON:
JAMES BLACKWOOD & CO., PATERNOSTER ROW.

PREFACE.

The present volume was written with the design of awakening in the minds of the young, particularly, an interest in the missionary cause—the *great* enterprise, I think it may safely be said, of the Church and the age. The narratives are not, in the accustomed phraseology of moral-tale writers, *founded* on fact, but are facts themselves.

In the matter of style there is not, possibly, that elaborateness or rigid precision and finish which scholars might desire; but there is clearness and simplicity, I trust, qualities quite as desirable in a book for general readers as any that might be named. In an experience, as a speaker to the young, of twenty years' standing, I have discovered that they prefer an incident or fact stated in simple, clear words, to one robed in beautiful drapery, or smothered with a profusion of finely chosen or high sounding epithets.

The narratives show as their primary lesson that the great want of man in every age and part of the globe is the religion of Jesus Christ, the

sanctifying influences of his Holy Spirit. Wherever, in its simplicity, Christianity has been preached, there it has triumphed over all the darkness and prejudices of the human mind. Let him who doubts read specially the article entitled "The Cannibals of Fiji." Thirty years ago cannibalism in its grossest forms prevailed over the group; now in many of the islands we have Christians of as clear and true a type as can be found in any of the Churches of Great Britain, or the United States. The *Gospel* is the power of God unto salvation, whether preached on the ice-plains of Greenland, in the jungles of Bengal, on the mountains of India, or along the coral strands of the South Pacific.

The volume was undertaken at the suggestion of Dr. Wise, to whom I acknowledge myself indebted for many valuable suggestions; and now that it is in the hands of the public, my prayers shall accompany it that all who read its pages may have kindled in their hearts a deeper feeling for that great work which Christ came into the world to establish—the bringing into one fold and under the lead of one Shepherd *all men*, of whatever race, or people, or clime. E. H.

CONTENTS.

The Ship Duff and her Voyage	1
A Long Night of Toil	33
The Pioneers in Bengal	45
Then and Now in New Zealand	111
The Cannibals of Fiji	131
Eighteen Months in a Death-prison	223
Christian Martyrs of Madagascar	262
The Island Orphan Brothers	290

THE

MISSIONARY IN MANY LANDS.

THE SHIP DUFF AND HER VOYAGE.

FORMATION OF THE LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

On the fifteenth day of January, 1795, a number of ministers assembled in London, and appointed a committee to write to the various preachers out of the city in regard to the formation of a society for the conversion of the heathen. The committee at once began their work, sending letters to all the preachers whose address they could obtain, requesting them to communicate with their congregations and to send up delegates to London to participate in the exercises of a convention, which was to be held September 22, 23, and 24 of that year. Most of the letters were replied to, and a very respectable number of delegates visited London. Sermons and addresses were delivered, and a society formed under the name of "The London Missionary Society."

Just then there was a great excitement in England in regard to the South Sea Islands, and the discoveries that had been made there by navigators. One of these islands, called Tahiti, had first been seen by an English sea captain, named Wallis, in the year 1767. He and his men made a short landing, and found the island almost a paradise. Fresh breezes from the sea fanned it day and night, and perpetual summer smiled there. Mountains rising almost to the clouds were in the centre, while beautiful groves reached close down to the ocean.

The inhabitants of Tahiti Captain Wallis found stout and tall, with brown skins and glossy black hair. They seemed good-natured and happy; but a brief experience with them demonstrated to him that they were adepts in theft and falsehood, as well as murderers.

On his return to England he gave a full account of Tahiti and other islands, described in glowing colours the beauty of the scenery, the abundance of cocoa and bread-fruit trees, but dwelt particularly on the bad morals and habits of the people.

The persons who had formed the London Missionary Society thought it would be a wise plan to raise money, call for missionaries, and send them out to the islands. It was some time before the requisite number could be obtained. At last, however, twenty-nine pious men were found who said they were willing to go. Four of the number were preachers; the other twenty-three were me-

chanics of various kinds, such as blacksmiths, carpenters, and masons. Six of the men had wives, who were to go with them, and there were three children, making in all thirty-eight.

THE DUFF BUILT.

The directors of the Missionary Society on consultation thought it best to buy a ship in which to convey the missionaries to Tahiti. Funds were accordingly raised, and a vessel named the Duff was obtained. A pious captain, lately in the East India trade, named James Wilson, took command.

The Duff sailed from Portsmouth, England, September 23, 1796, and after a voyage of six months reached Tahiti. The natives, on catching a glimpse of the ship, started to the beach in prodigious numbers. Seventy-four canoes, each holding twenty men, struck out for it, and in a very few moments over one hundred of them, without invitation, scrambled up the vessel's side and were on deck. They ran up and down the rigging like persons insane.

When their astonishment had somewhat abated over one-half jumped over the ship's side into the sea and swam ashore. The Tahitians are great swimmers Three times a day they were in the habit of going into the water to bathe. Boys of only four years of age could swim in a still sea a quarter of a mile and back. Even babes, unable to walk, had been taught by their mothers to paddle around like ducks in the deepest water.

Those who remained on board were a complete annoyance to the captain. He understood perfectly well that they wanted axes, knives, and looking-glasses, with other useful articles, and that they would condescend to steal them if they could obtain them in no other way. They had a parcel of pigs and some bread-fruit in their canoes, which, pulling on deck, they used every endeavour to sell to the captain; but he told them it was the Sabbath, the day of his God, and that there must be no buying or selling on that day. This somewhat pacified them, and after a while the missionaries gathered on deck and began to sing. As the music rose on the air and swelled out over the sea, the dusky islanders were amazed beyond measure, and several of them could not refrain from uttering their joy by exclamations and leaping.

When the singing was over, one of the missionaries delivered a sermon from the words, "God is love." Just as he was finishing, two white men, dressed in savage costume, clambered up the vessel's side and entered into the congregation. They were Swedes, and went by the names of Peter and Andrew. They had suffered shipwreck, and had lived on the island many years. Being able to talk both in English and Tahitian, the missionaries were glad to see them, though in a brief time they discovered them to be corrupt almost beyond redemption. In company with thirty natives, these fellows asked to sleep on shipboard for the night. With manifested reluctance

the missionaries consented; but, two by two, they had to watch till sunrise, for fear the Tahitians, led by these Swedes, would steal everything they could put their hands on, or else murder them and their wives and children.

MANNE MANNE.

There was among the Tahitians an old man whom they called Manne Manne. He was a high priest of the idol gods. With the coming of Monday morning's light, Manne Manne came aboard, and wished to be made a friend of the captain's. "I will send all the rest from the ship," remarked he, "if you will be my friend." The sole object of this speech was to obtain presents from the captain and the missionaries.

Fearing to incur the anger of Manne Manne, Captain Wilson changed names with him and became his friend, whereupon the old priest ordered his native subjects off. Immediately they scrambled down the sides of the ship, leaped into their canoes, and paddled ashore. Manne Manne now began his requests. "Give me this gun," said he; "we are friends, and I will give you large cocoa-nuts and three pigs."

I ought to have said that the only things that the island contained of the quadruped kind were pigs, cats, dogs, and rats. There was also centipedes, with their thousand legs, and virulently poisonous lizards and snakes. The people were very fond of snakes as food, and the boys and

girls had no rarer sport than catching them. The rats were more numerous than any other animals, and in manners were anything but polite. When people ate breakfast or dinner they were compelled to employ from two to five persons with switches to keep them from the victuals.

"Give me this gun," went on old Manne Manne; "I like its hole, and its shine, and its nice thing to pull and shoot with." At first Captain Wilson did not listen to him, but offered him other articles of less value. Finding, however, that nothing but the gun would satisfy him, he with great reluctance yielded it up; but Manne Manne's covetousness knew no bounds. Obtaining the gun, he wanted a large looking-glass, and some axes, and knives, and razors. He did not receive any more that day, for the captain and the missionaries saw that there was no end to his asking.

Late in the afternoon the captain, some of the missionaries, Manne Manne, and the two Swedes went ashore. A great crowd was in waiting, dancing and capering about on the sand in the wildest confusion. The king, whose name was Otu, presented the missionaries with a large house, built by his father, which was one hundred and eight feet long and forty-eight feet wide. It had no floor, nor any doors or windows; but the missionaries were glad to get it with even all these things lacking. The next day there was another meeting of the natives and the mis-

sionaries. The king and the queen of the island were present also. They both rode, in the absence of any horses on the island, on the shoulders of men, it being a law of Tahiti that any ground on which the king or his wife set foot belonged to them. Captain Wilson made a statement in regard to the coming of the missionaries. He informed the king that their object was to do good, not to fight; that they would neither fight for nor against them. Peter, the Swede, interpreted the captain's words. Before stopping he requested King Otu to give the missionaries a good-sized piece of land along with the house, so that they could have cocoa-nuts and bread-fruit of their own. The request was granted, and a whole district called Matavi was ceded to the missionaries, with the understanding, however, that they were not to appropriate the land to their own use, to the exclusion of the original owners.

On Wednesday the work of moving from the ship commenced. Some of the islanders helped to carry the chests and trunks to the "big" house, while others proceeded to the woods to cut bamboos, with which to divide the building into rooms. These bamboos were hollow sticks, very light and long, but hard to break. They were stuck in the ground floor, close together, and tied together at the top. You could see through the openings just as you can through the slats of a hen-coop, but it was the best that could be done; in fact, it was the way in which all the outside

walls of the houses on the island were made. Several bed-rooms were partitioned off; also a room for the books, one for medicines, and one large one for meeting purposes.

The high priest, Manne Manne, had been busy all the morning in catching and cooking three pigs for dinner. A little after noon he and several helpers brought the pigs, and laid them, well baked, in the middle of the large room, on some clean bark. Some others brought a large quantity of bread-fruit and cocoa-nuts. There were no cups or saucers, nor any knives or forks. The pigs were cut up with sharks' teeth, which were long and sharp, and then all were required to eat with their fingers. The king and queen ate with the rest, and seemed happy. You will be surprised to learn that the former was only twenty years of age, and the latter a little turned of fifteen. It was common for the girls on the island to marry at ten and twelve, and the boys at twelve and fourteen years.

As the sun went down the natives proceeded home. The missionaries made their supper of what was left from dinner, then had family prayer, and retired to sleep.

The next day was spent pretty much as this one, except that the natives were slower in fetching bamboos, and manifested a strong disposition to steal.

THE DUFF LEAVES TAHITI.

Monday, March 12, all hearts were filled with

sorrow. The Duff had been at the island for eight days, and must now sail. The hearts of the men and women went back over the wide ocean to their quiet English homes, and longed for the peace and stillness of the Sabbath there. Many shed tears as Captain Wilson stood on deck, and ordered the sailors to weigh anchor and unfurl the sails. Of the twenty-nine missionaries who came out in the Duff eighteen remained at Tahiti, while the eleven others were bound still further on.

The breeze filled the sails, the rudder turned the prow from Tahiti, and the Duff bent her way to the Friendly Islands, several hundred miles to the south-west. After a protracted voyage she cast anchor near Hihifo, a town on Tongataboo, one of the most southerly of the Friendly Islands. Ten of the eleven missionaries disembarked here, carrying with them their clothes, tools, books, etc.

In three or four days the Duff set sail again. This time she was bound for a group of islands called the Marquesas, over two thousand miles to the north-east of Tongataboo. But one missionary was now on board; his name was Crook. When the vessel reached Santa Christina, one of the Marquesas, Mr. Crook gathered his books and things together, and went ashore alone. Farewells were exchanged, and then Captain Wilson steered on a return voyage to Tahiti.

In a short time the Duff was anchored again off Tahiti. The captain going ashore, found the

missionaries all well. He learned, also, that King Otu and his wife had treated them with great kindness, furnishing them with more pigs and bread-fruit than were needed.

August 4, 1797, was the day fixed on by Captain Wilson for his return to England.

One of the missionaries had become discouraged in consequence of the wickedness of the Tahitians, and expressed a desire to return to London. The brethren and the captain consented; so, packing up a few things, he on the day of sailing bade his friends and the king good-bye, and went aboard.

It was a long voyage back to England, and not till the first spring month did the Duff come in sight of Portsmouth. What the returned missionary conjured up to say when he saw the directors of the missionary society, whether he offered to pay anything for the trouble and expense they had incurred in sending him out and back, or whether he took it all in the natural course of events, remains a mystery.

A SECOND VOYAGE FROM ENGLAND.

In the latter part of December, 1798, the Duff sailed again from England with twenty-nine missionaries on board. This time she was in command of Captain Thomas Robson. Ten of the twenty-nine were married, five were ordained preachers, two were doctors; the rest were pretty thoroughly acquainted with botany and agriculture, or else

knew something of the blacksmith's and carpenter's trades.

On the 13th day of February, 1799, not quite two months after sailing, the Duff and all the missionaries were captured off Cape Frio, a promontory of Brazil, by the Bonaparte, a French privateer. They were taken to Monte Video, and kept there several weeks. The captain of the Bonaparte appears to have been a kind-hearted man, and expressed great sympathy for the missionaries, saying that if he had known who they were, and the cause in which they were engaged, he would rather have given them five hundred pounds out of his own pocket than to have met with them. By his kindness they were furnished with a passage to Rio Janeiro. On their way they were again taken captive by a Portuguese frigate, bound to Lisbon.

During this voyage they were treated with the severest cruelty, and were put in the narrowest and meanest of bunks. The captain was a man of cruel hardness, and did everything to distress the captives. One of the missionaries died on board, and was thrown into the sea without the rite of Christian burial. September 22 the frigate reached Lisbon, Portugal, and the twenty-eight survivors were set at liberty. They made their way home as soon as it was possible, and related the sad story of their trials to many sympathizing friends.

But let us return to Tahiti. The king, Otu, had a father, by the name of Pomare, and a grand-

father, named Oteu. The wife of Pomare, Otu's mother, was Idia. She was a tall, strong woman, and had been in a great many battles, and had killed more than fifty of her enemies. Her husband, Pomare, being covetous and treacherous, was engaged almost constantly in stealing, or else in making others steal. He would tell a lie whenever it would bring him a hatchet, or an axe, or anything else he liked.

By turns, the missionaries were compelled to watch the house all the while. A few days after the sailing of the Duff a wholesale robbery was committed in the blacksmith's shop. The sentinel could give no account of the matter; but after the most diligent search a hole was discovered inside of the shop in the ground. It looked very much like a rabbit's burrow, and it was concluded that the thief who had stolen the iron and tools had crept into the shop through this hole. The man on watch last was questioned about it. He said he saw something of a hole on the outside once, but there was nothing but a hog curled up in it. All were satisfied, however, that the supposed hog was the thief. On application subsequently to one of the chiefs the thief was discovered, and most of the stolen tools recovered.

A DIFFICULTY AND A DEPARTURE.

In the year 1798 the ship Nautilus stopped at the island. Two of the sailors deserted with one of the ship's boats, taking refuge with the natives

in a distant part of the island. The captain of the Nautilus, whose name was Bishop, applied to the missionaries for help in recovering the boat and the men. In the attempt, the natives to whom the sailors had run for protection overpowered the captain and the missionaries, and, driving them to a river, endeavoured to drown them. It was quite generally believed that young King Otu had instigated the outrage.

Part of the natives sided in favour of the missionaries, and rescued them. They took them to Pomare and his queen, who sympathized with them and treated them kindly, sending them home in their own boat. But in consequence of this narrow escape, and the growing treachery and hate of Otu and his followers, eleven of the missionaries determined to leave the island in the Nautilus.

Pomare and Idia heard of this determination, and immediately set out to see them. A long conference ensued, and at last five of the single missionaries, together with Mr. and Mrs. Eyre, determined to remain. The other six sailed in the Nautilus for another island.

Their departure crippled the mission seriously. Those who remained thought it best to give up everything they had, even to the blacksmith's shop and tools, to Pomare. But notwithstanding this precaution, they were startled almost every night by parties of marauding natives, who cried out that they would burn the mission house. Valuable articles were stolen with unpleasant frequency.

Even Idia, the queen, devoted a large portion of her time to thieving. She pretended to be on intimate terms with Mrs. Eyre, going nearly every evening to take tea with her, yet managing always to carry off something belonging to her hostess or the mission house. Afterward, if inquired of, or charged with any theft, she would bitterly deny it, and use every effort to stir up her husband and the natives against the missionaries. So the latter had silently to endure, and look to God in prayer for help.

POMARE DEFEATED.

In a district of the island called Pare, Pomare gave orders to have two men executed who had been engaged in the attempt to kill the missionaries. The club was the instrument used in disposing of the men. The act terribly exasperated the people of Pare, and revenge was at once resolved on. War was declared against Pomare and the missionaries. The latter laboured hard to settle the matter peaceably, but the people of Pare declared they would not listen to peace. So Pomare went to battle against them. The fighting on both sides was bloody in the extreme; but at last Pomare conquered and drove his enemies into the mountains, burning afterwards fifty of the houses left desolate.

Otu did not rejoice with his father in this triumph, but, on the contrary, his heart was filled with hate. So also was the heart of the white-headed

old priest, Manne Manne. They determined to put an end to the life of Pomare, and then to take possession of the entire island. They began by making war on the district of Matavi, which had originally been ceded to Captain Wilson in behalf of the missionaries. A short but severe fight ensued, in which, by superior tactics, Manne Manne and Otu triumphed. They at once drove the inhabitants of Matavi from their lands, and took possession themselves.

The old priest was proud of the victory, and tauntingly told the missionaries that the club would some day very soon lay their heads low. But his pride was short-lived. The Tahitians, it must be borne in mind, were treacherous and false to the last degree; so, though Otu and Manne Manne were bosom friends, Otu's mother, urged on by Pomare, consented to a plan to murder Manne Manne. Early one morning, as the old priest was starting to make a visit to Pare, a servant belonging to Otu's household was commanded to accompany him down a long hill. This servant concealed a heavy stone under a part of his dress, but managed to talk pleasantly with Manne Manne, wishing him, among other things, a happy visit and a safe return. They stopped a while at the foot of the hill to take a drink from a spring, and when Manne Manne was not suspecting any evil, suddenly the servant drew forth his stone, and struck him on the head till life was extinct.

The death of the high priest seemed to unite

Otu and Pomare again. The people of Matavi who had fled to the mountains were called back, and took possession of their old homes. The missionaries, also, were encouraged in their labours, and applied themselves with great assiduity to acquiring the Tahitian language. The islanders, however, continued insensible and perverse, and made no effort scarcely to improve.

A CHAPEL ERECTED.

On March 5, 1800, the missionaries commenced the erection of a chapel. The chiefs assisted very considerably, making their subjects carry bamboos and other things of use in building. When it was nearly finished Pomare desired to be very kind to his English friends. He caught a large fish, and sending it to Mr. Eyre, requested him to hang it up on a centre post in the chapel, as an offering for Mr. Eyre's *special friend,* Jesus Christ! Poor, ignorant idolater! he thought he had performed a most meritorious act. Mr. Eyre returned the fish, which exceedingly vexed the chief.

This was the first building erected in all the South Sea Islands for the worship of the true God. At the time of its completion the missionaries indulged the hope of seeing it regularly filled with worshippers. In this they were doomed to disappointment. For a while the people came around to hear the singing; but most of them jeered and laughed at the "Jesus Christ men," as they called Mr. Eyre and his companions.

Two years following the islanders became so troublesome, and made so many threats about burning the chapel, that the missionaries were compelled to take it down.

A SAIL AT SEA.

Their circumstances were now peculiarly discouraging. One of their number, Mr. Lewis, had died a short time before the chapel was begun, and another, by the name of Broomhall, had become dissatisfied and left for another island. The natives did everything to provoke the missionaries. Night and day the chiefs and others kept up their nefarious practices of lying and stealing.

One evening when the little band of missionaries, now numbering only five, were ready to yield to despair, the white sail of a ship was descried making toward Tahiti. It was an English man-of-war, the Porpoise, and soon the crew cast anchor off the island. The captain had come to buy hogs of the islanders for the soldiers at Port Jackson. He was in manners a perfect gentleman, and very kind and communicative. He put into the hands of Mr. Eyre a letter in which was the welcome news that eight other missionaries were on their way from England to the island.

What was the joy of all next morning to see another sail on the sea making the direction of Tahiti. It was the Royal Admiral, bearing the eight missionaries named in the letter delivered to

Mr. Eyre. There were wet eyes and joyous hearts as the ship came to anchor and the brethren disembarked.

In the year 1802 the missionaries who had longest been on the island were so familiar with the language as to be able to preach in it. Early in that year Messrs. Nott and Elder went out as Methodist itinerant preachers do, two and two, preaching in every district in Tahiti. The natives seemed interested in the account of the creation as given by the missionaries, but asked many singular questions. One day when Mr. Nott was preaching he stopped and inquired: "What is the true atonement for sin?" Immediately several cried out at the top of their voices, "*Hogs and pearls.*"

One of the great men of the island came to him on a certain day after the sermon, saying he would be glad to pray to the true God, but was afraid of the club, that is, of being killed, if he did.

ANOTHER WAR.

Among the idol gods worshipped by the islanders was Oro, the god of war. The people of the district called Atehuru were in possession of Oro, much to the chagrin of the king, Otu. So one day, being on a visit to the Atehurans, he stole Oro, and making off with the god, hid it in his own canoe. A war immediately followed, in which Otu and Pomare were leagued against the Atehurans. It lasted three months, but during

the fighting the idol, Oro, was stolen from the king, although Otu and his father triumphed.

During the war the missionaries could preach none, but at its close they were more diligent than ever, yet their success was limited. Often they would go around to every house in a village and obtain the promise of the men and women to come to preaching. Sometimes the men would even start in company with the missionaries for the chapel, but would give them the slip on the way, so that when preaching hour came, instead of a hundred or two to hear, there were only five or six. And this was not the worst of their conduct. These five or six, instead of coming with orderly intentions, would bring their roosters and dogs with them, and while the preacher was praying would let the fowls loose in chapel and set the dogs after them. On one occasion a man brought a pig with him, and while the preacher was preaching he gave it a pull by the ear, which raised a squeal so loud that the exercises were wholly interrupted.

In September, 1803, old King Pomare died. Before his death, however, he recommended the missionaries to the protection of his son Otu, who now took the name of Pomare II.

Early in 1805 the missionaries had completed a vocabulary of Tahitian words, as well as published a catechism in Tahitian. The king made good use of his time in studying, and by 1807 was able to write as well as read. He despatched a letter to the London Missionary Society, full of

compliments, having first written it in Tahitian, and afterwards transcribed the translation made by the missionaries for him.

In October of this year Mr. Davis opened a school for boys in the mission house, and was so much encouraged that he composed a spelling-book in Tahitian, and forwarded it to England for printing.

In November, 1807, another war broke out, whose cause was briefly this:—A man in the district of Atehuru made fish-hooks of some of the bones of a chief who had been slain in battle. This chief was a special friend, in his lifetime, of the king, and Pomare determined to have vengeance. The war was very protracted, but Pomare was defeated, and fled to the island of Eimeo, a little to the north-west of Tahiti. The houses of the missionaries were all burned to the ground, and they themselves compelled to leave the island. All, with the exception of Mr. Nott, embarked the first opportunity for Huahine, and arrived at Port Jackson, New South Wales, in February, 1810, Mr. Nott remaining at the island of Eimeo, whither Pomare had fled.

But they had not been gone long before King Pomare sent word for them to come to Eimeo. He expressed great sorrow because of their absence, and promised that if they would return he would live a better life. The island of Eimeo, where Mr. Nott and another missionary lived, was under the control of Pomare as well as had been Tahiti. In

October, 1811, five of the missionaries who had sailed to Port Jackson reached Eimeo, and found Pomare and his wife, with Mr. Nott, there waiting anxiously to receive them.

A CHANGE—COOKING A TURTLE.

During their absence Pomare had carefully observed the Sabbath-day, and now expressed the deepest grief because of his past wicked life. He spent much of his time in reading and writing, and in earnest inquiries about God and the way of salvation through Jesus Christ. He had for some time shown contempt for the idol gods, and had expressed a desire to be taught a more excellent way, that he might obtain the favour of the true God.

The turtle was a sacred animal in the eyes of the natives, and it was the universal custom to cook it with sacred fire in the temple or maral, and to give part of it to the god there. One day some men who had been out fishing caught a large turtle, and were carrying it to the maral to dress and offer up. Pomare saw them, and called a halt. "Take the turtle," said he, "to my house, and cook it, and serve it up to all present." The men and all around were astounded, some calling out, "He is mad; the king is crazy." He repeated his order: "Take the turtle, and cook it at my house," and with such soberness and sternness that they feared to disobey.

The turtle was cooked, and Pomare ate the

first piece. He then gave to his wife and others, but none would eat with him. They were confident the gods would kill him before sundown, or, if not then, by sunrise; but when neither at sundown nor sunrise was a hair of his head hurt, they were filled with wonderment.

Soon after the return of the missionaries to Eimeo, two chiefs invited Pomare to return and rule in Tahiti. He accordingly went, but with the determination to labour for the good of his people. From time to time favourable accounts reached the missionaries at Eimeo in regard to the king's labours. Two of them, Messrs. Scott and Hayward, by request, went over to Tahiti, and were astonished to find praying men there. They made the tour of the island, and returned home, taking with them two of the Tahitians, Oito and Tuahine, the first islanders that prayed to the true God.

A great meeting was held at Eimeo, July, 1813. A new chapel was dedicated, and at its dedication thirty-one of the islanders announced that they had destroyed their idols, and were anxious to enjoy the same religion with the missionaries. Shortly after eleven others came forward and announced the same determination, among whom was a young chief and a high priest who had long and zealously defended the idol gods.

FURTHER CHANGES.

Not long after Mr. Scott was preaching to

some of the natives when one, by the name of Patti, who was a priest of a place called Papetoai, interrupted him by saying he would bring out his idols next day, and burn them. The news spread far and wide, and a vast multitude assembled. All day long Patti and his followers were at work bringing out the wooden gods, tearing off their coverings, and making ready for a general destruction. Toward sunset the fire was applied, and within an hour every idol was burnt to ashes.

This example of Patti emboldened other priests both in Eimeo and Tahiti, and thousands of idols, in consequence, were committed to the flames.

In the autumn of 1814, Pomare returned from Tahiti to Eimeo, not having been as successful as was his wish in regaining his power there. Along with him came a great multitude, all professing to be Christians. Indeed, so rapid was the progress of divine truth among the islanders, that, at the close of the year 1814, there were three hundred who were serious and constant attendants on the preaching of the gospel, and two hundred more who were receiving instruction in the missionary schools.

But the success of Christianity awakened the jealousy of the priests and of the chiefs who adhered to idolatry, and, in consequence, a persecution broke out against the native Christians. One young man was shot at and wounded; while another, who was in a retired spot praying, was seized and carried off, and made a sacrifice to the

idols. A conspiracy was entered into by the chiefs to kill every native Christian in Tahiti; but the latter, learning of the plot one day before it was to be put into execution, escaped in safety to Eimeo.

A short time afterward the rebel chiefs of Tahiti sent word to Pomare that they were anxious for him to come once more and be king of the island. Accordingly Pomare, with a great number of the people at Eimeo accompanying him, returned; but, notwithstanding their invitation, the chiefs were far from being cordial in their manners, and Pomare expected trouble. His apprehensions were not groundless. On Sunday, November 12, 1815, while he and his friends, numbering some eight hundred, were at church, the men who were on guard fired their guns, and cried out: "The enemy is coming! the enemy is coming!" They had barely time to run to their tents and get their arms before a vast army of well-armed savages, led on by a chief named Upufara, were upon them. A sudden and terrible battle ensued, but in its progress Upufara was shot and mortally wounded. In an hour or two he died, and his death created a panic among his men. They fled in every direction, some along the sand of the beach some in canoes out to sea, but the largest number to the mountains.

Pomare gave orders that none should be murdered, or injured even. He simply said, "*It is enough;* let no man pursue or hurt any one of

A Dancer of Tahiti.

Upufara's followers." Had Pomare been defeated he and all the native Christians, with the women and children, would have been cruelly put to death. How different his conduct from that of the idolaters around him!

During the afternoon the king sent a number of his men to the temple where the great god of the nation, called Oro, was kept, and ordered them to strip it of its clothing, and bring it to him. The god was nothing but a piece of wood, four feet long, and not bigger round than a boy's body. It was brought to the king, who, setting it into the ground in his kitchen, drove nails into it, and used it as a post on which to hang cups and kettles. After he had used it some time in this way it was chopped up into kindling wood. The sacred houses, altars, and other gods all around Tahiti were similarly destroyed by fire.

By universal consent, Pomare was now restored to absolute control of the island government. His kindness made a wonderful impression on the minds of the people, and they thought very favourably of the religion that made a man act so strangely.

The news concerning the battle was speedily carried to the missionaries at Eimeo, who, as might be inferred, became greatly elated at its happy result. All along they had feared that the idol worshippers would overcome Pomare, and indiscriminately put to the club all classes. They at once despatched two of their number to Tahiti

to instruct those desiring to understand the new religion. On the arrival of the missionaries, they found the people strangely anxious to learn about the Saviour. They came in crowds, and stayed all day, and some few the whole night, conversing with the missionaries and with each other about Jesus and heaven.

The names of the two missionaries were Nott and Hayward. They went travelling all over the island, and found chapels almost everywhere. Sixty-six were counted where but a few days ago were only places for idol worship.

ARRIVAL OF A PRINTING-PRESS.

In February, 1817, the missionaries were delighted with the arrival from England of Mr. Ellis, who had with him a printing-press and a liberal supply of Tahitian types made in England. The press was put up on the island of Eimeo. The natives, not only from Eimeo but from Tahiti, were surprised beyond measure at the machine, and collected together to see it, and to help to build a house to hold it. They carried stones from a neighbouring idol temple, and of them made a paved floor for the printing-office.

Early in June the house was finished and the press ready, and an announcement was sent to the king. He came, and with him hundreds of others, to see the thing work.

The first work printed was a spelling-book, which the islanders called the Ba-ba. Some hun-

dreds of it had been printed in England and Port Jackson, but the number was not enough to supply the two islands. The king, with Mr. Ellis to help, set the first page of the spelling-book; and when all the book was set up, he himself printed the first two copies, which, of course, gave unbounded delight to him and his people.

Following the spelling-book, the missionaries printed a catechism, then a small volume of Scripture texts, and next the Gospel by Luke. While Mr. Ellis was printing the last, the excitement became intense. Men came from every part of Eimeo, and some from Tahiti and other islands. The beach was lined with canoes, the houses filled to overflowing, and temporary encampments, with numberless tents, were everywhere erected. The printing-office was visited by such crowds of strangers, that they often climbed upon each other's backs or on the sides of the windows, thus darkening the room. It was impossible to print as fast as the people wanted the book, and in consequence many had to wait five and six, and even eight weeks for them. One evening, just at sunset, as Mr. Ellis was shutting up the printing-office, five men from Tahiti approached him, and told him they wanted five copies of Luke's word. They had with them several gallons of cocoa-nut oil in some hollow bamboo sticks. He replied that he had none bound, but requested them to find lodgings with some of the islanders, and return in the morning. What was his surprise at

sunrise, looking out of his window, to see these same men lying on the ground outside his house, with nothing to cover them but a few plaited cocoa-nut leaves, and the cloth they usually wore over their shoulders.

"Have you been there all night?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir."

"Why did you not go somewhere and get lodgings?" he again asked.

"Because, sir, we were afraid," replied one, "that unless we were here early we should not get any books at all."

As quickly as possible Mr. Ellis bound up five copies of Luke's Gospel. They left for home without so much as having drank a cup of water or having tasted any food at Eimeo.

In 1817, seven more missionaries, with their wives, arrived from England at the mission-house at Eimeo. Early the next year two of them went to Tahiti to live. Thay found that Pomare had for a long time been engaged in preparing materials and erecting at Papaoa a chapel, an immense structure, seven hundred and twelve feet long by fifty-four feet wide. The roof was supported by thirty-six heavy pillars of the bread-fruit tree, the sides by two hundred and eighty smaller ones. The building contained three pulpits, two hundred and sixty feet apart, twenty-nine doors, and one hundred and twenty-eight windows. It was opened for divine service by three sermons being preached

in it at the same hour to two thousand people, May 11, 1819. Shortly after King Pomare was baptized in it, which was the first act of the kind among the islanders. The men who performed the baptism were Messrs. Bicknell and Henry, two of the missionaries who, twenty-two years before, had reached Tahiti in the Duff.

A BLESSED CHANGE.

You will remember how, when the missionaries first visited Tahiti, they found the people great thieves. Now they were cured. The missionaries could and did leave their houses unlocked and unbolted for months, but not a solitary article was carried off. The Sabbath was so strictly observed as to attract the attention of all the ships that touched at the islands. At one time a vessel cast anchor on Friday off Tahiti; it was soon thronged with natives, who offered chickens, bread-fruit, and various vegetables for sale. They did the same on the next day; but the third day, which was the Sabbath, not one went on shipboard with any article to sell. On Monday, however, the trade was as brisk as it was on Friday and Saturday.

While the good work was going on in Eimeo and Tahiti it spread to several other islands, where, in a short time, the natives destroyed all their idols.

A great and sad event occurred in 1821. King Pomare died, and was succeeded by his son,

Pomare III., a little boy aged four years. Little Pomare lived only about a year, when his sister succeeded as queen of the several islands.

In 1835 there was a great awakening on Tahiti and Eimeo, and the houses of the missionaries were thronged with those who wished to be instructed in the way of life. Some of these were wild men and women from the mountains; but among those who desired to unite with the Church were the queen, her husband, and her mother. In 1836 there were in Tahiti nearly two thousand natives in Church fellowship, two-thirds of the people on the island could read, a great number could write, and the schools and chapels were well attended.

Since then the native Christians have suffered many and severe trials at the hands of the French and the Roman Catholics, but the work of the Lord has not been destroyed. On the two islands over two thousand are living daily in attendance upon the duties of religion, and exhibit the fruits of converted men and women.

The inquiry may be started as to what became of the ten missionaries left by the Duff at the Friendly Islands, and of Mr. Crook, the solitary man who disembarked at Santa Christina, one of the Marquesas. Mr. Crook remained for about a year, labouring hard to do the islanders good; but becoming discouraged, he returned to Tahiti. In 1825, being twenty-seven years thereafter, he returned to Santa Christina with two native teachers.

He found that some of the people had destroyed their idols, but that the greater part continued thievish and vicious, and strongly superstitious. Remaining a month, he left the two native teachers, who, after a long time of unsuccessful toil, also left and sailed for Tahiti. Other labourers visited Santa Christina, but with no better success.

The ten who were left at Tongataboo, one of the Friendly Islands, lived together for a while, but for the purpose of being more extensively useful separated, and took up residences in different parts of the island. It happened, very unfortunately, just after their separation, that the chief under whose protection they resided was killed by his own brother. A bloody and desolating war followed. The islanders who were of the stronger party hunted the missionaries to the mountains, and succeeded in murdering three of them. The rest were plundered of every article of clothing, their other property carried off, and they themselves compelled to live in dens and among the most inaccessible rocks. After the war was over, the surviving seven went to the hardest kind of labour in order to get a living. They wanted to build a forge, but the natives having stolen everything from them, they found it difficult to succeed. A ship from England touched at Tongataboo in 1800, and the captain urging them strongly to take passage, and they seeing but little prospect of doing the islanders good, embarked

for New South Wales. For twenty years after this no missionaries visited the island.

In 1822, Mr. Lawry, of the English Wesleyan Missionary Society, was sent to Tongataboo; and in 1826, 1827, and 1830, other Wesleyan missionaries went there.

The French here, as at some other places, have exhibited a persecuting spirit, and accounts received in the United States about the middle of June, 1859, state that the French officers resident at some of the towns had imprisoned the queen and other members of the royal household, and had gone so far as to threaten them with death. All this sprung from an opposition on the part of the queen to being a Roman Catholic. What the end will be human foresight cannot tell. The Word of God assures us that all things shall work together for good to them that love him, and we believe that out of the present deep affliction he will bring his people, or else, giving them a martyr's faith and grace, will take them to himself.

A LONG NIGHT OF TOIL.

NEARLY one hundred and fifty years ago there lived in the town of Vorgen, Norway, a preacher by the name of Hans Egede. He was a good man, and had long cherished the idea of going to Greenland as a missionary; but every time he spoke of it his people, who warmly loved him, made their objections, and declared it the height of folly for him to leave a comfortable home to go off and be frozen to death in a strange land.

For a while he listened to their protestations; but at last set sail in a Danish ship for Kangek, a bleak and desolate island on the western coast of Greenland. He found the Greenland people in heart much like their country, very cold. They looked at him askance, some calling him "crazy man," and others trying to imitate the sound of his voice in praying; while all ridiculed his notion of making people good by preaching to them and praying for them.

For ten years Hans kept to work, and in that long time a few only listened to him or asked his prayers, or sought repentance for their sins. He was about giving up when a ray of light fell on

his path. Two of the few Greenlanders whom he had baptized had been taken to Denmark in a vessel, and had there told about Hans and his patient yet almost unsuccessful labours. A man who heard their narrative went to a town called Herrnhut, and repeated what he remembered to the religious people there. Their hearts were stirred in behalf of Greenland, and a young man, named Matthew Stach, his cousin, Christian Stach, and a veteran missionary, Christian David, determined on joining Hans Egede at Kangek. They had no money, and the congregation where they belonged were so poor that they could not help them. They lived, too, five hundred miles from Copenhagen, the place where they must take ship for Greenland.

What could they do? It was the middle of the winter, the snow was very deep, and the cold intensely bitter. They determined to start on foot for Copenhagen, and trust to the Lord for help and protection. The day before they left home a friend who lived in a neighbouring town heard of their intentions, and sent them a present of some money to help them on the way. They were very grateful for the kindness, but beyond this gift they had no money with them.

When, after a long and wearisome march, they arrived at Copenhagen, all who saw them and understood what they were seeking, gave them a laugh, or rather called them fools and then laughed at them. The mission at Kangek, they remarked, was in a low state, and the Danish government

was seriously thinking of withdrawing its colonists altogether. One of the men they met, by name Count Pless, inquired of them —

"How do you intend to live in Greenland?"

"By the labour of our hands and the blessing of God," was their reply.

"But you will be burdensome to the colonists or the islanders."

"We will not be burdensome to either, for we shall build a house, cultivate a piece of land, and catch our own fish. We are working men, and know how to do these things."

"But there is not a tree in all Greenland fit to be used in building a house."

"We will dig a hole in the ground, then, and live in it."

"You cannot dig in the ground in the winter time, it is frozen so deep."

"Then we will build houses of snow and ice, as the Greenlanders do, and live in them."

"But how will you warm yourselves?"

"We will catch wood from the sea, as the islanders do, and use it for firewood."

The count was astonished at their faith, and informed them they should not live in a hole nor in an ice-house, but should have a good, warm wooden house to take with them. He brought them abundance of sound lumber for a house, had it put on the ship, paid their passage, and then added ten pounds in money.

They set sail from Copenhagen, April 10, 1733,

and forty days afterward, May 20, reached the place of their destination. Hans, the Danish missionary, when he first met these good men, burst into tears, and thanked God for having heard his prayers. He helped them build their house out of the lumber that Count Pless gave them, and then assisted them in building another after the Greenland fashion, for such of the natives as might come to see them. He told them what a lonely time he had had for the ten years past, and how he had laboured in translating portions of the Testament into the language of the Greenlanders. Copies of the Ten Commandments, the Apostles' Creed, and the Lord's Prayer, which he had by him, they gladly accepted.

The first year of their labours was a very sad one. That terrible disease, the small-pox, broke out among the natives, and a great many died. The missionaries gave their whole time to nursing the sick, and at last were taken down themselves. With no doctors or nurses, and not much medicine, they had a serious time, and came near, every one of them, to dying. For a long while they had poor use of their limbs from the effects of the disease.

In 1733 two brethren, named Beck and Boemish, arrived from Denmark as assistants to the missionaries, and all now went to work with new zeal. One thing, however, shortly afterwards tended to dampen their feelings. Nearly every particle of provision was gone, and they had no means of pro-

curing more. The opportunities of catching fish, so severe was the weather, were limited, and the natives had become so ugly that they could neither beg nor buy of them. Several ships arrived from Europe in 1735, but not one of them had any supplies on board to spare.

In the spring of 1736, when they were reduced almost to starvation, a ship arrived from Holland with abundance of provisions. A large stock was sent over by a pious man who had no personal acquaintance with the missionaries, but who was much interested in their work. In July of the same year some Danish ships arrived, in one of which were the mother of Matthew Stach, aged about forty-five years, and her two daughters, Rosina and Anna, the former twenty and the latter twelve years of age. The kitchen work, which the men had heretofore done, was given to Rosina and her mother and sister. The two girls were possessed of a deeply religious spirit, and devoted all their spare time to visiting the Greenland women and girls, learning their language, and talking about the Saviour, and praying with them. In many of their calls, however, they had poor success, the native females treating them with great rudeness.

Notwithstanding many overwhelmning discouragements, the missionaries persevered in the path of duty. They continued their visits to the heathen though without any visible success. Those that lived at a distance were stupid, ignorant, and

void of reflection; and those in the vicinity who had long been instructed were not grown better, but rather worse; they were very changeable, and appeared disgusted with religious discourse. Five years had elapsed since their arrival in Greenland, and they had tilled a soil apparently unfit for culture, when their drooping spirits were revived in the beginning of 1738, by the conversion of a young native name Mangek, and afterwards by the still more cheering incidents we are about to narrate

June the 2nd, write the missionaries, many Southlanders visited us. Brother Beck, at the time, was copying a translation of a portion of the gospels. The heathen being very curious to know the contents of the book, he read a few sentences, and, after some conversation with them, asked whether they had an immortal soul?

"Yes," said one of them.

"Where does your soul go after death?"

"Up yonder," replied one. "Down to the abyss," said another.

Having corrected them on this point, he asked: "Who made the heavens and the earth, the ocean and the land, yourselves and all other things that you see?"

Several replied: "We don't know; we suppose some great and mighty being larger and stronger than the moon or the sun." Mr. Beck then gave them an account of the creation of the world, the fall of man, and how Jesus came down to earth to die for them. He read, also, from the

New Testament, about the Saviour's agony in the garden, and as he read his eyes filled, and his voice failed him. The Greenlanders had never seen the like before. Some laid their hands on their mouths, their usual sign when struck with astonishment, while others made signs for him to read and talk on. One of them, named Kayarnak, pushed his way through the crowd up to the table where Mr. Beck was standing, and exclaimed in a distressed yet earnest tone, "How was that? tell me that once more, for I do desire to be saved." In all his stay of five years the missionary had not heard anything such as this, and he at once gave a general account of the life and death of the Saviour, and of the plan of salvation.

The big tears rolled down the face of Kayarnak, and he fell on his knees, begging Mr. Beck and the other brethren present to pray for him. It was not long before he felt the burden roll from his heart, and he was enabled to praise Jesus as his Redeemer. Subsequently the wife and son and daughter of Kayarnak were converted and baptized, and united with the little Church.

Kayarnak was not long permitted to enjoy the society of the missionaries and to assist them in their labours. Early in 1741 he was attacked with pleurisy, which suddenly cut short his life. During his illness he exhibited the greatest patience. Observing his friends and relatives in tears, he said: "Why do you weep for me? Do you not know that believers in Jesus when they die go

straight to heaven, and partake of everlasting joy? Jesus knows how to provide for you when I am gone, and he will do it; and in the end, if you are faithful, we shall meet again, and rejoice for ever before the throne of God and the Lamb." With these words his wife and brother were completely tranquillized. A few hours after he died, and his burial was attended to according to the rites of the Christian religion.

From this time the missionaries saw the field of their labours extending. Whenever the new converts went abroad to see their friends, or in search of food, they were sure to speak of the new religion, and its power to change the heart and make it happy. One of the baptized Greenlanders, who had been far to the north, found the people there greatly interested in the work of the missionaries. One of their number, called an angekok, or necromancer, had specially been exercised, having spent two whole days and nights in prayers and tears on account of his sins. At the close of 1748 no less than two hundred and thirty Greenlanders were residing at New Herrnhut, of whom thirty-five had been baptized during the course of that year.

In 1747 the missionaries, helped by the converted natives, built their first church with timber and boards sent out by their friends from Europe. The building would hold a little over three hundred persons, and very frequently at preaching hour it was full. They also built storehouses for

themselves and the converts, so that they might have food in times of scarcity.

The winter of 1752, as well as that of 1753, was exceedingly cold. The ice froze thicker than common, and some of the parts of the open sea, where they were in the habit of spearing fish and seals, closed over entirely. On the land, too, a great many reindeers perished through hunger and cold. A famine threatened both the missionaries and the Greenlanders. Every day they had to be exceedingly careful in parcelling out the oatmeal and other food which they had.

But this was not the worst. In the very middle of the winter a terrible epidemic broke out, carrying off in a short time thirty-five of the converts. But these double trials did not destroy the faith of either the missionaries or the converted Greenlanders. The latter helped nurse the sick with great kindness and patience, and were able in all their deep trials to bless Christ their Saviour.

The lives and health of the missionaries were mercifully preserved through both of these terrible winters and during many years following. In 1763, however, the mission suffered a great loss in the death of Frederic Boemish, who for twenty-nine years had toiled on the dreary coast of Greenland. His age was fifty-four years.

In the winter of 1768 an aged sorcerer, who had often heard the gospel, became greatly alarmed about his future state, renounced his mode of life, and confessed that himself and other sorcerers had

frequently and greatly deceived the people. He also turned to exhorting the people, and urged them to seek God, and at the same time forwarded a request to Herrnhut that a missionary might be sent to labour with the people where he lived. The request was granted, and a missionary was at once despatched to the place. In a short time an extensive awakening occurred, and over two hundred persons were admitted into Church fellowship.

A great and terrible pestilence broke out in the year 1782, carrying off within a few months nearly one half of the inhabitants of Greenland; but those who had embraced the Christian faith remained firm and faithful, and died in great peace.

In 1801 so great had been the success of the missionaries that nearly every person on the west coast of Greenland had embraced Christianity, and of the women the last one was baptized and received into Church fellowship January 1 of this year. In 1807 a war broke out between Great Britain and Denmark, and supplies from Europe were entirely cut off. A famine followed, and many died. It was not till four years had passed that the British Government allowed the Danes to send vessels with provisions to Greenland.

In 1823 a complete New Testament was printed in the Greenland language. The number of persons attending the congregations at this time was 1278, of whom 359 were at New Herrnhut, 331 at Lichtenfels, and 588 at Lichtenau. The pre-

sent number of Church members is about 900, with over 2000 persons under religious instruction.

In the history of these Moravian missionaries there is one thing specially to be marked. They and those who followed them *worked for a hundred and twenty years without becoming discouraged.* The Greenlanders tried to starve them out at first; then they tried to kill them; next they tried to frighten, with threats of starvation and murder, any who would follow the teachings of the missionaries. The Danish Government also did all it could to break up the settlements of the missionaries. A law was passed forbidding the converted Greenlanders from living in communities near the missionaries, and it was rigidly enforced. The converts had to forsake the missionaries, and go off, some of them twelve, some twenty, and some fifty miles, and live quite alone. It was only once in a great while that they could hear preaching. But none of these things discouraged these men of God. The scattered converts stood true and firm, and read their Testaments and prayed as regularly as when they were near their teachers. Over the ice and through the snow, for tedious miles, the missionaries would go; and with no reward but the conviction that they were doing good, preached and laboured for their Greenland brethren.

What a lesson for young and old to learn! Sometimes we weary of the Sabbath school, and consult our ease by staying at home. Sometimes, as teachers, we become tired, because apparently

little good is done; and often the minister wearies because for months and years men are so careless and indifferent. One tires, and then another and another, and a good work is given up; and we say in our hearts, "There is no use in working, for people will remain corrupt no matter what be done, or how much is suffered for them." When tempted to stop praying and working for others, would it not be well to think of the Greenland missionaries, and how for fifteen years they toiled, before even fifty people were converted, and then form the resolution that our labour shall be even as patient and toilsome as theirs ere we think of giving up.

THE PIONEERS IN BENGAL.

THE NORTHAMPTONSHIRE SHOEMAKER.

In the village of Pury, or Paulerspury, as it was sometimes called, Northamptonshire, England, was born William Carey, August 17, 1761. His grandfather and father were successively the parish clerk and schoolmaster of the village; and in compliment of William's proficiency under the teachings of his father, it is stated that at the age of six "he could do many hard sums in arithmetic." His sister relates of him that at the same age he was in the habit almost every night, after he went to bed, of reciting his lessons to her or else to himself. Whenever he walked abroad, if he saw a flower or a plant that pleased him he was sure to pluck it, or with a small hoe dig it up and carry it home as an adornment of his garden. The walls of his room were covered with pictures, and scarcely a shelf or a corner was without its collection of shells, pebbles, or insects' wings.

At the age of twelve he came into possession of a Latin vocabulary, and in a short time memorized nearly all the words. His parents, however, being reduced in circumstances, were unable to furnish

him any opportunities for a liberal education. Moreover, being affected with a scorbutic disease, and unfitted for any outdoor occupation, his father apprenticed him to a shoemaker named Clarke Nichols, of Hackleton. In the shoemaker's shop he found a commentary on the New Testament, interspersed with Greek words. These Greek words he knew nothing about; but making as good copies of them as he could, he carried them to a journeyman weaver in an adjoining village who understood Greek, and through him he was enabled to comprehend their meaning.

His master died about two years after his apprenticeship began, and he engaged himself as a journeyman shoemaker to one Mr. Old. While at Mr. Old's, through the instrumentality of a fellow-workman, he was brought under some strong religious impressions. He resolved to regularly attend service at the Established Church three times each Sabbath, and to devote an evening each week at the prayer-meetings of the Dissenters. While at one of these latter meetings he experienced that change of heart which laid the foundation of all the Christian excellence of his character.

At the early age of eighteen, through the importunities of friends, he began to preach, taking charge for over two years of a pulpit of the Independent Church in a small town near Olney. Subsequently he joined the Baptist Church. About the same time his former employer, Mr. Old, died,

and he took over his stock in trade and business, and married his sister.

This was a very unfortunate move for Mr. Carey. He was scarcely more than twenty years of age, and Miss Old, his wife, was very illiterate, and anything but a companion for him. He rented a little cottage at Hackleton, the chief recommendation of which was the garden attached to it, which he cultivated with great assiduity, and which flourished far more vigorously than his business. Trade became dull, and he was compelled to sell off his stock at a great sacrifice. At the same time he was attacked with fever, which hung on him for eighteen months. While in this enfeebled state he was compelled to travel from place to place, to dispose of his goods to procure bread. His greatest efforts and the kindness of a few religious friends did not, however, keep him from being reduced to the greatest distress. He was brought near to starvation, and was only saved therefrom by the affection of a brother, who made over to him whatever he could save from his own scanty earnings.

THE SHOEMAKER BECOMES A TEACHER AND PREACHER.

An opening for a schoolmaster having occurred at the town of Moulton, he moved there, and began teaching; but his talents not lying in this direction, a signal failure ensued. He had no control whatever over his pupils, the boys, as he

confessed, keeping *him*, and not he the boys. Wad-throwing, finger-squeezing, skin-pinching, and caricature-drawing were the order of the day, and flourished beyond all power on the part of Mr. Carey to check.

He was compelled again to take to the shoemaker's bench. Once in two weeks he trudged to Northampton with his wallet on his shoulder, full of shoes going, and of leather coming back. He was pastor of a small Baptist society at Moulton, preaching regularly four times a-week, yet receiving only £11 a-year. This being only a tithe of what was necessary to support his family, he was under the necessity of devoting the greater part of his time to secular matters. Nevertheless, with all these embarrassments on him he arranged his hours so as to be able to devote part of each day to books. He made the acquaintance of Mr. Hall, of Arnsby, and that of the Rev. Andrew Fuller, the Baptist minister at Kettering, both of whom assisted him in his studies. A copy of "Cook's Voyages round the World" fell into his hands while teaching a school at Moulton, and the perusal of the volume led him to contemplate the moral and spiritual degradation of the heathen, and to form the noble design of communicating the gospel to them. So completely did he become absorbed with this subject, that wherever he went his one and only theme was the cause of missions. On one side of his little shoe shop he had suspended a large map,

composed of several sheets pasted together, in which he had entered every particular that he was able to glean relative to the natural characteristics, the population, and the religion of every country, as then known. While making and mending shoes, his eye was often raised from his last to the map, and his mind was employed in traversing the different regions of the globe, or else musing on the condition of the various heathen tribes, and devising means to evangelize them. He desired, above all things, to give to the millions of Hindoos the Bible.

RECEIVES A REBUKE.

Yet he received very little encouragement from any one. His brethren in the ministry were reserved and cold; and when in a public meeting Mr. Carey suggested as a subject of discussion, "The duty of Christians to attempt to spread the gospel among heathen nations," the Rev. Mr. Ryland, sen., an old man with locks like the snow, sprang suddenly to his feet, and thundered out, "Young man, sit down! When God pleases to convert the heathen, he will do it without your aid or mine."

This circumstance, however, did not discourage him, for very shortly afterwards he went to the city of Birmingham, and called on Mr. Potts, who had risen to great wealth by trade, stating to him that if any body of Christians would send him to a heathen land, and support him for a twelve-month, he was ready at any notice to embark on

the undertaking. Mr. Potts replied that the idea was a new and strange one, and that the Christian public was not prepared for such an enterprise. "Of that," replied Mr. Carey, "I am well aware; but I have a pamphlet here, written by myself, which, if published, might possibly awaken some interest on the subject. Personally I am unable to publish; but if you could assist, I should be gratefully obliged."

Mr. Potts immediately put in his hands a contribution of ten pounds. Returning home with his money and his manuscript, he stopped over night at a friend's, where he met Mr. Fuller, Mr. Sutcliff, and Dr. Ryland, to whom he made known his designs. They treated him at first with glances, but finding him thoroughly in earnest, they finally united in urging upon him a careful revision of his pamphlet, which, of course, he readily assented to.

During the compilation and writing of this pamphlet, he and his family were in a state bordering on starvation, and passed many weeks without animal food, and with but the scantiest possible supply of other food.

BIRTH OF A MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

At the age of twenty-eight Carey moved to Leicester, somewhat improving his circumstances by the change; but what was more to him, getting among good libraries and cultivated men. In May, 1792, a great meeting of Baptist preachers

took place at Nottingham, and Carey was appointed to preach. The fire which had burned under the constant musing of years, to which books of travels, and maps, and histories had been daily fuel, prophecies and precepts oil, and the discouragement of sage and good men but covering that sent it deeper, had leave to burst out at last. The pinch of want, the wear of labour, the keen sorrow of inability to give a good cause an influential advocacy, had all wrought deeply on his soul in his long training. The pent-up feelings of the last five years burst out upon the minister and congregation, as if a flood of waters had come forth at their feet and overflowed. Many "lifted up their voice and wept." The burden of his sermon was:—

I. Expect great things from God.

II. Attempt great things for God.

Even after this, when the ministers began to deliberate, the idea of doing anything cooled down before the difficulties. When they were about to separate, Cary seized the hand of Fuller, and cried in an agony, "*Are you going away without doing anything?*" That was the birth-pang for a missionary society to the heathen of Bengal. They resolved "that a plan be prepared against the next meeting of ministers at Kettering for the establishment of a society for propagating the gospel among the heathen." A memorable missionary meeting was held at Kettering, October 2, 1792. Twelve ministers, at its close, deliberated

for some hours respecting the policy of sending one of their number to some part of the heathen world. A subscription paper was circulated, and *thirteen pounds two shillings and sixpence* were raised, whereupon Mr. Carey announced his willingness to go to any part of the globe that his brethren might designate. His mind was imbued with that irresistible enthusiasm to which great enterprises owe their origin, and notwithstanding the ridiculous contrast between the resources obtained and the magnitude of the enterprise, he was eager to enter upon it at once. Subsequently the Church at Birmingham raised a subscription of about seventy pounds; and other Churches in the country following the example, the committee soon found themselves in possession of considerable funds.

The ministers and Churches of London, with one exception, stood aloof from the enterprise, being unwilling to commit themselves to "a something which," to use their own words, "was struck out in the heat of enthusiasm by a few fanatical men in an obscure country association." But the mission was to be. The main question was, What country shall it be?

MR. THOMAS, OF BENGAL.

A letter came from Bengal, written by a Mr. Thomas, asking for subscriptions toward spreading the gospel there. He was a flighty ship's surgeon; one of those creatures who live in the torrid zone

which skirts the regions of insanity, full of great plans and noble zeal, of crotchets, tempers, and talent. He had landed at Calcutta, and found the only sign of Christianity to be the hoisting by the British East India Company of the flag on Sunday. Unable to find a kindred spirit, Mr. Thomas advertised in the "India Gazette" for "a Christian, a man who really loved God and his Son Jesus Christ." Meeting with no response, he put in another advertisement, coupling with it the declaration that he wished to do good to the natives of the country, and would be glad to have the co-operation of any persons in the British service. One or two cold and heartless answers were made to his call, but nothing more.

Subsequently Mr. Thomas returned to England, but re-embarked for Calcutta in 1786 in the same capacity as heretofore, that of ship's surgeon. On landing he was introduced to Mr. Charles Grant, a member of the board of trade of Calcutta. Mr. Grant, amid the universal scepticism that prevailed around him, exhibited in his principles and practice a noble specimen of the Christian character. By personal influence and pecuniary donations he lost no opportunity of promoting the instruction of the natives. Accidentally he became acquainted with Mr. Thomas, and almost immediately was taken with his zeal and ardour, and especially with his aptitude in communicating religious instruction. He relinquished his position in the East India Company, and having

obtained subscriptions and donations amounting to over £1000, he turned missionary himself, and located at a place called Malda. Mr. Thomas applied himself, as a co-labourer with Mr. Grant, to the study of the Bengalee, which he learned to speak fluently in a very short time, and in a few months he had translated portions of the New Testament into that language.

For three years Mr. Thomas and Mr. Grant laboured together at Malda, the latter supplying the money on which to live, and the former doing the work of an itinerant preacher. The temper of Mr. Thomas was much against his success. Irascible, overbearing, and intemperate in his feelings and words, he managed at last to alienate not only Mr. Grant, but several other persons at Malda who were anxious for the success of missionary instruction, and in a fit of anger he left the little company, and embarked for England.

Mr. Thomas arrived in time to lay his plans before the infant Missionary Society, whose officers, not knowing much of him except his zeal, concluded he was just the man, and appointed him their missionary, and William Carey his colleague.

MR. CAREY IN DIFFICULTIES.

Carey had now reached the point at which he had aimed for years, and was almost overwhelmed with emotion as he contemplated the opportunity of doing good to the perishing heathen beyond the sea; but, alas! there was one thing which he

had not accomplished—*his wife would not listen to being dragged with her four children to India.* He must stay at home or go alone. With a sore heart he exclaimed: "I could not turn back without guilt upon my soul." He found no comfort in his family, and sought in vain for it from his colleague, who, being deeply in debt, was hunted almost constantly by creditors; and then as to a passage, how were they to go?

No ships but those of the East India Company sailed to India, and not one would "carry such a thing as a missionary." One of the directors said he would as soon carry a company of devils to Calcutta as a company of missionaries. Mr. Thomas, however, was sharp-witted and full of policy, and he persuaded the captain of his former ship to smuggle them out by taking them secretly aboard at the Isle of Wight.

There they went before the ship's arrival, and Carey long and patiently waited for a clandestine passage with a companion who was constantly dogged by constables, and his family left behind. While waiting at the Isle of Wight Mr. Carey wrote several letters home to his wife. In reply to one of hers he used these words: "You wish to know in what state my mind is. I answer, much as it was when I left you. If I had all the world I would freely give it to have you and my dear children with me; but the *sense of duty* is so strong as to overpower all other considerations. I could not turn back without guilt on my soul."

At last the two men, with their goods, had embarked, and hope, which had long lain half smothered, rose in their hearts and painted brilliant pictures in the future. But, alas! scarcely had they embarked before an anonymous letter reached the captain warning him of his danger in carrying out persons who were objectionable to the company. At once and without parley he ordered Carey and Thomas ashore, and, what was worse than all, he retained over £100 of the £250 paid as passage money, which the little missionary society with such toil and sacrifice had collected together. Most of this money was obtained by Mr. Fuller in visits made from door to door, and chiefly from poor persons whose hearts he managed to enlist in the good cause.

With wet eyes and an aching bosom Carey watched the fleet of Indiamen as, with white sails, they left the Isle of Wight for Calcutta; and then gathering up the things, he and Mr. Thomas returned to London to tell the story of their misfortune. Mr. Carey was in a state of great excitement and grief, and at one time determined to go out to India overland.

Men of the cast of Mr. Thomas, with a cracked and porous intellect, like cork, never sink. He bustled about over the city, and finally learned that a Danish East Indiaman was on her way from Copenhagen to the Downs, bound for Calcutta. The terms of passage were £100 for each grown person, and £50 for each child or servant, which

somewhat damped the fire in Thomas's heart. Nevertheless, that same day both Carey and Thomas went down to Northamptonshire, partly to endeavour to raise funds, and partly to make a last effort to persuade Mrs. Carey to accompany them. She still remained inflexible, and her husband left her in despair; but Mr. Thomas returned to the struggle, accompanying his pleas with the alarming assurance that if she did not go there would be cause of repentance for ever after in her heart. His effort was a triumph, and she agreed to go.

But almost immediately a new trouble sprung up. Mrs. Carey insisted on her sister's accompanying the party, and the passage money now required by the agent would be six instead of five hundred pounds. Small as this sum may look in the present affluence of missionary resources, it was an amount so great that the Missionary Committee, with the £150 of passage money refunded to them, could not raise it. Nevertheless, Mr. Carey was resolved not to lose this golden opportunity. Within twenty-four hours after his wife had consented to embark with him he had made arrangements for the disposal of his little property, which yielded little more than £18, and he was on his way to London with his whole family in two stage-coaches. In London he was authorized to raise as much money as he could on the guarantee of the Missionary Society, and Mr. Booth and Dr. Rippon cheerfully assisted him to the full extent

of their credit; but after every exertion the sum at their disposal fell short of what was needed.

A SUCCESS AND AN EMBARKATION.

Mr. Thomas once more proceeded to the Danish agent's office, and informed him that they formed a large party, consisting of four grown persons and four children, while the sum they had been able to raise did not exceed £300. He proposed that the whole party should occupy only two cabins, and that only two of their number, Mr. and Mrs. Carey, should eat at the cuddy table, and that himself and the others should take their meals at the servants' mess. Unexpectedly the agent accepted the terms and booked the party.

June 13, 1793, they embarked on the "Cron Princess Maria," a Danish vessel, manned by Danish and Norwegian sailors, but commanded by Captain Christmas, an Englishman, whom Mr. Carey found gentlemanly in his deportment, and kind and considerate beyond expectation. On the first day of the voyage he refused to allow either Mr. Thomas or Mrs. Carey's sister to absent themselves from the table, and assigning them separate and commodious cabins, treated them with as much distinction as if they had paid full rate of passage-money.

The voyage was a long one, and Mr. Carey occupied his time in studying Bengalee under the tuition of Mr. Thomas. The whole party landed at Calcutta November 11, having been some five

months on the passage. Mr. Carey and Mr. Thomas immediately went ashore and rented a house, no one molesting or specially noticing them. The funds brought out for the support of the missionaries had been invested in goods, which was then considered the most advantageous mode of remittance; and the sale of them was necessarily confided to Mr. Thomas, who could talk Bengalee, and who, from his having more or less dabbled in trade for ten years, was supposed to understand the Calcutta market.

Here on the threshold Carey's difficulties began. Mr. Thomas was not only a man of ill-regulated temper, but he was of unthrifty and extravagant habits. With the sums realized from the sale of the goods he set up a more expensive establishment than their resources would justify. The money consequently vanished as rapidly as it came in.

THE TROUBLE THICKENS.

Before Mr. Carey had been a month in the country he felt it necessary to seek some cheaper locality, and therefore removed to Bandel, about two miles above the town of Hooghly, which was once the emporium of Bengal. He had not been here long before Mr. Thomas persuaded him to move to another place called Nuddea, and finally, failing in all efforts to obtain access to the natives or to secure a sustenance even, they both returned to Calcutta, where Mr. Thomas found, not much

to his comfort, that a London creditor had sent out a bond to be enforced against him. Consulting with some English friends, they advised him to settle down, and resume his practice of surgery, as the surest means of appeasing his creditors and paying off his debts. Without a thought of the straits to which his colleague and family were reduced, he at once fell in with their views, and gave missionary matters up.

In these distressing circumstances, forsaken by his only friend, Mr. Carey, a stranger in a strange land, was indebted for shelter to the generosity of a rich native, who offered him the use of a small house he possessed in the southern suburb of Calcutta. Into that wretched and ill-ventilated house Mr. Carey removed his family of seven persons in the beginning of 1794. It is pleasing to record that, twenty years after this event, when Mr. Carey had attained an influential position in Calcutta, this native gentleman, who had in the meantime met with heavy reverses of fortune, was placed by him in a situation of ease and comfort.

The distress to which Mr. Carey was now reduced was more severe than that which he had experienced during the previous twenty years of his life. His mind required all the support which could be derived from a firm reliance on the promises of Scripture, to prevent his being overwhelmed with despondency. He was in a foreign land, as just stated, with a large family, and with-

out a friend or a farthing. Mr. Thomas had inconsiderately wasted all their resources, and then went off to practise medicine and surgery. Mr. Carey was cut to the quick by the discontent of Mrs. Carey, who had accompanied him to India with extreme reluctance, and who felt no sympathy in his labours. She upbraided him with the distress to which she and her family were reduced by yielding to his solicitations. Frequently, after having walked ten or twelve miles through the town under a scorching sun, he returned to his wretched hovel only to encounter the bitter words and bitterer looks of his wife and her sister.

Thus deprived of the conveniences which are necessary to the European constitution in a tropical climate, she and two of her children were attacked with dysentery, from which they recovered but slowly. Driven almost to distraction by this accumulation of troubles, he resolved, if possible, to borrow some money and retire to the Sunderbunds, and erect huts for himself and family, depending for subsistence on the cultivation of the ground.

It may be proper to explain that the Sunderbunds consist of a vast tract of jungle, facing the Bay of Bengal, covering an area of more than six thousand five hundred miles. This region was formerly filled with hamlets and towns, and a rich cultivation; but during the decay of the Mohammedan power had been ravaged and depopulated by the Mugs, a people of terrible ferocity inha-

biting the neighbouring province of Arracan. It was now a dense and deadly forest, inhabited only by wild beasts. Every year small parties of wood-cutters resorted to it to fell the trees and supply the metropolis with fire-wood. Here and there patches of land had been cleared for the manufacture of salt, and villages had arisen at intervals; but the scanty population was always exposed to the visits of tigers, which had, in a few days, carried off more than twenty men from the neighbourhood in which Mr. Carey had now taken up his residence. He wrote home to England from this spot a letter, in which he stated that wild hogs, deer, and fowl were abundant, and that by the assistance of his gun he was able, at a great tax on his time, to keep his family in provisions.

It was in this region of jungle, and tigers, and miasma, apart from all civilized and Christian associations, that Mr. Carey now planted the hopes of the mission. It was, of all places, the most unfavourable for the development of missionary plans, and he would probably have sunk under the attacks of fever as soon as the rains set in.

MR. THOMAS COMES TO CAREY'S HELP.

Mr. Thomas, who had so often been his plague, was again to open his way. He had renewed an old friendship, lost by his eccentricities and strange temper, and obtained a situation as manager of an indigo factory. The gentleman who thus

employed Mr. Thomas was Mr. George Udney, in the employ of the East India Company's civil service. Having two factories, Mr. Udney desired another manager, and at once Mr. Thomas named his friend Carey in the Sunderbunds, who was sent for. Joyfully himself and family accepted the opening, and were not only saved from starvation in the wilderness, but placed in a condition of comfort and ease. As manager, Mr. Carey as well as Mr. Thomas, was placed at the head of a large establishment of native servants and labourers He was thus in a position to present to them the claims of the Gospel. He immediately wrote home to the little missionary society, saying that he no longer needed to be paid from their funds, and requesting that what they would consider as his salary should go to print the New Testament in Bengalee. "At the same time," to quote his own words, "it will be my glory and joy to stand in the same relation to the society in England as if I needed support from them."

Of his salary he devoted a fourth, and sometimes a third, to the purposes of his mission. His time was systematically apportioned to the management of the factory, the study of the language, the translation of the New Testament, and addresses to the heathen.

The field of his labour was Mudnabatty, thirty miles north of Malda, a district not far distant from Calcutta. Sabbath, June 16, 1794, he preached his first sermon in India, in the company's

factory hall, to a small and attentive audience of sixteen. The factory which Mr. Thomas superintended was at the village of Mypaldiggy, sixteen miles north of Mudnabatty, and forty-six from Malda. In that quiet seclusion, free from pecuniary anxieties, Mr. Carey passed more than five years of his life. His monthly pay was 200 rupees, or about £20, in addition to which he received a commission on all the indigo that was manufactured.

He had been at work but three months when he was prostrated with a severe fever, which at one time threatened his life. One of his children was also prostrated about the same time with dysentery, and died in a few days' time, which so deeply affected Mrs. Carey's mind as gradually to deprive her of reason; and from that time to the day of her death it was necessary to keep her under restraint. Still the servant of God worked on, worked at that secular duty, the indigo business, for which he had neither heart nor head, and at those studies and sacred labours for which he had such a heart and head as were hardly ever given to another man. He preached to his work-people, some ninety in number, constantly, and went abroad when he could. He had a taste for one secular pursuit, and only one, horticulture. He loved plants and flowers, and cultivated them ardently, sending frequently to England for seeds new and strange in India.

SOWS SEED IN ENGLAND.

But he was sowing wonderful seeds in England while thus cultivating indigo, and preaching at the unheard-of village of Mudnabatty. Dr. Ryland, in Bristol, received letters from Carey, and knowing that two other ministers, Dr. Bogue and Mr. Stephen, were then in the city, sent for them to hear the missionary news. When they were finished they knelt down together and prayed for a blessing on the distant evangelists; and from this meeting sprung into being the germ of the London Missionary Society.

A few months after the formation of the Society an effort was made by Mr. Haldane, and three others, to go out as missionaries to Bengal. Mr. Haldane was a man of wealth and high position, but having had access to the letters sent home by Mr. Carey, his mind was so powerfully wrought upon that he sold the estate of Airthrey, Scotland, which he had been beautifying for ten years, and determined to devote the proceeds exclusively to the missionary work. Ample funds were thus provided for the enterprise, by this noble and generous sacrifice, and three of Mr. Haldane's friends—Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Bogue, Mr. Innes, and Mr. Greville Ewing—animated with the same impulse, consented to accompany him. It was also intended to take out a well-equipped printing office, and a staff of catechists, itinerants, and schoolmasters. When the arrangements were

completed application was made to the agents and officers of the East India Company, in London, for permission to sail in one of their vessels to Calcutta. Mr. Haldane was a relative of Mr. Dundas, the President of the Board of Control, and it was supposed that he would readily enough succeed in his purpose. But Mr. Dundas sternly refused. He said the Company was opposed to allowing any man who was a missionary the privilege of a passage to India, as they were a troublesome class of men, and would interfere with their business among the natives.

Four months were spent in a vain effort to obtain permission to sail, when Mr. Wilberforce, coming up to London, was made acquainted with the state of affairs. He at once used all the influence he had on the members of Parliament in favour of Mr. Haldane and his associates, but all to no purpose. Conjointly with Mr. Haldane, Mr. Wilberforce applied to the Court of Directors, but received a somewhat complimentary, but peremptory refusal. So the whole enterprise was crushed and abandoned.

MORE SORROW.

Towards the close of 1796, a gentleman, by the name of Fountain, of England, joined the mission at Mudnabatty. He went out in one of the East India Company's ships as a servant, and entered Calcutta without observation, and obtained friendly assistance from Mr. Udney and Mr. Brown to

enable him to proceed up the country. He was a man of small stature and small mind, possessing no energy of character, and adding nothing scarcely to the strength of the infant cause. He was hostile to the East India Company's government, and also to the English government at home, and wrote letters, and spoke constantly against both. His tongue, like a trip-hammer, went everlastingly, and a world of harm was thus generated, though undesignedly, against Mr. Carey and his labours, who now had the double work of teaching the natives, and controlling a half-insane colleague.

Then Mr. Carey's temporal prospects began to lower. The indigo factory did not flourish. The locality had been selected by native agents, and was a bad one; besides, a succession of poor seasons had subjected Mr. Udney, the employer of Mr. Carey, to severe loss. He was obliged to carry on the works with borrowed capital, for which he was required to pay exorbitant interest, at a time when the government itself could not raise funds under twelve per cent.

But the prospect of being left without support did not in the least abate his missionary zeal. In a letter to the Society in England he mentioned this prospect of being left destitute, but said not a word about renewing his salary, still less about the payment of back salary. On the contrary, he advised the society that he could, by God's good providence, *live somehow*, and that they must "set their faces earnestly towards India."

He proposed to form a missionary settlement in the neighbourhood of Malda, after the model of the Moravians. "We ought," said he, "to be seven or eight families together, all living together in a number of little straw houses forming a line or square, and having nothing of our own, but all the general stock." The plan was never carried out; and it was well that it was not, for, had it been, his straw houses and mud floors would have sent half of the little community to their graves during the first rainy season.

A WORK DONE.

But there was one thing that *was* carried out. The translation of the New Testament, on which Mr. Carey had been labouring with intense devotion since his arrival in India, was completed, and he set himself to work to make arrangements for its printing. A printing-press, constructed of wood, having been advertised for sale in the Calcutta papers, Mr. Carey managed to purchase it for £40. Mr. Udney, however, stepped in and insisted on paying for it himself, and presenting it to the infant mission. It was conveyed to Mudnabatty, and set up in a side room, and the crowds who flocked to see it, hearing Mr. Carey's description of its wonderful power, pronounced it to be a European idol.

The indigo factory was broken up, and Mr. Carey took one on his own account at Kidderpore. Meantime Mr. Thomas had gone round a circle of

occupations, the same strange being as ever, but always furnishing medicine and medical advice without charge, and never omitting an opportunity to address the natives on the subject of religion. He preached once every week-day, and twice on the Sabbath, besides performing a large amount of itinerant labour.

AN ARRIVAL FROM ENGLAND.

Mr. Carey had now been labouring in the barren soil of the Malda district for five years and a half. He had traversed it in every direction, and sown the immortal seed of the Word with untiring zeal, but without any corresponding success. In describing his own feelings, he says: "I feel as a farmer does about his crops: sometimes I think the seed is springing up, and then I hope; a little time blasts all, and my hopes are gone like a cloud. They were only weeds which appeared; or if a little corn sprung up it quickly died, being either choked with weeds, or parched up by the sun of persecution. Yet I still hope in God, and will go forth in his strength, and make mention of his righteousness and his only."

Shortly after his arrival at Kidderpore a letter came, announcing the arrival at Calcutta of four fellow-labourers from England, but being denied the privilege of settling on English territory, they had sheltered under the Danish flag. The little settlement of Serampore, across the river from the governor-general's house, a few miles from Calcutta,

had happily remained under Denmark. A Danish ship carried Carey out when an English one would not; and now that an American one had brought him colleagues, Danish authorities defended them.

The names of the new missionaries were Grant, Brunsdon, Ward, and Marshman. On Monday, October 14, 1799, the new comers waited on the governor of the little Danish town of Serampore, Colonel Bie, with the letter of the Danish consul in London, and were received with the most cordial affability. He offered them all the assistance in his power, but expressed great doubts whether the British Government would allow them to proceed up the country to Malda, where Mr. Carey was. They were not, however, deterred by his remarks, but began to engage boats, and prepare for their immediate departure.

But a grievous disappointment awaited them. The intelligence that four missionaries had been brought out by the ship "Criterion" soon reached the ears of the Government, and orders were issued, without the loss of a day, for their instantaneous departure from India. This information disarranged all their plans, and filled their minds with dismay. They determined, however, to remain at Serampore, and quietly await the development of circumstances, unless the governor of the settlement, Colonel Bie, declined to protect them. They waited on him the next morning, and explained the difficulties of their position. The colonel had

enjoyed the ministry and instructions of the Moravian missionary, Schwartz, while an officer at the Danish settlement of Tranquebar, a fortified seaport town of Hindostan, on the Coromandel coast, and entertained great regard for the cause of missions. He had been nearly forty years in the service of the Danish Company, the greater portion of which was passed in the government of Serampore. He was a man of small, almost mean stature, but possessed of a heart of oak; and though his little commercial settlement was a mere speck, compared with the empire of British India, he managed, by his courage and policy, to make his flag and his guests respected.

Mr. Carey wrote to his brethren at Serampore, urging them to join him in the interior. But he was there an indigo planter; they had avowed themselves missionaries, and dared not in that character settle on the territory of the East India Company. One of them, protected by a Danish passport, set out to persuade Carey to come and settle in Serampore. This man was William Ward, who had been a popular newspaper editor, in England, but whose heart, having been changed by grace, was now willing to engage for life in the work of saving the heathen.

MR. CAREY REMOVES TO SERAMPORE.

At first Mr. Carey was not disposed to accede to the views of Mr. Ward; but one or two violent letters from the officers of the East India Com-

pany, threatening expulsion, and even imprisonment to any man who would officiate in their territory in the capacity of a missionary, determined him to remove from Kidderpore to Serampore. At Kidderpore he only lived by sufferance; his license might be revoked at any time by the Government, if he gave any disquietude to Government; and it was likely to be summarily withdrawn when his missionary vocation was discovered. At Serampore, under the protection of the Danish flag, himself and colleagues would be free from molestation by the British flag; they might establish a press, and receive additional missionaries; and the country around was densely populated.

It was on the 10th day of January, 1800, that Mr. Carey, with his family, consisting of four sons and his wife, who was hopelessly insane, arrived at Serampore. He found that one of the four missionaries brought out by the ship "Criterion," Mr. Grant, had ceased to labour. He had died of fever, October 31, eighteen days after the arrival of the party at Calcutta.

The day after his arrival Mr. Carey waited on Governor Bie, and was received with great cordiality; and the next day, being Sabbath, he preached in English to a large and attentive congregation, and in the afternoon delivered his first address in Bengalee to the heathen in the town. The week was occupied in forming rules for the large family thus brought together, and laying down the plan of future operations. It was determined to form a

common stock, to dine at a common table, and to allow each family a certain sum for "personal expenses."

MR. MARSHMAN.

It may be proper to digress a moment for the sake of describing a little the character of Joshua Marshman, one of the two men who, in connection with Mr. Carey, was to do a great work for India. His father was a weaver of superfine woollen cloth, and a deacon in the Baptist Church at Westbury Leigh, England. His mother was a Huguenot, a descendant of one of the French refugees who obtained shelter in England on the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. She was a woman of great piety and exemplary benevolence, and she and her husband lived together in a state of the most perfect happiness for over fifty years. At the age of seven, as he has recorded it, Joshua's father happened to repeat to him the narrative of David and Goliath, which rivetted his attention, and appears to have created the first desire of reading in his mind. He gave himself no rest thenceforward until he had read through all the historical portions of the Old Testament. At a town fair he met with a brief history of England, and devoured it before he left the book stall where it was on sale. So great was his thirst for reading that he thought nothing of walking a dozen miles for the loan of a book.

At the age of fifteen a bookseller of London, by the name of Cator, visiting Westbury Leigh,

became acquainted with him, and engaged him to serve in his shop. He went down to the city and began his labours, but found in a short time that, though immersed in thousands of volumes, he had less leisure for reading than when at home. His business was to carry books and packages to customers in various parts of the metropolis; but finding the work an unhappy one, he wrote his father to this effect, and at the end of five months returned home. Here he resumed his labours at the loom, and plunged again into his old course of desultory and immoderate reading, devouring every work of fiction or poetry, history, geography, or travels, to which he could obtain access.

FARMER BACHELOR AND JOSHUA'S FATHER.

There was a farmer by the name of Bachelor, living near his father's, who often engaged in discussions with young Joshua on theological points, but who always came out number second in consequence of the immense book lore that his young friend had acquired. Joshua's father and Mr. Bachelor were both pious men and deacons in the Baptist Church. There were two other deacons besides these at Westbury Leigh, and the four held weekly meetings, and vigilantly watched over the conduct of the hundred members of the Baptist Church there. They maintained that a work of grace begun in the heart could never become extinct, and that it was more advisable to postpone the admission to Church fellowship even of those

who might appear to be sincere, than to admit one unconverted person into the fold.

Joshua, by prayer and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, felt himself a converted person. He so told his father, urging, in the close of a long conversation, that he was enabled to place his entire dependence for acceptance with God and his hope of eternal salvation on the all-meritorious atonement of Christ. Mr. Marshman told Mr. Bachelor the conversation, and expressed the wish that his son be admitted into Church fellowship. Mr. Bachelor listened patiently, but opposed the proposal. "Head knowledge and heart knowledge," were his words, "are two things, and your boy has too much of the former to enjoy the latter."

Mr. Bachelor controlled the board of deacons, and thus kept Joshua in a state of probation seven years, when the young man left Westbury Leigh without having been baptized. He journeyed to Bristol, where he found a church whose doors were not so low as to keep a man *with a head on his shoulders* from getting in. He had been married three years before going to Bristol, and taught school as soon as he became settled. Here he was the means of converting a noted infidel, Mr. Grant, and here also he offered his services for the mission to India.

WILLIAM WARD.

William Ward, the other principal colleague of Mr. Carey, was the son of a carpenter of Derby,

England. His father dying while he was a child, his education devolved on his mother—a woman of ardent piety. Like Marshman, he was given in early life to great reading, and advanced in consequence beyond his fellows of his own age. He was apprenticed to a printer, and soon rose to the position of corrector of proofs, and subsequently to an assistantship in the editor's office. As assistant editor and editor in chief he served six years; but feeling his heart drawn to the work of evangelizing the heathen, he offered himself to the Missionary Society, and was accepted.

MR. THOMAS AND HIS CONVERT.

On Carey, Marshman, and Ward rested chiefly, if not altogether, the work of promulgating the Gospel at Serampore. Poor Mr. Thomas was fervent but wayward, and spent his time as his fancy led him: sometimes manufacturing sugar in the interior, and at other times preaching. Probably, in justice to him, it ought to be said that he was always willing to preach, and did a great deal more of it than he did of sugar-making. In October, 1800, he visited his brethren at Serampore, bringing along a skilful workman in his factory named Fukeer, who had been led, under the influence of his instructions, to announce his determination to become a Christian. November 25th, Fukeer appeared before the Church at Serampore, and gave a short, simple, and satisfactory account of his spiritual feelings, and offered to

make an open profession of Christianity. This was the first native, after seven years of severe and discouraging exertion, who had come up to the point of avowing himself a Christian. He was received as a Christian brother, with feelings of indescribable emotion. The missionaries all stood up and sang, with strange, new feelings,

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,"

and then each one shook Fukeer by the hand.

OTHER CONVERTS.

On this same day of new feelings and rejoicings, Mr. Thomas was called to set the arm of a native in Serampore which had been dislocated. After the operation was completed, Mr. Thomas began to discourse with his usual fervour on the folly of idolatry, and the superiority of the Christian revelation. The man appeared to be deeply affected by the discourse, and shed tears. His name was Krishnu, by trade a carpenter. He waited subsequently every day upon the instructions of the missionaries, receiving the truths of the Gospel not only with avidity, but affection. His wife and daughter, to whom he communicated the glad tidings which had warmed his own heart, expressed their determination to unite with him in embracing Christianity.

On Monday, the 22nd of December, Krishnu openly renounced his caste, by sitting down to the table of the missionaries, and eating with them, to

the surprise of all the servants. A brother of his, by the name of Goluk, did the same thing the same day. In the evening the two, together with Krishnu's wife and daughter, came before the Church, and narrated the steps by which their minds had been led to embrace the religion of Christ. This season of delight, however, was not without its alloy. Mr. Thomas, who was present on the occasion, became frantic with joy. It was seventeen years since he had commenced his labours among the heathen, and the fruition of his hopes, after so many years of toil, destroyed the balance of his mind, and he began to exhibit symptoms of insanity. Within three days he became so violent as to render it necessary to place him under restraint.

KRISHNU AND THE MOB.

The report that Krishnu had thrown up his caste and become a "Feringee," then the nickname of a Christian, spread rapidly through the town, and created an extraordinary sensation. The next morning a mob of two thousand persons collected in front of his house, uttering violent imprecations on him. They dragged him and his friend Goluk to the magistrate's house, though without any specific charge to bring against them. The magistrate commended the converts for having renounced their caste, and ordered the crowd to disperse. Soon after the mob brought them back, and accused Krishnu of having refused to

deliver his daughter to the man to whom she was betrothed. But the converts were again set at liberty, and the girl was assured that she should not be compelled to marry against her will. At the same time the governor volunteered to protect the missionaries from all interruption in the approaching administration of the rite of baptism, and placed a native soldier at the gate of Krishnu's house, to prevent any molestation. But the missionaries soon found that their hopes had been too sanguine, and that a public profession of a foreign creed, and the entire abandonment of all social and family ties, were more formidable to the native mind than they had anticipated. On Saturday morning, Krishnu informed them that the courage of Goluk and the women had failed them, and that they were desirous of postponing their baptism for a time. But Krishnu himself remained firm to his resolution.

THE FIRST BAPTISM.

The next morning, Sunday, December 28th, the ordinance of baptism was performed under circumstances the most solemn and distressing. The missionaries assembled with the congregation in the chapel, and Mr. Carey walked down to the river with his oldest son, about to be baptized, and Krishnu on either side of him. Mr. Thomas, who was confined to his couch, made the air resound with his blasphemous ravings; and Mrs. Carey, also insane, shut up in her own room on the oppo-

site side of the path, poured forth the most painful shrieks, as if the spirit of darkness had permission to rage at the first triumph of Christianity among the natives of Bengal.

A vast crowd had assembled, and down through it to the water went the Baptist preacher and his two disciples. Reaching the river's edge, he paused, and solemnly addressed the thousands around. Silence and deep feeling prevailed. Brave old Governor Bie shed manly tears. The waters went over the Hindoo, and the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost sounded across an arm of the Ganges. That evening the Lord's Supper was first celebrated in the language of Bengal. The cup of the missionaries was full of joy and hope. Krishnu was but one, but a continent was coming behind him.

OTHER BAPTISMS.

At the beginning of 1801, the missionaries had the pleasure of baptizing the first Hindoo female, Joyminee, Krishnu's sister-in-law, and also Mr. Fernandez, a gentleman of Portuguese extraction, who was engaged in the manufacture of indigo in the district of Dinagepore. He became subsequently a very zealous worker in the missionary cause, and for thirty years did not cease to warn men and women, day and night, of their danger. He was the instrument in building up a very large native church, and at his death thousands mourned.

About a month after the baptism of Joyminee, Krishnu's wife, and Unnu, another female, were likewise baptized. Mr. Thomas, who had been for some weeks in the lunatic asylum in Calcutta, recovered his reason, and returning to his old field of indigo labour in the neighbourhood of Dinagepore, preached with even more than his former fervour.

A GREAT EVENT.

On the seventh day of February, 1801, a great and holy event occurred. The blessed New Testament was placed complete in the hands of its happy translator. With such diligence had the work been pressed forward, that the printing of the volume, under every disadvantage, was completed within nine months. As soon as the first copy was bound it was placed on the communion-table in the chapel, and a meeting was held of the whole of the mission family, together with the newly-baptized heathen, to acknowledge their gratitude to God for the completion of the work. The expense of printing and binding two thousand copies was £612, or about six shillings each.

July 3, 1801, Mr. Brunsdon, one of the type-setters of the Testament, fell asleep in death. October 13 of the same year, Mr. Thomas died of fever and ague at Dinagepore. Thus, within two years to the day of their arrival at Serampore, four out of the seven labourers who formed the missionary circle in Bengal were removed by

death; and there remained only the three eminent men at Serampore, Carey, Marshman, and Ward.

THE FIRST MARRIAGE.

Three years of eventful progress passed, and another great occasion came in the mission, the first Christian marriage of Hindoo converts; the first solemn inauguration of that happy institution, the Christian family, before which the seraglios of Bengal were eventually to disappear. April 4, 1803, was the day set for the ceremony. The pair to be united were a young Brahmin and a girl of the carpenter caste, thus setting aside the prejudices of centuries. Mats had been spread and chairs placed under a tree in front of Krishnu's house. Mr. Carey sat at a little table, and after a brief explanatory address, read some appropriate passages of Scripture, then the short and simple marriage service which he had compiled in Bengalee, whereupon the bride and bridegroom plighted their faith to each other, and signed the agreement, the first probably to which a Hindoo female had put her name for centuries. The ceremony seemed to produce a feeling of general satisfaction on the minds of those who were present. In the evening the missionaries went to the wedding supper, given by the father of the bride. The repast began by singing a hymn of Krishnu's own, which still lives; and then the Brahmin husband, the European missionaries, the Soodra father-in-law, all feasted

together; nothing wonderful in the eyes of an American or Englishman, yet a prodigy and a portent in those of India.

WIDOW BURNING.

Just one week after the marriage, Mr. Ward made this record in his journal: "A horrible day; the Churuk Poojah and three women burned with their husbands on one pile near our house." How gratifying to the Christian philanthropist is the contrast now presented to this picture! The burning of widows has ceased to exist through the whole extent of the British dominions in India, and where fifty years ago fifteen and often twenty men, and in some cases even women, frantic with superstition and drugs, were swinging by hooks in their backs in the presence of the native gentry, annually congregated for the occasion, and amid the shouts of an excited mob, scarcely an instance of these orgies is to be seen at the present day, and the improvement of public opinion in native society has anticipated the legal prohibition of these degrading scenes.

PURCHASE OF A CEMETERY.

On the third day of October, 1803, the missionaries purchased a piece of ground for a cemetery in Serampore, and four days afterwards they had occasion to use it. The little band of converts was called to see one of their number die, the same whose heart failed him the first day of

baptism, but who "afterwards went and repented." Gokool died rejoicing in the hope of his gospel, and his frequent exultations as he passed away produced a happy effect on the little band of converts. How was he to be buried? Usually persons of the Christian creed were borne by six or eight drunken Portuguese of the lowest class to the place of interment. This was because there were no other persons whose services could be secured. Among the Hindoos, Brahmins carry the body of a Brahmin to the funeral pile, and each rank of Soodras conveys that of its own caste; but a Soodra may not touch the dead body of a Brahmin, nor can a Brahmin touch the corpse of a Soodra without incurring the necessity of purification. Mr. Marshman was anxious to convince the converts that it was their duty to perform the last kind office for a brother themselves; but they hesitated to appear in the streets in the same character as the degraded Pobrees. At five in the afternoon he repaired to the house of Krishnu, where all the converts of both sexes were assembled, together with a large body of heathen. There, in the presence of a silent and astonished multitude, Mr. Marshman and Mr. Felix Carey, Bhyrub, a baptized Brahmin, and Peeroo, a baptized Mohammedan, placed the coffin on their shoulders, and singing the Bengalee hymn,

"Salvation through the death of Christ,"

carried it through the streets to the new burial-

ground, which received its first tenant under these interesting circumstances.

This procedure may be considered as having completed the abolition of caste among the native Christian community. It commenced with the extinction of all difference of caste in partaking of the Lord's Supper; it was further advanced by the marriage of a Brahmin to the daughter of a Soodra; and was now consummated by the conveyance of the body of a Soodra to the grave by one of pure Brahminical blood.

The German missionaries in South India had unhappily permitted caste to enter among the converts; but in the north it was faced at first, and the benefit has been great.

NATIVE LABOURERS.

The first labours of a native evangelist soon followed. The Serampore missionaries early perceived that the most fruitful of all their works would be sending forth *native labourers*. They kept this cardinal point steadily in view. Mr. Ward, writing home to Dr. Ryland, used these words: "Be assured that, whatever Europeans may say about the impossibility of converting the Hindoos, there wants nothing more, as it respects human means, but a few men of gifts and real, powerful godliness. Hindoos and Mohammedans will as surely fall under the doctrine of the cross as Greenlanders and Hottentots. We want men who will carry the despised system of our religion

right into the very teeth of the Brahmins, and who can and will prove from the Scriptures that this is indeed the Christ that should come into the world. We hope we see the dawn of this. I have constantly made it a point of recommending the making of native preachers as soon as possible, and I hope we may soon see two or three who are at least more able and eloquent than some good men who are employed in England."

The first convert who had gladdened their hearts, Krishnu, the carpenter, was also the first to go forth on Christ's errand among his countrymen. In his journeying he took tracts and freely distributed them, thus bringing two powerful agents into play at once. The eagerness of the people to receive the strange thing, a printed book, was very great. Some of the books thus given away brought inquirers from a great distance to Serampore, who, following the light first showed by the book, found the teachers, and became true Christians. The first convert from the Kayusts, the caste next to the Brahmins, came in this way from a distance of thirty miles; and the first from the Brahmins themselves, a fine young man, came by the same means from the neighbourhood where Carey had passed a miserable month in the Sunderbunds.

The name of the Kayust was Petumber Sing, a man of nearly sixty years of age, of an active and inquisitive mind, and of great simplicity of character. He had read all the native religious

works which then existed in manuscript, and had travelled to many shrines to discover a system of religious belief in which he could place confidence. The result of his inquiries, however, only served to increase his dissatisfaction with the national creed, and he quietly relinquished the worship of idols. In this state of mind a tract came into his possession, in which it was stated that the missionaries at Serampore had come from a distant land to promote the eternal happiness of the Hindoos, and that salvation was to be obtained only through the atonement of Christ. He lost no time in proceeding to Serampore, a distance of thirty miles, in order to hear more of the "new way." After receiving instruction for two or three days, he returned to his family to impart the glad tidings to them, promising to return in a fortnight. He was again at Serampore before a week had elapsed, and threw up his caste by eating with the missionaries, and was received into the Christian Church.

In the month of February, two other Kayusts, and likewise a Brahmin, came forward voluntarily and renounced caste. The Brahmin was what was called a Koolin of the highest and proudest grade of Brahminhood, but had long ceased to place any faith in Hindooism. His aversion to the popular system of idolatry appears to have been excited while he was employed in committing to memory the English Primer then in vogue, which began with a vocabulary, and ended with a me-

trical translation of the Ten Commandments, one couplet of which was indelibly fixed in his memory. It ran thus:—

> "Adore no other gods, but only One:
> Worship not God by anything you see."

When the missionaries had been about ten years at Serampore, the glowing mind of Mr. Ward thus reviewed the mercies they had witnessed:—

"Amid all the opposition of government, we have succeeded in settling four stations in Bengal; we have sent a missionary to Patna, and planted stations on the borders of Orissan and Bootan, and in Burmah; the number of Church members exceeds two hundred; we have obtained a footing in Calcutta, where a chapel has been erected at a cost of more than three thousand pounds, and a large Church and congregation collected; the Scriptures have been printed, in whole, or in part, in six languages, and translations have been commenced in six others."

LABOURS OF THE MISSIONARIES.

In point of literary labour Mr. Carey and Mr. Marshman were peculiar men—they dealt with languages, hard and untried languages, as other men might with poetry. To learn one language *well* is a work of some skill; and all who know anything of the matter must admit that one Indian language is about equal in point of difficulty to

five European ones. They learned the living and the dead, those spoken at their doors, those spoken far away. They made grammars, and translations of Scripture and of native works into English, on a scale that had much more of prodigy than anything else. They conceived grandly, lived like great souls in a wide sphere, and wrought for millions and for distant generations. Wonderful beyond all, and a proof of patience combined with intellectual power never exceeded, was Marshman's undertaking, in the midst of his other labours, to learn the Chinese. He did so, and actually translated the Scriptures; and then to get money to print them translated Confucius, for which the rich natives liberally subscribed. This can be written in a sentence; but before it can be done,

"How large a space of fleeting time is lost!"

In the terrible pressure of their toils they had two storms to breast, one from the natives, the other from the officers of the East India Company. Lord Minto, the British Governor-General, was specially cruel, and his acts will remain a stain on his name and his administration for ever. Preaching was prohibited in Calcutta, and in every other locality throughout the company's territory; the circulation of any publications unfriendly to the Hindoo religion, or in any wise offensive to the prejudices of the natives, or contemplating their conversion to Christianity, were proscribed, and banishment and imprisonment were promised the

missionaries in case there was not a prompt acquiescence in the company's orders.

Yet they laboured on, mingling with their labours prudence and care; and when the year 1813 came the British Parliament ended the company's power of doing what a Christian government in the darkest ages had never done, forbidding the gospel to be preached to the heathen.

From this moment a new era set in for India. The word of God was not bound, and those who had struggled so long and so hard against a powerful government were left to contend with their natural enemies, the superstition and darkness of India.

The great passion of Dr. Carey's life (for since his stay in India he had received the title of D.D.) was to give the Holy Scriptures to India in the mother tongue of each province. Few things more clearly display the magnitude of the country than the difficulty of learning how many languages are spoken in it. At Serampore a map was published, according to the best light of the day, showing where each tongue prevailed, the errors of which are a touching proof that India is a region so vast as to baffle the most diligent inquiry for a length of time. Pundits or wise men of different nations were assembled at Serampore, and laboured, under the direction of the missionaries, in producing versions in the various languages. Seven years was the shortest period given to the preparation of any one version; but several proceeded simul-

taneously. In the year 1822 the New Testament *had been published in twenty of the languages of India.*

In one of his letters, written in 1810, Dr. Carey shows a spirit of great animation at the accomplishment of the translations. "When," remarks he, "I first entered on the translation of the Scriptures into the Bengalee language, I thought that if ever I should live to see it completed I could say with Simeon, 'Lord, lettest now thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word;' but he has preserved me not only to see the version finished, but has given me an opportunity of making many corrections, in succeeding editions, in various parts of it, and also has preserved me to see portions of the Bible printed in Orissa, Sanscrit, Hindoostanee, Mahratta, Carnata, Telingo, and Punjabee, Matthew in Chinese, and a beginning in the Burmese translation."

The labours of Mr. Ward in the work of translating were very great, yet these were not all. During the most oppressive season of the year he was, when otherwise not occupied, preaching and enforcing the claims of the gospel. In his journal we have a record of the doings of June 17, 1810—a good sample of his usual Sabbath-day's work: "In the morning I received two soldiers into the Church on their confession of faith, and then preached to a large English congregation in the Bow Bazaar Chapel, and subsequently held a meeting in the lecture-room, to catechize as many

children as could be accommodated there. I then went to the house of an inquirer, and proceeded from there to the great jail, a distance of three miles, and preached to the prisoners, first in English and then in Bengalee, and held a religious service with three soldiers in the hospital. Afte dusk I went into the fort, and addressed a congregation of soldiers in a close and suffocating room. In the evening I met a number of friends at the house of one of the members of the Church, and passed an hour in social and religious conversation, closing the labours of the day at ten with devotional exercises."

The only comment he makes on this record is in these words: "Preaching in black cloth in this climate is a sad burden. My clothes have been saturated with perspiration three times a-day, *and the very papers in my pocket are dyed black.*"

MR. WARD'S CHARACTER—HIS DEATH.

Of the three missionaries, Mr. Ward was the most genial, affectionate, and eloquent of the three. He was eminently devoted to the service of God, and happy in the active work of seeking souls, to bring them to the Redeemer. At the request of his colleagues he visited England and America, as false and very injurious reports were in circulation in both countries respecting the mission at Serampore. At first, in both England and America, he was received with coldness, but in the end the distrust gave way to sympathy and hearty co-

operation. Among the Baptist Churches in America he obtained the large sum of £2000.

Returning from England, he was enabled to resume his labours at the mission with all the energy of improved health. A brief period of exertion of only sixteen months' duration, however, closed his earthly toils. On Wednesday night, March 5, 1823, he preached the evening lecture in apparently excellent health and spirits. The next morning he joined his brethren at what was called "the weekly breakfast," but complained of illness. Nevertheless, after breakfast, he proceeded as usual to his labours, and began a letter to the Rotterdam Bible Society, Holland. At noon he was obliged to leave the letter unfinished and retire to his room, which he never left. At three in the afternoon he was seized with cramps, and it then became apparent that the disease from which he was suffering was cholera of a virulent type. Two medical gentleman were immediately called in, and under their treatment the dangerous symptoms seemed to abate. His friends never left his couch the whole of that night. He was placed in a warm bath and fell into a sound sleep, which gave hopes of his recovery, and induced Dr. Carey to go down to his collegiate duties at Calcutta; but at eleven in the forenoon of Friday his pulse began to sink, and at five in the afternoon he was a corpse.

The scene of distress which occurred was heart-rending. Ward, Carey, and Marshman had lived

and laboured together for twenty-three years, till all three had become old, and till one soul seemed to animate them. Now it was difficult to realize that one was gone. Mr., now Dr. Marshman, for some time past had been afflicted with deafness, which the present distress served to aggravate, and for a time he was altogether deprived of the power of hearing. He paced the room in silent dismay, watching, with intense anguish, the gradual dissolution of his beloved colleague, yet unable to receive any communication.

Thus, at the age of fifty-three, died the first of the men at Serampore. It would be difficult to cite another example of so firm and interrupted a union of three men for so long a period. That union was created by the magnitude of the object in which they were engaged, and by the elevation of views which it imparted, and was strengthened by the difficulties which they had to encounter. They seemed as if they had been born to act together, and every attempt which was made to separate them only served to increase the strength of the union. With no small difference of opinion on many points, and much diversity of temper, there never was any discord among them, nor any diminution of mutual confidence.

Mr. Ward surpassed his colleagues in a knowledge of the character and habits of the natives, and few Europeans have ever been so successful in managing them. He spoke Bengalee with the fluency and ease of a native, and was thus enabled to acquire

a powerful influence over the people. He commanded the attention of a native audience by the flow of his language, and his apt allusion to their habits, feelings, and allegories. He left his widow and two daughters nothing but the legacy of a good name, but they were properly cared for by his surviving colleagues.

DR. CAREY'S SECOND WIFE.

While on Dr. Marshman the blow of Mr. Ward's death fell with terrible severity, on Dr. Carey it descended with the same heaviness. A few years following the death of his first wife, Mr. Carey married Miss Charlotte Rhumohr, a lady of wealth, and a member of the patrician family of Ahlfeldt, in the Duchy of Schleswig, who had gone out from the continent to Serampore for her health. This marriage was a most happy one, but death came with speed for the bride. She was somewhat deformed in figure and of diminutive size; but whatever was wanting in symmetry of form was amply compensated by the endowments of mind. She was a lady of excellent education—could converse with equal fluency in French, German, Danish, and English, and was familiar with the classical authors in these languages, as well as with those of Italy. She was not less distinguished by feelings of deep piety, and an ardent desire for the spiritual improvement of the natives of India. During her residence at Serampore she had erected a house for her own residence on the banks of the river, which she made over to

the mission on her marriage, with the understanding that a sum equivalent to the rent should be perpetually appropriated to the support of the native preachers, and the request, after a lapse of fifty years, continues to be sacredly fulfilled.

The years that they were permitted to live together were probably the happiest of Mr. Carey's life. His reference to her death and his estimate of her character are touching: "She was seized with an epileptic fit four days before her death, and it was followed by others in rapid succession, which apparently inflicted no pain, but left her on each occasion with less consciousness; the approach of dissolution was scarcely perceptible. She was eminently pious, and lived near to God. The Bible was her daily delight, and, next to God, she lived for me. Her solicitude for my happiness was incessant, and so certainly could she at all times interpret my looks, that any attempt to conceal anxiety or distress of mind would have been vain. It was her constant habit to compare every verse of Scripture she read in the German, French, Italian, and English versions, and never to pass by a difficulty till it was cleared up. In this respect she was of eminent service to me in the translation of the Word of God. She entered most heartily into all the concerns of the mission, and into the support of schools, particularly those for female native children, and had long supported one of that kind at Cutwa. She was removed before me, a thing for which we had frequently expressed our wishes

to each other; for though I am sure my brethren and my children would have done the utmost in their power to alleviate her affliction if she had survived me, yet no one, nor all united, could have supplied the place of a husband."

A DARK DAY OF AFFLICTION.

In October, 1823, another chapter was added to Dr. Carey's sorrows. Returning from Calcutta about midnight on the 8th of the month, as he stepped on shore from the boat his foot slipped, and he found himself unable to rise. The boatmen conveyed him in their arms to his house, and laid him on his couch. Medical advice was immediately called, and it was found that the hip joint had been severely injured. During the next two days more than a hundred leeches were applied to reduce the inflammation; the agony was excruciating, but the prospect of recovery was favourable. On the tenth day, however, a violent fever supervened, accompanied by severe cough and expectoration, and for several days it was expected that every hour would prove his last, and that the same year would deprive the mission of two out of three of its founders. But, under the blessing of Providence, he was brought back from the gates of death, and became at length convalescent, though he was unable for six months to walk without the aid of crutches.

He was passionately fond of flowers and gardening, and had the yard surrounding his house

almost a paradise of beauty. There was, in fact, no private establishment in all India that had so large and rich a collection of plants as his. During his confinement his garden was made a perfect swamp by a fierce and unprecedented inundation, and on his first visit to it, as soon as he could be carried about with safety, a scene of desolation was presented to his view which none but himself could adequately feel. Plants which he had collected from all parts of the world and watched with the most tender care, had been swept away as by a deluge. The labour of years was annihilated in a single night. The Damoodah, a mountain torrent which, during the rains, swells to the size of a great river, had this year overtopped the embankments which had been established to confine its waters in one channel, and laid the whole country between it and the Hooghly under water. So disastrous an inundation had not been witnessed for many years. Hundreds of villages had been carried away; the cattle were drowned, and the wretched inhabitants took refuge on elevated mounds or in trees, or floated down on the thatched roofs of their ruined houses. The stream of water rushed down violently on the town of Serampore, and in twenty-four hours there was five feet of water in its streets. The inundation occasioned great destruction all over the town, but its effect was nowhere so disastrous as in the mission premises, about which the Society had been contending for seven years. The bank in front of the houses

of Mr. Carey and Mr. Ward had been firm for more than twenty years, while that on either side was treacherous, and entailed incessant expenditure. This front substantial bank now gave way under the rush of water from the Damoodah, and in the course of a few days there was a depth of fifty feet of water where the public road had been, while a perpendicular ragged bank was exposed to the abrasion of the river, which daily encroached on it.

The Hindoos maintained that it was a just retribution of the river goddess for the attacks the missionaries had made on their religion; and some of the older natives remarked that one of the first places washed away was the very spot where the first convert had been baptized in 1800. Even among the native Christians there were some so superstitious as to connect the calamity with the unholy strife of which the premises had been the subject. The river was rushing like a torrent within ten feet of Mr. Carey's bedroom, in which two rents had become visible, when he was obliged, though with great reluctance, to leave it. He took refuge in one of the suites of apartments allotted to the professors on the college premises, which occupied the highest spot of ground in Serampore. To save the bank a wall of solid masonry was erected, two hundred feet in length and fifteen in height, and of proportionate thickness; but it was scarcely finished before it was engulfed in the river, carrying away with it a portion of Mr. Carey's house, the whole of which soon after disappeared.

This calamity placed the missionaries in very straitened circumstances, and, taken in connection with other trials that followed, was enough to dishearten them. Yet on they worked, and for twelve weary years after Mr. Ward's death.

MR. CAREY'S APPROACHING END.

At the beginning of 1834 Dr. Carey experienced several severe attacks of illness, from which he partially recovered; but it was evident that his constitution, which had never been very robust, was giving certainly away. Forty years of incessant labour he had now spent in the climate of India. He had completed the last revision of the Bengalee translation of the Scriptures, and he felt that his work was done. He had always entertained a dread of "becoming useless," as he expressed himself before his death, and he hoped that his life might terminate with his capacity for work. He refused, therefore, to yield to the advice of his friends, and relinquish his labours, even when scarcely able to sit at his desk. But he was gradually obliged by increasing debility to relax his favourite occupation of revising the proof-sheets of his translations, and to take to his couch, to which he was confined for several months previous to his death. The two old men loved each other like boys, and took counsel together like patriarchs, standing on the banks of the deep river we have all to cross, with the unseen, but not unknown, shore only hidden below the horizon.

Mr. Marshman visited him daily, often twice in the day, and the interviews were always marked with cheerfulness. They had lived and laboured together in the same spot for nearly thirty-five years. They were the last survivors of a generation which had passed away, and they seemed peculiarly to belong to each other.

The progress of Christian truth in India was the chief topic of conversation with the various missionary friends who visited Mr. Carey during his illness. In the prospect of death he exhibited no raptures and no apprehensions. He reposed the most perfect confidence in the all-meritorious atonement of the Redeemer. He felt the most cheerful resignation to the divine will, and looked at his own dissolution without any feeling of anxiety. A friend, writing from his bedside, says: "Respecting the great change before him, a single shade of anxiety has not crossed his mind since the beginning of his decay, so far as I am aware. His Christian experience partakes of that guileless integrity which has been the grand characteristic of his whole life. . . . We wonder that he still lives, and should not be surprised if he were taken off in an hour; nor is such an occurrence to be regretted. It would only be weakness in us to wish to detain him. He is ripe for glory, and already dead to all that belongs to life."

On Sunday, June 8, Mr. Marshman engaged in prayer at the side of his bed, but was apprehensive that he was not recognized. The next morning,

the 9th of June, his spirit passed to the mansions of the blessed. He was followed to the grave by all the native Christians, and by many of his Christian brethren of various denominations, anxious to pay the last token of reverence to his memory. By his will Dr. Carey directed that he should be buried by the side of his second wife, and that the only memorial of him should consist of an inscription on her tombstone in the following words:—

WILLIAM CAREY,

BORN AUGUST, 1761: DIED ———

A wretched, poor, and helpless worm,
On Thy kind arms I fall.

THE LONELY TOILER—HIS DEATH.

In loneliness, the last of the patriarchs, Dr. Marshman toiled for three years longer; rather, it ought to be said, in cheerfulness, for he was expecting to overtake his happy comrades now "on the other side of the river." September 7, 1837, being within a few days of his end, he said to a friend: "I am grieved at my ingratitude and my insensibility in the midst of all God's goodness. Surely there never was a viler and more unworthy creature forgiven and saved than I feel myself to be."

In October his symptoms, which hitherto had been bad, became worse. They were no better in November. But he was supported by the blessed

hope of immortality, and the richest consolations of the divine presence were vouchsafed to him. The resignation of his mind and the serenity of his feelings afforded the clearest evidence of the value of Christian truth at the hour of approaching dissolution. When apparently unconscious he repeatedly exclaimed, "The precious Saviour! he never leaves or forsakes." Frequently, after a night of broken rest and bodily suffering, the triumph of joy beamed in his eye in the morning as he informed his friends he had experienced the greatest delight in communion with God. His mind was fixed almost constantly on the work in which he had been engaged; he prayed in Bengalee and conversed in that language on spiritual subjects. On the last Thursday of November, in the morning, he caused himself to be carried to the chapel where the weekly prayer-meeting was held, and having been placed in the midst of the congregation, seated in his "tonjohn," he gave out in a firm voice the missionary hymn, which he and his colleagues had been accustomed to use in every season of difficulty. It was in these words: —

"O Lord our God, arise,
The cause of truth maintain,
And wide o'er all the peopled world
Extend her blessed reign.

"Then, Prince of life, arise,
Nor let thy glory cease;
Far spread the conquest of thy grace,
And bless the earth with peace.

"Then Holy Ghost, arise,
Expand thy quick'ning wing,
And o'er a dark and ruined world
Let light and order spring.

"All on the earth arise,
To God the Saviour sing;
From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,
Let echoing anthems ring."

On Sunday evening he sat up in his chair, but on Monday he was evidently worse, and felt that his strength was fast ebbing. At seven on Tuesday morning he called his family around him and told them he was dying. He prayed fervently, and with the utmost composure, commending himself, his family, his friends, and the "precious mission" to the divine keeping. He inquired whether there was anything farther he could do for the cause, and then, turning on his side, composed himself as if to sleep. From that posture he never moved, and about four hours after breathed his last without a sigh or a groan. He was interred on the afternoon of the 6th of December, 1837, in the cemetery which contained the mortal remains of his colleagues. "They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided."

Dr. Marshman was within a few months of seventy at the time of his death. Born in a humble sphere of life, he raised himself to a position of distinguished eminence by his unaided exertions and his indomitable energy. He plied the shuttle with the Greek grammar before him, and before

he was twenty had filled his mind with vast stores of knowledge, and thus laid the foundation of future usefulness. Whatever object he set before him he pursued with enthusiasm which never flagged. Obstacles only seemed to redouble his ardour, and he was never so much at home as in the midst of difficulties. In application to business he was indefatigable, and thought nothing of devoting half the night to the completion of a task. His attention was drawn to the subject of missions by the perusal of a sermon of Mr. Samuel Pearce, and when he had once embarked in the cause the prosecution of it became a passion. For thirty-eight years every other consideration was absorbed in the devotion of it, and every sacrifice appeared light which could promote its interests. His piety, which was deep and sterling, formed the basis of all the excellences of his character. Few men have ever exhibited such extraordinary power of memory. At the distance of twenty years he could recount with ease the minute details of a long series of events.

He died, like his colleagues, in graceful poverty, after having devoted *a sum little short of forty thousand pounds to the mission; and that not in one ostentatious sum, but through a life of privations.* In a private letter, written a few years before his death, he said: "God has made my wife and me the humble instruments in his hands of contributing thirty thousand pounds to his cause; and how much happier I feel than as though I had this

sum in the funds or in landed property, I cannot tell. I never had a misgiving thought for having done it, though I have two sons unprovided for."

While in England, his constitution was feeble in the extreme, and Huntington, the once celebrated preacher, whom he visited before his embarkation, exclaimed, on hearing of his design, "You go out to India, who look as though you had been kept by the parish." But he went, and by the blessing of Providence, his frame, which had hitherto been one of feebleness, became as of iron. Of twelve children, six only survived infancy. The youngest of the living is Lady Havelock, the widow of Sir Henry Havelock, of whom his biographer has said, with laconic truthfulness, "He was every inch a soldier, and every inch a Christian." It is not irrelevant in this connection to say, that General Havelock received great aid and comfort from the brethren of the Serampore mission, while he in turn let no opportunity pass unimproved in leading the natives to Jesus Christ as their only Saviour.

DR. CAREY'S CHARACTER.

Dr. Carey was, at his death, three years the senior of Mr. Marshman, having attained to the age of seventy-three years. As has been already stated, he raised himself by his own energetic exertions from the humblest rank to a position of the greatest eminence and usefulness. While yet

in obscurity, he set before himself the accomplishment of a great object, and he pursued it through life with unabated perseverance, till he saw it placed beyond the reach of failure. He took the lead in a noble enterprise, which embraced the intellectual and spiritual elevation of a great country; and his name is indissolubly associated with the progress of improvement in Hindoostan. He was not urged forward by the spirit of enthusiasm, in which great undertakings often originate, but by a predominant sense of duty. One of the earliest impressions on his youthful mind was the duty of Christians to give the knowledge of divine truth to heathen nations; and the performance of this duty became thenceforward the object of his life, and the mainspring of every movement. Whatever there is of the sublime in the devotion of forty years to one great and benevolent object, belongs to Mr. Carey's character. The basis of his excellences, as in the case of Mr. Marshman, was his deep piety, the result of strong convictions and steady principle. The love of integrity was so vigorous in his mind, that he made no allowance for moral obliquity, and never gave his confidence where he was not certain of the existence of moral worth.

Among his virtues, that of constancy was eminently conspicuous, both with regard to the pursuits of life and the associations of friendship. He united great simplicity of character with strong decision. When he had made up his mind, after

due deliberation, he ceased to hesitate, and difficulties only served to confirm his resolution. He never took any credit to himself for any qualifications but that of a plodder, but it was the plodding of genius. He was a strict economist of time, and the maxim on which he acted was to take care of minutes, and leave the hours to take care of themselves. He never lost a minute when he could keep it; and he thus read through every volume of the "Universal History" during his periodical journeys to Calcutta on his college duties. He rigidly adhered to the regular distribution he had made of his time. He was intensely attached to the pursuits of science; but his garden was his earthly paradise. His aptitude for the acquisition of languages has seldom been equalled. To supply the Sacred Scriptures to the nations of the East, was the master passion of his life. He commenced with the Bengalee, then engaged in the Sanscrit and Hindoostanee; and his knowledge, which gradually expanded with the opportunities which arose, at length embraced all the languages and dialects of the country. To him the Bengalee language, the language of more than thirty millions, is more indebted for the improvement it has received, than to any other individual; and this fact was gratefully acknowledged after his death by the native *literati*, though they were strongly opposed to his plans of evangelization. But all his philological labours — his translations, his grammars, and his dictionaries — were subservient

to his great object of elevating the natives by the introduction of Christianity. His preaching was plain and unadorned, and his one object, for ever pursued, the conversion of men to God.

CONCLUSION.

The poverty of language will not admit of an adequate description of the wonderful work in the missionary line which has followed the planting at Serampore, by these faithful men, of that little Christian mission. The stream that wells up its first few drops in the secluded fastness of the mountain must be followed thence through field and forest, over state and territory, to the waters of the sea, properly to understand the marvellous difference between its rise and its end. The little stream at Serampore, feeble and without motion apparently at first and for years, at last had a course marked out for it, and at last a progress of strangeness and wonder ensued; and to-day, as we write, who can paint the missionary picture of 1797 and that of 1860? Let not him who has named Christ complain of the slow movement of Christianity in the earth. Here and there on the banks of some rivers may be seen backward eddies, but who would therefore think the whole huge river had ceased flowing onward? There may be times when to the heart of feeble faith the stream of Christianity looks as though it were standing still or flowing backwards; but to the heart whose faith sweeps the long centuries in which the hand

of Heaven works, the distinct flowing of the stream is visible.

And then, if Christian men would do as Marshman, Carey, and Ward did, *give not only their bodies and their lives, but that which seems a harder sacrifice to many* modern Christians, *their money* also, how soon would the wilderness and the solitary place be glad, and the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose?

A New Zealand Warrior.

THEN AND NOW IN NEW ZEALAND.

THE ISLANDS AND THE PEOPLE.

Very far to the South, in the Pacific Ocean, are two extensive and beautiful islands, measuring together in extreme length nine hundred miles, and in extreme breadth seven hundred miles. Geographers call them by the name of New Zealand. In the northern island, there are mountains rising to the height of fourteen thousand feet, or nearly three miles. Their sides are covered with heavy forest timber, and their tops throughout most of the year with snow. So dense are these forests, that no sound from without ever penetrates, nor are any beasts of prey, such as the bear, or the lion, or tiger, ever found there. Fine rivers abound on the islands, the principal one of which is the Thames. The spring of the year commences in the middle of August, the summer in December, the autumn in March, and the winter in July.

When first discovered, the New Zealanders were savage and barbarous in the extreme. As soon as a child was born, it was wrapped in a coarse piece of cloth made from the bark of a tree, and laid on a porch to sleep. The mother would

then wander away on work or pleasure, and stay sometimes six and ten hours, leaving the child to suffer hunger or to cry itself sick, or even until it died. Large holes were cut in the ears of children, and a stick, nearly the size of a man's thumb, passed through it. When five days old, the child was carried to a creek or river, and either sprinkled or dipped, and a name given it. A priest would then mumble a prayer to some unknown spirit, asking that the child might become cruel, or brave, or warlike, or murderous, or adulterous, or anything and everything that was vile and wicked. After the prayer, little stones, about as big as a pin's head, were put into its mouth and forced down in its throat, with the expectation that in this way its heart would be made hard and incapable of pity. When the ceremony was over, they had a time of feasting and dancing.

TABOO AND TATTOOING.

Two customs widely prevailed among the New Zealanders—*taboo* and *tattooing*. The former indicated a sort of consecration, or setting apart of certain things from common use. When a man was *tabooed*, nobody dared to visit or talk with him. On tabooed or sacred days, it was death to a man to be found in a canoe. Pork, bananas, cocoa-nuts, and some kinds of fish were tabooed to women, and if they accidentally or otherwise ate them, they were put to death for the act.

Tattooing was an operation performed by a

small rough chisel or a sharp fish-bone. A man or a boy was made to lie on his back, then a piece of charcoal was marked in crooked or circular lines over his face and breast, or else over his arms and limbs. Next the bone or chisel was dipped in a sort of indelible ink, made from the burnt root of flax, and the tatooer, taking a mallet, drove the instrument through the skin where the charcoal marks were visible. The process was slow and painful; the blood flowed, and the person undergoing it would sometimes faint. Once tatooed a man's face and person were marked for life. No washing could efface the flax-root stain, and no operation or application could afterwards make the skin smooth.

FIRST MISSIONARY EFFORT.

A minister by the name of Samuel Marsden, who was chaplain to the colony in New South Wales, learning from sea-captains and others about the New Zealanders, and particularly about their vices, wrote to the Church Missionary Society in England, asking them to send out two or three men as missionaries to the islands. They listened to his suggestions, and without delay advertised for, secured, and sent out three men to labour under the direction or advice of Mr. Marsden. Towards the close of 1814 they reached the northern island. Their arrival was looked upon with curiosity at first, then with distrust, and lastly with jealousy and hate.

With great difficulty the missionaries learned to talk the language of the islanders, and when at last they were able to preach in it it was next to impossible to secure a congregation. A bell was on their little chapel, which was rung at preaching hours; but most of the natives, instead of paying attention to the ringing, would scamper off to the woods or the sea, dancing and yelling at the top of their voices. Those who came into the chapel would do it dressed in the most fantastic style, or else with the fewest possible clothes on, and in the middle of the service would start up with exclamations such as, "That's a lie! that's a lie! let us go."

EFFORTS BY THE WESLEYANS.

It was many years before any real success attended either the labours of these three missionaries or of those who were added to their number. In the year 1819 a young Wesleyan preacher, by the name of Samuel Leigh, living at New South Wales, became acquainted with the missionaries who had first laboured in New Zealand. He was deeply impressed with the wickedness of the islanders, and wrote to England to know if the Wesleyan Missionary Society would furnish him means to establish a mission there. A favourable answer was returned, and in 1821 he and his wife sailed for New Zealand.

From the very first they had to encounter the superstitions and hostility of the natives. Yet Mr. Leigh went to the villages and huts of the islanders,

talked with them familiarly, and traded with them for animal and other food. At length he was joined by Messrs. Turner and White and their wives, also sent out by the Wesleyan Missionary Society.

The whole party proceeded to a place called Wangaroa, on the nort-heast coast of the northern island, where they were received with apparent kindness by the chief, whose name was George. This George was a notorious person, and famed for outbreaking wickedness. He had once served as a sailor on vessels trading between New South Wales and New Zealand. The sailors called him George, though his real name was Jarra.

FATE OF THE SHIP BOYD.

Towards the latter part of the year 1809 the Boyd, a fine ship of five hundred tons burden, left Port Jackson for England, with seventy persons on board, besides four or five New Zealanders, George among them, whom the captain, whose name was Thompson, intended to put off at Wangaroa. On the voyage George refused to do the work customarily demanded of all sailors. In reply to some suggestions of the captain, he declared that he was the son of a chief, and would not work. The captain at first laughed at him, then remonstrated, then whipped him, and at last kept from him half the usual allowance of food. This, of course, greatly incensed George, and threats were made to the captain that a day of settlement would come.

Before the Boyd reached Wangaroa George pretended to be grateful and very thankful to the captain for making him work, and said he was sorry he had given so much trouble. Thus he gained the commander's confidence. The ship was in need of some spars for weathering the Cape of Good Hope, and the crafty savage persuaded Captain Thompson to put into the harbour of Wangaroa for the timber. Once at anchor, George had the ship and the crew in his power. Going ashore, he related to his father and the tribe how the captain had whipped and tried to starve him, and at once the resolve was made to take revenge. The utmost caution, however, was observed. Captain Thompson was first persuaded to land with part of his crew, under the pretence that it was impossible to find the right kind of trees for spars unless George went along to point them out. When he and his men were a considerable distance from shore, in the deep woods, the infuriated savages fell on, overpowered, and killed them. Flushed with their success, they proceeded to the ship, dressed in the clothes of the murdered captain and his men, and attacked first the second officer and then all the crew and passengers they could find.

They then plundered the ship of everything desirable, taking especially the fire-arms and iron work. The father of George had been exceedingly active in the work of killing, and when the muskets were found, he was full of the spirit of trying their

quality. He went down into the ship's hold, brought up a keg of powder, and sitting it on the lower deck, knocked in its head, then scooping up the powder, he busied himself in firing off the guns. A large number of his savage followers were around as spectators, when accidentally a spark from the flint lock fell into the open keg, blowing the upper works of the vessel into the air, and instantly killing every New Zealander on board. Subsequently the natives on shore set fire to the ship, and burned it to the water's edge. Almost all of the men and women killed were eaten by George and his tribe, they being cannibals of a gross type.

CONDUCT OF THE SAVAGES.

Mr. Leigh and his companions were familiar with the deep wickedness of the chief, and when they settled at Wangaroa it was not without many fears as to their safety. George pretended, however, with his usual duplicity, for some time to be their warm friend; but in about six weeks he began to exhibit his over-bearing temper. On one occasion Mr. Turner was endeavouring to build a house, and had secured a number of natives to help him, when George, coming up, drove the natives away, and informed Mr. Turner that he would burn the house, and at his convenience kill and eat both him and Mrs. Turner. The act was designed to obtain presents from the missionary.

A few days afterwards another chief, quite as insolent as George, visited the missionaries. He

brought a fine fat pig with him, which he sold, and took pay in a variety of presents; but his greedy heart was satisfied only for an hour or two. He hung around, much to the annoyance of the missionaries; and when they hinted the propriety of his leaving he became excited, caught up the pig, and said he wanted *pay* for it.

"We have paid you," was the reply of Mr. Turner.

"You have not paid me," instantly responded the lying chief; "give me pay for my pig."

He became so boisterous and frantic that Mr. Turner, to get rid of him, presented him with an iron dinner pot. This he indignantly refused, and throwing it with furious violence against a stone, broke it to pieces. He then attacked Mr. Turner, pointing his musket twice at his head, threatening to shoot him.

Just then Mr. Hobbs, an assistant missionary, came in sight, and the chief ceased for a moment. Very soon, however, he began again, worse than before.

"You wish," said he, addressing both Mr. Turner and Mr. Hobbs, "you wish to make us slaves. You only give us your prayers, which are no worth. We don't want your prayers, and we don't want to hear of your Christ; we want powder and muskets, and tomahawks and tobacco." He then broke into the house where Mrs. Turner and a servant girl were, and thundered out to them that he would serve them and the mis-

sionaries as George had served the crew and passengers of the Boyd. The girl, who possessed the smallest possible amount of self-control, ran from his presence in terrible fear; but Mrs. Turner was more calm and philosophic than her wont, and when he gathered up several things in the mission house, she simply arose and drew them from his hands, and put them again in their places. Strangely enough he said nothing to her, and made good his departure.

Such were some of the dangers and storms to which the missionaries were exposed in their first few weeks at Wangaroa.

Early one morning, the missionaries heard that the heads of a neighbouring tribe had killed one of their own slaves, and were preparing to eat the body. Mr. Turner at once went down to the place, and found the chiefs sitting round the fire, laughing and talking. They extended the usual courtesies, and appeared glad to see him; but on turning to the fire he observed between two logs a human being, at full length, roasting. His heart was made sick by the sight, and he talked in words of unmistakeable plainness to them. Seeing guilt and shame depicted on their countenances, he embraced the occasion to warn them of the judgments of Almighty God against such wickedness.

The natives were extremely indolent, and not in their most friendly moods could the missionaries persuade them to help even in building a

school-house. They had, accordingly, to do the best they could in teaching the boys and girls, as well as the men and women, in the open air.

Towards the close of 1824, the missionaries had pretty well completed the mission buildings. They stood on a jutting piece of land on the south side of a beautiful valley, through which ran a fine river of fresh water, emptying into a safe and commodious harbour. The valley was bounded by hills and mountains of almost every size, on whose sides grew great pine-trees of from three to six feet in diameter, or some ten to eighteen feet in circumference. More than half of these trees were without a branch till you had climbed up sixty to a hundred feet. The soil of the valley was exceedingly rich. The missionaries bought several acres of land, three of which they cleared and fenced in for garden purposes. Their dwelling-house was frame, with a brick chimney, the bricks having been made close at hand, and the lime obtained by burning and reducing to powder clam and cockle shells from the sea-shore. The three acres were partly planted in fruit-trees, some of them bearing the second year after planting. An abundance of almost all kinds of necessary vegetables was produced for the several families.

Besides this, the missionaries had with their own hands erected in two villages substantial wooden buildings for preaching and school purposes. The natives would help none, but their curiosity was excited by these new movements.

They went into the houses to hear the missionaries talk, and singularly enough, encouraged their children to go and learn their letters and the catechism, as well as how to sing and pray. Just at this time two brethren, Messrs. Tyerman and Bennett, arrived as a deputation from the London Missionary Society. Their visit was one of observation rather than of location, yet their presence greatly encouraged the missionaries. Prospects were becoming very bright, when all at once war broke out among the natives, and one night the mission buildings and the two chapels were burned to the ground. Everything that came within reach of the islanders was totally destroyed.

It was a long time before things were restored to their usual quiet, and when they were it required the severest labour on the part of the missionaries to build new houses and fences. One day word came that the chief, George, was dangerously sick, and likely to die. His father, it will be remembered, was killed by the explosion of the keg of powder on the deck of the Boyd. This event George could never forget nor cease referring to. He declared over and over that the God of the missionaries had caused the fire to jump from the lock of the gun into the powder, and now that in case he should die the missionaries must be made to pay for the death of his father.

The death of a chief is always a day of reckon-

ing, a time when all the quarrels of his life are to be avenged. Hence the natives became insolent and overbearing. They broke down the fences of the mission premises, stole things from the garden and houses, and on being reasoned with, pointed spears at the breasts of the missionaries, and informed them that the next thing intended was to kill and roast them.

For weeks their circumstances were most critical. Mrs. Turner and her children had to be moved to another part of the island, and the brethren were compelled to exercise the utmost caution in all their movements. At length the old chief, George, died; but before he died he specially reminded his people to attend to the work of avenging the death of his father. So they assembled to deliberate on the matter; some spoke in favour of burning the mission buildings, others in favour of killing the missionaries some dark night when they were asleep, and others still in favour only of stealing and killing some ducks belonging to the missionaries. The last plan had the most advocates, and was adopted. Suddenly half a dozen of the young natives jumped over the mission fence, and caught every duck in sight. Some they offered in sacrifice to the spirit of George's father, and others they roasted and devoured.

It was now supposed that peace would again prevail, and Mrs. Turner and the children returned to Wangaroa; but scarcely had they be-

come settled before new and more serious troubles arose. A chieftain by the name of Shungee, the bloodiest in all New Zealand, had secretly resolved on invading the valley of Wangaroa. About half-past seven o'clock in the morning, January 4, 1827, while the mission family were at worship, word came of his approach. That day, and several others succeeding, were spent in the wildest confusion and dismay. Canoes dropped down the rivers, bearing the warriors of Shungee to the various points of conflict. Before the sun was up, January 10, a party of natives were seen in the valley making directly for the mission house. The missionaries had scarcely time to dress before twenty savages, armed with muskets, spears, hatchets, etc., entered the mission enclosure. They marched directly up to the house, when it was demanded of them what they wanted. "We want," said Oro, the leader, "to fight; your chief has left the valley, and you will be stripped of all your property; therefore at once, all of you, fight or be gone." At the same time the fellow gave orders to commence the work of destruction. Several guns were fired as a signal, and a large number of other natives came running to the spot.

It was with great reluctance the missionaries prepared to leave. The company consisted of Mr. Turner, his wife, and three children, the youngest of whom was a babe of only five weeks old; Luke Wade, the assistant, and his wife; Mr.

Hobbs and Miss Davis, a young lady from the Church settlement of Paihia, who had come to spend a few weeks on a visit. At six o'clock in the morning the sorrowful and affrighted party began to move, saving scarcely anything from the wreck except the clothes they wore, and one or two changes for the children. Their flight was most perilous, through scrub and fern, the latter covered with heavy dews. They had the river to ford with the children in their arms. Behind them and before, and on all sides, were parties of bloodthirsty savages, restrained only by their selfish fears from utterly exterminating the mission household.

But they put their trust in God, and directed their steps, as fast as their failing strength would allow, to Kerikeri, the nearest Church settlement. As they advanced they were met by one of their own principal men, and also by a very friendly old chief, Ware Nui. To the latter, Mr. Turner told the story of their sudden flight, and begged his protection, which was immediately granted, when they moved on under his guidance. They twice more forded the river, and in making a sharp turn of the channel, all at once a large army of fighting islanders were before them, orderly, compact, and ready for action, armed chiefly with muskets and bayonets. They were headed by several chiefs, the principal one of whom was Patuone, long known for his warm friendship to Europeans.

At his first sight of the missionaries he called

out loudly to his men to halt. He spoke to Mr. Turner and the rest, requesting them to sit down, which they did. He then approached his fellow-chiefs, and informed them that he was going to rub noses with the missionaries—a sign of warm friendship. All came with Patuone and rubbed noses, and then followed a conversation as to what was best to be done. A guard for the protection of the missionaries was formed, consisting of the whole army, and thus protected, they were soon brought to a place of safety. Thursday, January 17, they reached Paihia, where they were treated by the brethren of the Church Mission with the greatest kindness. Shortly after, the whole party of Wesleyan missionaries embarked in a vessel for Sydney, New South Wales.

THE MISSION BAND RECALLED.

When Patuone heard that his mission friends of Wangaroa had left New Zealand, he felt and expressed the greatest sorrow, and declared more than once that they must come back and live on the island. A ship from England, on its way to Sydney, touched at New Zealand in October, 1827, some five or six months after the departure of the missionaries. Patuone went on board, had an interview with the captain, and wrote a letter to Mr. Turner, asking him and his fellow-labourers in most urgent terms to return. Promptly and willingly the invitation was accepted, and early in January, 1828, a little band of missionaries landed

at the northern island. They settled themselves at Mangungu, on the river Hockianga, in Patuone's district, having first bought a piece of land of their old friend, the chief.

A GLORIOUS CHANGE.

For two years the missionaries toiled with but poor success. Even Patuone and his friends, forgetting the letter they had sent, would seldom hear preaching, and cared little for the prayers and exhortations of the men of God. But their faith was unshaken, and they persevered.

In the year 1830 there was a change for the better. The natives were more attentive. They narrowly watched the missionaries, compared their conduct with their own, and some went so far as to say: "They act a great deal better than we do, and are certainly friends of ours." From this time they began to hear the Word preached with great attention. Several chiefs and natives declared in favour of Christianity, among them Tawai and Miti, two of the most celebrated and successful warriors of New Zealand. Some came in canoes, a distance of thirty and forty miles even, to hear preaching, and multitudes were, as in a day, happily converted. The native chapel could not hold those who came to hear preaching; not half even; so while one brother was preaching in it, others were out under the trees and on the hill-tops, telling the inquiring islanders the way to Christ. Wherever, in fact, the missionaries now travelled,

they found the natives ready both to hear preaching and to receive Christ.

When Mr. Leigh and his fellow-labourers first visited Wangaroa there was no written or printed book in that language, but in a comparatively short period they learned to talk with the islanders, and were speedily able to teach them spelling and reading. They sent to England and had types cut and books printed in the Wangaroan language; and when, in 1840, Mr. John Bumby and five other missionaries reached New Zealand, they brought with them a large supply of spelling-books, catechisms, and portions of the New Testament. Mr. Bumby was a most devoted and successful preacher, and through his instrumentality many of the islanders were led from darkness to light. He was, however, permitted to labour but a short time. One afternoon, being out in a canoe on the Thames River, an accident occurred by which the canoe was upset and he was drowned. His body was recovered and properly buried.

By 1842, with the press sent out from London, there had been printed five thousand Scripture lessons, three thousand spelling and reading books, and six thousand seven hundred catechisms, hymns, and prayers. There were on the island thirteen regular preaching places, four thousand boys and girls in the Sunday and week-day schools, and three thousand two hundred and fifty-nine persons in Church fellowship. The British and Foreign Bible Society had also sent out from England

fifteen thousand copies of the New Testament in the language of the islanders. But neither the liberality of friends abroad, nor the labours of the missionaries and their printing-press at home, could keep pace with the progress of the natives, and the increasing demand for teachers and books. They came from every direction, and were willing to make any sacrifice in obtaining the word of life.

A FEARFUL SHIPWRECK.

About this time there occurred to the north of a place called Kaipara Heads a most distressing shipwreck. The vessel was one belonging to the French navy, and over two hundred persons were cast destitute and almost naked on the shore. The shipwrecked crew and passengers built themselves huts out of pieces of the broken vessel, and then despatched a party to the interior of the island to see what food and clothing could be obtained. The party travelled nearly two days before they found any inhabitants, but as the sun was going down on the second day they caught sight of a few men on a distant hill-top, to whom they made a signal of distress. The natives responded by swiftly running towards them. They were from the Christian village of Okaro, and instead of clubbing and roasting the party, as in former times, they received them kindly and warmly, and volunteered in the most enthusiastic manner to return with the party to the beach, and take all the company to Okaro. The offer was accepted, and in a very few days all

of the two hundred were snugly housed in the Christian town, enjoying without charge the blankets and provisions of the villagers. Money was more than once tendered, but they would take nothing in return for their hospitality; a contrast, surely, to the conduct of these same New Zealanders when the ship Boyd was burned at Wangaroa!

THE PEOPLE OF OKARO.

But the people of Okaro were interested not only for the bodies, but the souls of men. Having been taught by their own experience the blessedness of the Gospel, they were anxious for the salvation of all the New Zealanders, and, in fact, for the entire world.

A few weeks succeeding the shipwreck of the French vessel, a missionary meeting was held by the Okaroans, at which Mr. Buller presided. More than three hundred of the villagers were present, the meeting beginning on Saturday evening, and closing on Tuesday morning. Monday was principally occupied with missionary speeches, some fifteen or sixteen having been made by the natives. It was a time of strange interest; tears fell from the eyes of almost all present. The speakers bore testimony to the value and power of the religion of Jesus in saving the soul, and urged on all the duty and privilege of giving to the support of the Gospel. There was not a rich man in all of the three hundred; some, in fact, were extremely poor, not having so much as sixpence in the world, but

there were no close hearts nor money-loving spirits among them. In the depths of their poverty they contributed to the cause, and when the collection came to be counted, there was a sum of fully £13 in the baskets!

In 1845 and 1846 a wondrous revival spread all over the South Sea, New Zealand sharing largely in it. In 1848 another one occurred, and hundreds upon hundreds were converted, and added to the Church. New and large chapels, after the style of those in England, were built in all the peopled localities; native young men were educated and sent forth as helpers with the missionaries, and the islanders everywhere sung praises to God, and lifted their hearts in prayer to him for his great mercy to them.

The present membership of the Wesleyan Church in New Zealand is nearly five thousand, the number of Sabbath schools over two hundred, and of Sabbath-school scholars about seven thousand. Over twelve thousand persons regularly attend church. Numbers, of course, do not attend on the preaching of the Gospel, nor are they religious; but the Sabbath on the islands is, nevertheless, "a delight and honourable," and the prospect is fair for the ultimate ingathering of all into the fold of the Lord Jesus Christ.

THE CANNIBALS OF FIJI.

THE ISLANDS—GENERAL DESCRIPTION.

A FEW degrees south of the equator, and lying between the latitudes of 15° and 20° south, and the longitudes of 177° east and 178° west, are two hundred and twenty-five islands, extending over about forty thousand miles of the South Pacific Ocean, known under the name of the Fiji Islands. Only eighty of the group are inhabited. The largest islands are Vanua Levu, or Great Land, one hundred miles long, with an average breadth of twenty-five miles; and Na Viti Levu, or the Great Fiji, measuring ninety miles in length by fifty in average width.

In navigating the shores of Na Viti Levu, a great variety of landscape is presented to view. To the south-east there is tolerably level ground for thirty-six miles inland, edged in places by cliffs of sandstone five hundred feet high. The luxuriant and cheerful beauty of the lowland then gives place to the gloomy grandeur and unbroken solitude of the mountains. To the south-west are low shores, with patches of brown, barren land; then succeed

narrow vales, beyond which rise hills whose wooded tops are in fine contrast with the bold, bare front at the base. Behind these are the highest mountains in all Fiji, bleak and sterile, with a height of four thousand or five thousand feet.

The total population of the islands is estimated at one hundred and fifty thousand, of which Great Fiji has about fifty thousand. Some of the smaller islands, with a circumference of only two or three miles, have simply one village, with from fifty to one hundred inhabitants.

The islands are considered to be of remote volcanic origin. Their soil is in some places of a gravelly cast; but usually a dark red or yellowish loam is found, deep and very rich, containing as it does much decayed vegetable matter.

The climate, notwithstanding the nearness to the equator, is neither very hot nor very sickly, the fierceness of the sun's rays being tempered by the cool breezes from the wide surface of the ocean around. December, January, and February, are considered the most oppressive months of the year. A person cannot walk or work in these months without being covered almost immediately with a profuse perspiration.

THE INHABITANTS.

In personal appearance the Fijian is tall and black, with features partaking both of the Asiatic and African type. His hair is long and wiry, and carefully dressed, so as to stand out six inches or more

from the head, forming a mop of three to five feet in circumference, which is often crowned with thin gauze. A coating of jet black powder is deemed superlatively ornamental, but only the men are allowed to use it.

Sometimes the islanders paint their faces entirely red; then half black and half yellow; then quarter yellow, quarter black, quarter red, and quarter white; then all black except the eyes, a white spot on the forehead, and two red ones on the cheeks; then again a big black stripe runs from the forehead to the chin, or across the face from ear to ear, and so on as caprice or fancy leads them. The nose generally receives its coating of red paint, or else dots of various colours cover it.

Society is divided into six classes, in the distinctions of which there is much that resembles the system of caste among the Hindoos:—

1. Kings and queens.
2. Chiefs of large islands or districts.
3. Chiefs of towns, priests, and Mata-ni-vanus.
4. Distinguished warriors of low birth, chiefs of the carpenters, and chiefs of the fishers for turtle.
5. Common people.
6. Slaves by war.

All classes pay taxes, and, unlike the day in almost all other countries, the time for paying taxes is an occasion of great rejoicing. The people put on their best clothes and their pleasantest looks, and have the kindest words for everybody. Taxes are not paid in money, but in whales' teeth,

in canoes, in bales of *tapa*, or plain and printed cloth, each bale fifteen or twenty feet long, with over a dozen men to carry it, musquito nets, floor mats, sails, fishing-nets, baskets, spears, clubs, guns, scarfs, *likus*, or women's dresses and girdles, etc.

SOCIAL LIFE—MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

Social life among the Fijians is very peculiar. Brothers and sisters, first cousins, fathers and sons-in-law, mothers and daughters-in-law, and brothers and sisters-in-law are severally forbidden to speak to each other, or to eat from the same dish. Husbands and wives are expected on certain occasions also to keep silent in each other's presence, an arrangement that sometimes does not foster domestic joy.

They raise in their gardens a plant called taro, which, when full grown, weighs eight to fifteen pounds; and, boiled, answers all the purposes of bread, and is a delicious article for puddings. They cultivate besides quantities of yams, bananas, sweet potatoes, sugar-cane, kawai, kumera, and other vegetables known only in the South Seas.

They usually take two meals a day, the principal one being in the afternoon or evening. A gentleman who lived on Great Fiji for a number of years, says they had frequently at table a dozen kinds of bread, thirty sorts of puddings, twelve kinds of soups, and half a dozen different kinds of teas.

"At one public feast," says this gentleman, "I saw two hundred men employed for nearly six hours in collecting and piling up cooked food. There were six mounds of yams, taro, pigs, and turtles; these contained about fifty tons of cooked yams and taro, fifteen tons of sweet pudding, seventy turtles, five cart loads of yaqona, the plant from which they make their grog, and at least two hundred tons of uncooked yams. One pudding which I saw at another feast measured twenty-one feet in circumference."

The men eat in the open air, while servants carry the women's share to their houses. If a stranger happen to be present, his entertainers will furnish him enough for twenty or thirty men, and insist on his eating it.

Apparently the Fijians are very blithe and light of heart during their meals; but should a misarrangement or impropriety be observed a hundred eyes would flash fire, and vows would be silently made to kill the blunderer at some future day. At a certain public feast a young man and his father-in-law were alongside, and each had a cooked fish. In passing the one intended for his father the young man broke off part of the tail. A dark scowl passed over his relative's face at the accident, and at the first opportunity, seizing a club, he exclaimed, "What made you break the tail?" and then, with one blow, felled him to the earth. Other natives coming up, and learning the facts of the case, beat the young man till nobody recog-

nized his features. His wife, of course, could not complain of her husband's death, as it was the custom of the tribe.

Sharpness and cautiousness belong to the Fijian in an eminent degree. His face and voice can become in an instant all pleasantness, and he has the skill almost invariably of finding out just the subject on which you most like to talk, or sees at once whether you desire silence. Very seldom does he fail to read your countenance, and the case must be urgent, indeed, which obliges him to ask a favour when he sees a frown. But he is full of duplicity and hypocrisy, and you never can guess whether he is telling you the truth or a lie.

Anything like a personal joke or slight deeply offends a native, and is not soon forgotten. Crying is a favourite method of giving utterance to wounded pride. If the slighted person be a woman, she uniformly seeks a public place, and there sighing, sobbing, or vocalizing to the utmost extent of her powers, she lets everybody know that one of her species has been injured.

A man of a town called Mbua (pronounced Bua) had a house to cover. He sent word around among his friends, as was the custom, for help. A great crowd came, and the prospect was the speedy roofing of the man's house. A jovial young fellow, from one of the mountain districts, accidentally dropped the remark that the leaves for covering were not as good as those in his region.

Immediately the owner became insulted, stopped the work, dismissed all his helpers, and declared that nothing further should be done. "Before I will live in the house after such a remark it may rot down!" and so it did rot down. How often in our own country, and among people professing to be Christians, just such a spirit as this Fijian had is shown!

Usually they try to restrain their anger, or rather to secrete it; but in a moment they can throw off the mask, and then their look is demon-like. The rage of a civilized man in comparison with what then follows, is like the tossings of a restless babe. The forehead is filled with wrinkles; the large nostrils distend and fairly smoke; the staring eyeballs grow red, and gleam with terrible flashings; the mouth is stretched into a murderous and disdainful grin; the whole body quivers with excitement; every muscle is strained, and the clenched fist seems eager to bathe itself in the blood of him who has roused this demon of fury.

Under the influence of anger the men and women both frequently commit self-destruction; the former by shooting, the latter by jumping over a precipice.

Their facility in telling falsehoods almost exceeds belief; but it is no greater than their ability in *acting* an untruth. The expectation of an order from a chief to do some disagreeable or difficult work will make half the men in a village wear their arms in slings. Frequently while seeming to work

with great and fearful exertion, men will actually not exert a single muscle.

AN ESCAPE.

Some years ago four British seamen left the island of Fortuna for Fiji in a canoe less than thirty feet in length. After being one night at sea they sighted land, and in a short time were in communication with the natives of an island called Thikombia-i-ri. One of the sailors understood a little of Fijian, and went ashore to ask where they were. One of the islanders, who had, on first sight of the canoe, dressed himself like a missionary, said: "This is Somosomo; we are Christians, and I am teacher in this place." This was pleasant news to the sailor; but on looking round he saw the wreck of a boat on the beach, and on one of the natives a pea jacket, which had belonged to a white man who had miserably perished by the hands of the savages. Though his suspicions were thus aroused, he preserved his self-command, and very composedly replied: "This is good; this is the land I seek; I will return and bring my companions on shore." Directly on reaching the canoe he announced their danger to his comrades, and the sail was immediately hoisted. A native who had laid hold on the end of the canoe was frightened off by having a rusty musket presented at him. Those on the shore, seeing their prey likely to escape, gave a loud shout, when many more rushed out from their ambush, and a shower

of bullets followed the canoe. Several passed through the sail; but as the savages fired high, the little party escaped uninjured.

SOME VICES NAMED.

Covetousness, envy, theft, and ingratitude are very widely prevalent among the Fijians. They have time and again murdered white traders simply for the sake of coming into possession of their clothes.

Mr. Williams, a missionary among them, relates some strange cases of ingratitude. A man who was sick sent for medicine, which was duly forwarded. This was not enough. Besides the medicine, he demanded food, and was in his request gratified. He then asked for clothes, but they being refused, bitterly denounced Mr. Williams.

A king of the island of Somosomo, with the name of Tu-it-ha-kau II., had been sick a long time, and sent for Mr. Williams to doctor him, as the native physician utterly failed to relieve him. During the time he was under treatment he had tea at his own request, as well as arrow-root and some other articles, from the missionary's house. He at last recovered, when his daughter waited on Mrs. Williams to say that her father could now eat well, and that they would like the gift of her iron pot in which to cook their victuals.

The master of a biche-de-mer, or fish-trading vessel, took an islander under his care, whose arm had been shattered with a musket. The injured

part was amputated by the ship's surgeon, and the man provided for on board the vessel for two months. On his recovery he told the captain of the vessel that he was going on shore, but that a new musket must be given him in consideration of his having been on board so long. He was, of course, refused, and was reminded of the kindness shown him by which his life had been saved, and then put ashore. He went straight to one of the buildings owned by the captain for drying biche-de-mer, and burned it and its contents to the ground, destroying property to the amount of £60.

Intense and vengeful malignity strongly marks the Fijian character. When a person is offended he seldom says anything, but places a stick or a stone in such a position as to remind him continually of his grudge, until he has had revenge. Sometimes a man has hanging over his bed the dress of a murdered friend, or another will crop exactly the half of his head close to the skin; a third will keep constant silence, both in public and private, till he has put to death his hated foe.

AN INTRIGUING AND DESPERATE MOTHER.

Tambai-valu, a former king of the island Rewa, was excited by his queen to persecute Koroi Tamana, his son by another wife of high rank. The animosity of the queen, who was a wicked and artful woman, was roused by a consciousness that Koroi Tamana was exceedingly popular, and a fear lest her own children should not succeed to the

government. The father, yielding at last to her influence, resolved to kill Koroi, who fled again and again from his unjust anger. After being hunted about for some time, and becoming tired of being the object of groundless suspicion, he listened to the suggestion of certain malcontent chiefs, and determined to accomplish his father's destruction, and assume the supreme power, his treacherous advisers pledging themselves to stand by him. One night Koroi Tamana set the king's canoe-house on fire, and then went to arouse the king, telling him that Rewa was in flames. On hearing the alarm, Tambai-valu ran out, and was suddenly struck dead by the club of his own son. Thus the queen's evil schemes seemed frustrated; but her cunning, stimulated with fresh malice, showed itself equal to the emergency. Seeing that the death-wound of her husband was scarcely apparent, she cried out, "He lives! he lives!" Then, assisted by a Tongan woman, she carried the body into a private apartment of the house, and announced that the king was recovering, but that, being very weak, he desired that no one should approach him. She then went to the chiefs, professing to bring Tambai-valu's command that his son should be put to death. For some time, none seemed disposed to attend to the message; and the queen, fearing lest her plan should after all fall through, went to the chiefs again, carrying with her a present of large whales' teeth, the most valuable of presents, stating that they were sent

by the king's hand to purchase the death of Koroi Tamana. Adding all her eloquence and female persuasion, this determined woman prevailed; and the chiefs went to the doomed man, informed him of the king's orders, and killed him. They immediately walked into the presence of the king to report his son's execution, when they at once learned the depth of the wickedness of the queen. The king had been dead for days, and she had lied to them. But it was now too late; Tambaivalu and Koroi Tamana were both dead; and after burying the former, nothing was left to the chiefs but to elect as successor Mathanawai, the queen's son, and thus complete the triumph of his designing mother, who, contrary to the usual Fijian custom, did not die with her husband.

WARLIKE HABITS.

Like most savage nations, the Fijians are given to war. Whether working in his garden, or lying on his mat, or floating in his canoe, or scaling a mountain, each man is always armed. The club or spear is the favourite weapon of defence; the former being made of very hard, heavy wood, wrought with a broad, blade-like end and sharp edge, and the latter a one or four-pointed instrument, barbed usually with the thorns of the sting-ray fish, and from ten to fifteen feet long. Some of the spears are made of a kind of wood which bursts when moist, or immediately after its entrance into a body, making it impossible to get

it out, except by cutting away the flesh around it

Soldiers are taken from all classes, without respect to age or size, anybody being reckoned a warrior who can lift a club or throw a spear.

When the captives are taken, they are treated with heartless barbarity. Some are given to boys of rank, who cut off their ears, dig out their eyes, or torture them with hot irons. Others are struck slightly with stones and clubs, and stunned; then thrown into ovens. The fierce heat soon brings them back to consciousness, and then in their fearful struggles to escape, they are objects of loud laughter from the bystanders.

Among the most revolting of their crimes are infanticide and cannibalism. Two-thirds of all the infants born are killed before they are two days old. Females are specially doomed; and, terrible as the statement may appear, each village has one or more persons whose sole business is the killing of infants.

TREATMENT OF THEIR CHILDREN.

Such of the children as are allowed to live are taught, among their first lessons, to strike their mothers. They are carried also to see dead bodies, and commanded to beat and cut them, and thus are developed and fostered revenge and anger, and all other of the worst human passions.

The aged and infirm are treated with special indignity. Bald heads and gray hairs excite con-

tempt, instead of honour. A father or mother, on becoming in the least sense burdensome, is put out of the way with a club. Sick persons are left to shift for themselves, or, if of any inconvenience to a household, are thrown into a hole or cave, and covered up alive with brushwood or stones.

There was the daughter of a chief, who had been in poor health for a long time, and her father, thinking she might continue so for an indefinite period, ordered a grave dug for her. The young woman, hearing a great noise near her father's house one morning, stepped out to see what it could mean, when she was suddenly seized, and carried and thrown into the fresh-dug grave. In vain she appealed to her father, and cried out, "Do not bury me, I am quite well now!" Two strong men jumped on her, while others shovelled dirt over her body, till her voice was choked, and she was smothered to death.

CANNIBALISM.

When a chief dies, some other man, nearly equal to him in rank, must die also, or else two women, so that his spirit will have companionship in the next world.

On launching a canoe, or building a temple, or on taking down a canoe mast, or on tax-day even, some one man, or several even, were sure to be killed and eaten, or roasted alive. A chief has been known to kill eight and ten men for rollers

in launching a canoe, the "rollers" being afterwards cooked and eaten.

Formerly it was the practice, on completing a canoe, to kill a man, and wash the deck with warm blood. In every case an enemy was preferred, but where this was impracticable, the first common man was clubbed and used.

It was no uncommon thing for a native to kill his best wife, cook and eat her, or if unable to do the latter alone, to call in friends to help. Sometimes he selected his own child. No distinction as to age or sex prevailed, though a preference was usually given to the flesh of girls and women.

The Rev. R. B. Lyth, in a narrative of the horrors of cannibalism, states that he knew a Fijian chief who alone had eaten forty-eight men in his lifetime. "Ra Undreundre, of Rakiraki, whose son, Ra Vatu, I well knew," remarks Mr. Lyth, "was beyond all accounts the greatest eater of human flesh on the records of Fijian history. I saw the stones by which the monster had registered the number of bodies he had eaten after his family began to grow up. *They numbered nine hundred!*"

What may have been the origin of man-eating with them, no one can tell. It could scarcely have been famine or superstition. Food of every kind abounds, and always has abounded, and, with a little effort, enough could be raised for one hundred times the present population.

Added to all these dark peculiarities, there is

this one still: every man was the victim of a horrible fear. The club was carried everywhere by every one, and at no place or time did a man feel safe. It was very unusual to see any person walk out after dark, and still more seldom to see him alone. On visiting a strange place there was no composure or enjoyment, but an ever present suspicion that the club was about to fall or the javelin to whiz. A door slammed by the wind would frighten a hundred men as effectually as the discharge of a gun would put to flight a flock of doves.

It may be thought the picture is coloured. All the truth may not be told. The Fijian character, in the paragraphs preceding, is given in a repressed and softened outline, rather than in the true sketching. The depths of their abominations are too appalling for contemplation.

MISSIONARIES HEAR OF FIJI.

Stories of the terrible condition of these islands had reached some Wesleyan missionaries in the Friendly Islands, two or three hundred miles to the north. A meeting was held in December, 1834, and resolutions passed to the effect that some one should go to the land of the cannibals. The Rev. William Cross and the Rev. David Cargill, A.M., were appointed to go. Mr. Cross had been eight and Mr. Cargill two years in the Friendly Islands. It was not, however, till October 8, 1835, that a vessel offered them passage. On

that day, with their wives and little ones, they bade their friends adieu, and went on board.

After a sail of four days the vessel came in sight of Lakemba, one of the most eastern of the Fiji Islands, on which was a population of about two thousand. The captain refused to cast anchor, but said the missionaries could have the use of a boat for landing. George, the converted king of Tonga, one of the Friendly Islands, had sent along with the missionaries a messenger, who in his name announced to the king of Lakemba the character and intentions of the missionaries, and prayed that they should be well received, stating at the same time the great benefits which had come to him and his people from their instructions.

As the little boat approached the shore hundreds of the Fijians, armed and painted in the most grotesque and hideous style, ran down to confront the strangers. There were many Tongans in the crowd, and many of the Fijians could speak the Tonguese language. The missionaries at once hailed them in this tongue, and the familiar sound from white lips was perhaps magical. The strangers passed through the crowd exchanging friendly greetings, were received by the king in his own house, which stood some four hundred yards from the shore, and were permitted by him to land their families. He even promised that temporary houses should be put up for their use. He was probably a little influenced by the fact that Europeans resident in the island must be

provided with articles of European manufacture to exchange for necessary provisions, and thus he and his people would gain advantages, the possession of which they had long envied the inhabitants of the Friendly Islands, and especially the Tongans.

The ship, whose name was the "Blackbird," now cast anchor, the families were landed, and took their abode in a large canoe-house on the beach, which was open at the sides and ends. Under this great shed the two families passed the night, but not in sleep. Musquitoes of a large and ferocious kind swarmed by millions on Lakemba, and the company having left their curtains on shipboard, had nothing to do but lie awake and battle the night through with their foe. Great numbers of pigs grunted around all the while, adding as far as possible to the general discomfort and disquiet.

Glad enough were the missionaries and their families to accept the invitation of the captain of the Blackbird next morning till houses could be built for them.

October 14, the natives, with previously prepared posts, spars, reeds, etc., began house-building for Messrs. Cross and Cargill, and in three days, two dwellings being ready, the missionaries moved their articles of barter, their windows, chairs, clothing, books, and other furniture into their new homes.

The next day, October 18, was the Sabbath.

The missionaries preached twice in the open air in the Tongan language to about one hundred and fifty hearers, among whom was Tui Nayau, the Lakemban king, who was very attentive.

Monday, the 19th, the missionaries went to work as carpenters, putting in windows, hanging doors, and other similar work.

They found the Fijian language in many respects the same as the Tongan, with which they were already familiar, and to its acquisition they devoted every moment they could spare from manual labour.

By the aid of the Fijian interpreter whom King George of Tonga had sent along, and other natives, the missionaries were soon able to send a revised version of the first part of St. Matthew's Gospel to the Tongan press, where twenty-four pages 12mo were printed and forwarded to Lakemba. Small as this portion was, it proved very attractive and valuable, especially the Lord's Sermon on the Mount, in the fifth chapter. A grammar and dictionary were commenced, and other portions of the New Testament translated as fast as circumstances would allow.

Preaching was kept up every Sabbath, and prayer and other meetings for the benefit of the Tongans were held through the week. These Tongans, since coming among the Fijians, had become notoriously licentious and wicked, leading easy, idle, well-fed lives, and were ready at all times for a dance or a fight. They were men, too,

of great influence with the chiefs, and led off in nearly all the marauding and war parties.

A CHANGE IN SOME OF THE ISLANDERS.

After a few months' preaching many of these Tongans became truly penitent, confessed their sins, and mourned bitterly over the evil they had committed. Some of the most famous and stout-hearted were first among the converted, and when the chiefs and people heard them relate what the gospel had done for them it had a marvellous effect.

A number of the converts returned home to Tonga, a fleet of three hundred leaving Fiji at one time in October, 1837. Others remained at Fiji. Of the latter some were only half-hearted and insincere, and subsequently did a great deal of harm to the missionaries and their work. The greater part, however, were thorough and sincere, and honoured their profession. Great as was the distance between the desperate, lawless, and vile course which these men hitherto had pursued, and the high standard of morality which the New Testament teaches, Christianity yet elevated them to that standard. It did more than reform them; it gave them a new style of ideas, a new class of motives. In the breast of the licentious savage, the relentless warrior, the wily and treacherous heathen, it set up a quick and active charity, and gave birth to emotions and sympathies never previously felt.

Most heartily and zealously they engaged in

every good work, spending their means and appropriating their time to the spread of Scriptural holiness throughout the island. They were constant and laborious in the schools, and useful as class-leaders and exhorters. And what they did was not done blindly, but with a directness and an intelligence that could not but convince the most sceptical. Denying themselves and taking up their cross, they followed Christ with a single aim, and strove hard to repair the mischief they had effected by their past wickedness. They sailed with the chiefs to many islands, and had influence with men high in power.

Every day, and all day long, the missionaries and their wives were compelled to have interviews with the natives. Many Fijians now obtained an axe, or a hatchet, or a plane-iron, or knife, or razor, or iron pot, or some calico, or print, or other article, for which they had often longed hopelessly before. They helped to fence, or build, or do garden work for these articles, or else brought as pay pigs, crabs, chickens, fish, fruits, and vegetables. The missionaries also traded wooden bowls, mats, curtains, etc., for bananas, yams, taro, and other eatables.

On the return home of the visitors the articles which they had obtained of the missionaries became objects of general admiration. The consequence was, many more came to look and to sell, but more particularly the former. Not unfrequently it happened that large parties from distant

islands came to see the white men of *one* wife, and the way they lived. These visitors having nothing to do but to look on, became annoying, and would frequently steal, and hide with dexterous marvellousness under their scanty clothing whatever they could put their hands on.

Notwithstanding the annoyances and losses sustained, great good came of these visits. The natives saw what the Christian family was, and they could not help admiring the domestic comforts, the regularity of meals, and the subjection of the children, which existed in the households of Messrs. Cross and Cargill.

A hurricane of fearful power passed over Lakemba in December, destroying a great number of dwellings, among others the dwellings of the missionaries. The king, who had for some time been promising to build larger houses for the missionaries, now saw the need of fulfilling his promise. He sent a large number of men to cut timber, and in a short time two fine new houses were erected, as also a good chapel building.

Throughout January, February, and March, the Sunday attendance of the natives at the chapel amounted to an average of two hundred. Classes were formed for Church members, and a school for pupils of all ages. Sabbath morning, March 20, 1836, thirty-one men and women, who had been under careful religious instruction, were publicly baptized. This ordinance was not administered indiscriminately to such as had given up

their heathen practices, but to those who, in addition, had exhibited an intelligent appreciation of what the Gospel of Christ required of them. The same afternoon twenty-three children, who had for some months been under the instruction of Mrs. Cross and Mrs. Cargill, were also baptized. There were a few Fijians among the adults baptized; but most were Tongans. In the evening a number of Fijians, who had been noted for wickedness, asked for baptism; but the missionaries declined, telling them that if they showed by right lives that they desired to be Christians they would baptize them at a future meeting.

The number of visitors at the mission premises increased daily, and after awhile many, becoming dissatisfied with their own gods, and tired of the exactions of the priests, came regularly on the Sabbath to the new chapel to worship. In doing so they had to pass the king's town, which gave rise to much talk and ill-feeling. Furthermore, as the people became more enlightened, they refused to work on Sunday, and to present the usual offering of first-fruits to the god of the king's town, declaring that they believed him and the other gods of the island no gods at all.

THE WORK SPREADS.

This more than ever excited the king and his priests. The *lotu,* as they called the Christian religion, was spreading and producing strange results, and must be stopped. The priests became

violently inspired, and declared that all the gods in the spirit-world had had a meeting in regard to the new religion. The king's god spoke with great emphasis. First, he gave notice that a flood would come on Lakemba which would set the strangers, with their new religion and all belonging to them, swimming into the sea. Next the island was to be turned inside out, and all dwelling upon it were to be crushed to death by the rocks and mountains as they changed places—the mission party for bringing a new religion to the place, and the king and his party for allowing it to be brought.

Some of the native converts were shaken in their faith at the prospect of a deluge and an earthquake, and were ready to go back to their heathen practices and heathen brethren; but the greater part stood firm, and it was not long till everybody saw an end of the threats. No drowning of the island nor upheaving of the hills occurred; but the trees kept their places, and the grass and garden plants went on growing as usual.

A new heathen temple was to be built, and word was given out that at the hour of driving down the first post a lot of the Christians would be killed and eaten. On a day secretly agreed upon, a large party of young men in the employ of the king set out and attacked two small towns, Wathi-wathi and Waitambu. The houses of the Christians were pillaged, their stores of food taken, and their crops destroyed, while all of their wives were

tied together, and driven like a flock of sheep to the king's house. Nobody, however, was killed; and shortly afterwards, at the interference of a great Tongan chief, who lived on the island, and who was much feared, and who had lately embraced the Christian faith, the women were all restored to their husbands. The Fijians were astonished to see the Christians and Tongan chief bear all these things so quietly. They expected fighting. They were still more astonished to hear the converts pray for the king and the young men who stole their things and beat down their gardens, and, above all, they marvelled when the Christians came and paid tribute to the king, and laboured on the public works.

A CONTRAST.

At the close of the first year the Lord's Supper was administered to two hundred and eighty persons. Shortly after occurred what deserves to be chronicled as one of the first great events in the silent progress of Christianity. The "Active," a vessel sailing from the Friendly Islands, was wrecked about forty miles from Lakemba. Formerly in such a case every individual of the crew was killed and eaten: now they were all saved. The captain, mate, and crew became guests of the missionaries, and the king himself undertook to support the men. The stores of the missionaries were reduced by the unexpected visitors, but they rewarded Mr. Cargill by partly flooring his bedroom with boards. The sailors, judging from what they had seen at

Lakemba, thought Fiji was not half so bad a country as had been represented, and, impatient of confinement, four announced their determination to go to some more leeward island, where the chances would be better for obtaining a vessel home. The missionaries warned them earnestly and positively of their danger, but, deaf to all remonstrances, they set off in a small boat. Some natives of another island spied them, gave chase, overtook and killed and ate them on the very afternoon of the day of leaving Lakemba.

MBAU VISITED.

Mr. Cross, as well as Mr. Cargill, could not feel contented in limiting the missionary work to Lakemba and its immediate dependencies. The king, Tui Nayau, had declared several times his purpose of becoming a Christian; but on being urged to do it at once, he objected by saying that he feared to be the first great chief who should *lotu,* or become Christian, while others of wider influence, and to whom he was tributary, held on to the old religion.

He, however, recommended that one of them should go and live with some greater king, the king of Mbau or of Somosomo, to the west of Lakemba, and persuade one or the other to take the lead in becoming a Christian.

The missionaries determined to follow the king's advice, though the difficulties in the way were great. The stock of their articles of barter had run very

low, and houses would have to be built, and food bought in a new place.

After much prayer and deliberation it was determined that Mr. Cross, whose health was much shattered, should go. His destination was the opposite part of the group. He left Lakemba at the close of 1837, in a vessel belonging to Chevalier Dillon, to whom he paid £100 for conveying himself and family, with their slender store of goods, to Mbau, a small islet not many miles west, and just east of the great island of Na Viti Levu. This place was then fast rising to the position and power which it has ever since occupied as the central seat of power of the Fiji Islands, and the new visitors arrived at a most important time, when a seven years' civil war had passed its crisis. The day on which Mr. and Mrs. Cross landed, they saw the natives roasting in an oven two men whom they had taken in war. The sight was revolting, and as the island was excessively crowded, and the people filled with excitement and tumult, they hesitated about an attempt to build a mission-house.

Very opportunely, at this juncture the king of the neighbouring island of Rewa, twelve or fifteen miles distant, offered protection and land to Mr. Cross, who gladly accepted and sailed for the island.

A small house was given the new comers, and religious services were held on the first Sabbath in the Lakemban tongue, at which some twelve

persons attended. Here, however, in less than a month after his arrival, Mr. Cross was seized with intermittent fever, then with the cholera, and finally with typhus fever. He had no one but Mrs. Cross to nurse him, and her health was very feeble. On his recovery the king built the missionary a larger house, and asked him to preach in the open air, which was done; but during his first sermon he was nearly killed by some stones thrown at him. Shortly afterwards his house was set on fire, but was extinguished before any great loss had been sustained.

Near the end of 1838 the chief of Viwa, another of the small islands off the coast of Great Fiji, a few miles north of Mbau, requested Mr. Cross to send him a teacher. The Viwa chief, whose name was Namosi, was a great cannibal, and had killed in his lifetime hundreds of men, and for a period his request was not granted. He at last appeared in person before Mr. Cross, and declared his intention to *lotu*, or embrace Christianity; whereupon a teacher was sent. Namosi showed signs of a changed man, commenced the erection of a large chapel, and in it many of the Viwa islanders confessed their sins and sought remission through faith in Jesus Christ.

AN ARRIVAL FROM ENGLAND.

In April, 1838, the Revs. John Hunt, T. J. Jaggar, and James Calvert, with their wives, sailed from England, and in the following December landed at Lakemba. On consultation it was de-

termined that Mr. Hunt and his wife should go to Rewa to relieve Mr. Cross. He carried with him good stores of articles for barter, so that the comforts of the mission-house were greatly increased, and more time could thus be given to the people both of Rewa and Viwa. Already fruits were being gathered. By many natives the temples, gods, and priests were altogether abandoned, and some betook themselves to earnest prayer to the true God, showing the sincerest penitence, and entering fully into the joys of God's salvation.

Many of the Mbau natives also visited the missionaries, and made earnest and sincere inquiries in regard to the new religion.

In the meantime the brethren at Lakemba kept hard at work. A printing-office was built, a press set up, and the types arranged, and in February, 1839, the first part of a catechism was printed, and soon after the gospel according to St. Mark.

In July, 1839, Mr. Lyth, a missionary of Tonga, arrived at Lakemba. Mr. Spinney, also a missionary from the same island, accompanied him; but being in the last stage of consumption he went to Sydney, Australia, where in the following February he died.

SOMOSOMO.

Situated on Taviuni, an island lying off the south-eastern point of Vanua Levu, or Great Land, was a town of very great importance, called Somosomo. Tuithakaka, the king, and his two sons,

visited Lakemba in 1837, and seeing a fine supply of hatchets, iron pots, and other useful articles in the possession of the missionaries, they put in a strong plea for a missionary to visit and live with them.

The king of Somosomo had very extensive territories, and his sons were of high rank on their mother's side. All three were influential, and being most desperate characters, were greatly feared. It was therefore concluded that the natives of Somosomo, above all others, needed gospel grace.

In July, 1839, Mr. Hunt was removed from Rewa, and, accompanied by Mr. Lyth, went to Somosomo. On landing they found all the horrors of Fijian life in an unmixed and unmodified form, for even in the other islands Somosomo was spoken of as a place of terrible cannibalism.

Long, and urgently, and ingeniously had the king and his people pleaded for missionaries, but now they had come nobody welcomed them or seemed to care a thing about them. An old house belonging to the king, it is true, was given for the use of the families; but beyond this no favour was exhibited.

But greater troubles awaited them. Within a week after their arrival news came that the king's youngest son, who had been out on an expedition of war, was lost at sea. An order was issued that sixteen women should be strangled in honour of his memory. The missionaries went to the king, succeeded in having the deed of horror deferred. They hoped to avert it altogether, but in this they

failed, for in a few days the sixteen women, several of them of high rank, were put to death, and their bodies buried in front of the house occupied by the missionaries.

February 7, 1840, eleven dead men, some with ropes around their necks, others with cords around their ankles and wrists, were dragged along in sight of the missionaries and thrust into some ovens near the mission-house, and when roasted were eaten. Mrs. Lyth shut some blinds in front of the house so as not to be an eye-witness of the revolting scene, but the natives became so angry that they threatened to burn the house down unless the blinds were thrown open.

One day, shortly after, the king's son came in great rage, club in hand, to kill Mr. Lyth, because an hour before he had declined buying a melon of his mother. Mr. Lyth ran for his life and hid in his bedroom, while Mr. Hunt held the angry young chief in conversation till his rage had cooled down.

Threats, low and sullen, were daily uttered, and more than once they thought their last hour was come. The chiefs told the missionaries, on the one hand, that their people should not become Christians, and the people, on the other, if they did, the chiefs would tie and bake them alive in the biggest and hottest ovens on the island.

The children in both families, as well as Mrs. Hunt and Mrs. Lyth, were sick a great deal of the time, which added grievously to their trials. Early in 1840 Commodore Wilkes, of the United

States Exploring Expedition, visited Somosomo, and had his sympathies excited at the condition of the missionaries and their families. He went so far as to offer to take them to any other island, or indeed wherever they wished to go, without charge, assuring them that if the king or any of his men should venture to molest them in moving their things he would at once show them the quality of American powder and rifles.

But the work of the missionaries was begun, and they kindly but firmly declined any help from the commodore.

Success came very slowly, yet some *did* come. In the year following, that is, 1841, several women were saved from strangling at the intercession of the missionaries. The lives of war captives were also spared in several instances; yet the constant strifes in which the people were engaged sadly prevented the progress of the truth.

The health of Mr. Cross, who was at Viwa, continued to become worse; and in 1842 an arrangement was made for him to change places with Mr. Hunt. Mr. Cross started for Somosomo in September, but died soon after reaching the island. He was honoured with Christian burial under a house built and thatched in native style, and beneath which were already several tiny graves, where the devoted men and women of the mission had laid to rest their little ones.

Wars and commotions were so common, and so little fruit of Christian teaching appeared, that Mr.

Williams, who had taken Mr. Lyth's place on his return to Lakemba, determined in 1847, with the concurrence of his fellow-labourer, Mr. Hazlewood, to leave Somosomo for some other island.

One night in February, 1854, King Tuithakaka was killed by his own son, and that son was killed the next day by his own brother, and that brother was murdered shortly after by his own men. Then the town of Somosomo, where the missionaries had laboured so long, despised and hated by the inhabitants, became deserted.

In 1855 a strange sight was seen on the island. Almost all the chiefs, and hundreds of the people, were earnestly inquiring the way of salvation, and begging that some one at least of the good men who laboured to lead men to Christ would come and live with and preach to them. But so busy were all the missionaries in the other islands that none could go; and even up to this time, anxious as are the Somosomoans for the bread of life, they are without a missionary.

ONO.

About one hundred and fifty miles to the south-east of Lakemba, to which it is tributary, is a small cluster of islands, the chief one of which is Ono. In 1835, the year in which the missionaries first visited the Fijian Islands, a terrible epidemic broke out in Ono, sweeping off nearly half of the people. Great uneasiness and alarm were caused. Offerings of food in great abundance were made to

the gods of Ono, and all the rites of heathen worship attended to with scrupulous exactness and perseverance, but no relief came.

Just at this time one of the chiefs of the island, named Wai, visited Lakemba to pay the usual tribute. While there he met with a Fijian chief, named Takai, who had visited Sydney, Tahiti, and the Friendly Islands, and had become a Christian. From this man Wai learned that there was only one true God, and that he alone should be worshipped. With this very scanty supply of knowledge about the new religion he hurried back to Ono.

His companions gathered around him, when Wai informed them that their own gods could do nothing good for them, and that he intended to worship Jehovah, the one God of the missionaries. Several of his friends signified the same thing. While at Lakemba, the chief had heard something about the Sabbath institution; and the better to worship the true God the seventh day was set apart, on which no man should fish or dig in his garden.

Wai sent word around that on the morrow, which was Sunday, there would be a meeting under some trees near his house. Early in the day a large number assembled, with their best dresses on and their bodies more than usually anointed with oil. But at the very first a great difficulty presented itself—*there was nobody to pray.* None present had ever tried to pray, the

meditation of priests having invariably been employed.

Wai was acquainted with the heathen priest of his neighbourhood; he and the priest, in fact, had always been on intimate terms. The priest was a man of grave face, wore his hair very long, and tried to be very accurate in all that he did. Wai called on him and said: "You must come and pray for us."

The priest was an old man, of large experience and very good-natured, yet he scarcely knew what to do. He frankly told Wai that he did not know how to pray to Jehovah.

"You can try," was Wai's answer.

"Well, if you will be patient I will do as well as I know how," said the priest.

So he came into the audience; and when all were seated, he announced to the people that he was not in favour of the new religion, and that he had never prayed to Jehovah.

"Go on," said Wai; "pray for us this morning, and after a while we hope you will believe in Jehovah and the *lotu*."

There was a dead pause for a minute or two, when, the long-haired old man saying, "Let us kneel," all prostrated themselves, and he prayed in these words:—

"Lord Jehovah! here are thy people; they worship thee. *I* turn my back on thee for the present, and am on another tack worshipping another god. But do thou bless these thy people.

Keep them from harm, and do them good. Amen."

This was the first act publicly made in worship that occurred in Ono. The services lasted about eight minutes, when the people all returned to their usual work. The old priest still continued, in his way, to pray for them, and many tried earnestly to serve the true God. But they were not satisfied, and a great longing grew up among them to have some one to teach them the way of the Lord more perfectly.

In May, 1836, a young man, who had taken the name of Josiah, left Lakemba for Tonga, in company with a number of friends, who, like himself, had embraced Christianity. The wind was contrary, and the canoe was driven out of its course and drifted away to Vatoa, or Turtle Island, about fifty miles from Ono. Josiah had previously learned that the Ono people were inquiring for the light, and with all speed he hastened to tell all that he knew of Jesus and his gospel.

He took the place of the priest, and day by day led the devotions of Wai and his friends. On Sabbath he tried to preach. In a few days the little company seeking the way of life had grown to forty, and a chapel was built capable of holding one hundred persons. The whole of the Sabbath was hallowed, and some learned to pray for themselves.

In 1838, Isaac Ravuata, a preacher of Lakemba, was sent to Ono. Ono was his birthplace,

but when a wild boy of sixteen he stole a canoe, and paddled off as far as Tonga, where the Wesleyan missionaries found him out, and led him to the Saviour. He went from Tonga to Lakemba, and was of incalculable assistance and comfort to the brethren there.

On Isaac's return to Ono, he found one hundred and twenty grown persons who had given up their old idolatry, and who had declared in favour of the *lotu*. They received him with open arms, gave heed to the lessons he taught, fed him, clothed him, and did everything in their power for his comfort.

In May, 1838, John Havea, a native teacher from Tonga, and in May, 1839, two other teachers, named Lazarus Ndrala and Jeremiah Latu, visited Ono, and located themselves there. The number of teachers was now four. Lazarus was a native of Ono and Jeremiah of Tonga, and both were excellent young men. They found that one hundred and sixty men, and one hundred and sixty women, had become worshippers of the Lord.

They held meetings for some time at the houses of the various converts; but finding themselves cramped for room, three commodious chapels were erected in three of the principal places of the island. These were immediately filled with anxious listeners, who day and night entreated their teachers to show them *all* of the new religion.

About this time the little island of Vatoa, the

nearest of the group to Ono, gave up the worship of the old religion, and every man and woman on it, amounting to some seventy, embraced the Christian faith.

Word was sent to Mr. Calvert, at Lakemba, that the Ono people were exceedingly anxious to see him in person on their island; but the other missionaries were scattered in different parts of Fiji, and he was alone at Lakemba. Ono was one hundred and fifty miles away, and it was often a voyage of several weeks, even months, thither, and was invariably attended with peril.

Moreover, his wife and little one must be left alone with the Lakemban heathen, many of whom, and among the number the king, were still of a hateful and persecuting spirit. In contemplation of all these difficulties the missionary wavered.

"Do you intend, husband, to go?" said Mrs. Calvert.

"How can I?" was the reply.

"Why not?" she quietly interposed.

"How can I leave you alone?"

Her answer is worthy of being written in letters of gold:—

"It would be much better to leave me alone than to neglect so many people. If you can arrange for the work here you ought to go."

Mrs. Calvert was a woman of superior intellectual culture, and she had a heart as gentle and loving, as warm and womanly, as any that ever crowned a man's life with joy. She knew well

what her condition would be when her husband was gone, how worse than that of solitary dwelling in caves and mountains it would be; and yet, with love for Christ and his cause, she laid aside all selfishness, and was willing to die for him.

Her answer determined Mr. Calvert. On the last day of 1839 he parted with his Lakemban converts and his dear wife and child, and started in a large canoe for Ono.

On its way the canoe stopped at the island of Vatoa, where everything seemed moving on well. During the five weeks in which the teacher had been on the island great progress had been made, and Mr. Calvert found that the chief could read better than his instructor. Eleven couples were married and two were baptized.

Going on to Ono, Mr. Calvert married sixty-six couples, and baptized two hundred and thirty-three persons. Many gave clear evidence that they had already been baptized by the Holy Ghost, and were leading blameless lives. A wonderful and cheering work had been accomplished. The Sabbath was strictly observed, and the schools and the various religious services were regularly attended.

After an absence of twenty-two days, Mr. Calvert returned safely to Lakemba, rejoicing greatly in what his eyes had seen and his heart had felt.

A WONDERFUL SCENE.

In 1845 another missionary visited Ono. A

few Sabbaths after his arrival a native preacher, named Nathan Thataki, went to the neighbouring island of Ndoi to hold a meeting. During his preaching the people became powerfully affected, and several wept aloud. Nathan himself was so wrought upon that he fell down, unable to proceed. A messenger went across to Ono to tell Silas, the head teacher, of the extraordinary meeting.

Silas started immediately, and again assembled the people together for service, but the excitement and emotion were so great that he was not able to preach. They then prayed and sang together.

As in the olden time, the Holy Ghost fell upon them in great power. Silas begged the people to go with him to Ono, and they crossed over, dividing themselves into parties for the different chapels where prayer-meetings were held. The holy influence now spread on all hands. Old and young became concerned about their souls, and in a few weeks two hundred persons showed good signs of having been truly saved. Wonderful was the joy of these new converts, and many of them praised God whole nights and days together. Several said they should like to die soon lest they should sin again.

The missionary collected the native helpers, exhorters, and local preachers together, of whom there were eighty-one, and said to them: "I have brought you into this meeting to hear you talk. I am, as you all know, very weak, and you must not expect anything from me." Almost all spoke.

One said: "I love the Lord, and I know he loves me; not for anything in me, or for anything I have done, but for Christ's sake alone. I trust in Christ, and am happy. I listen to God that he may do with me as he pleases. I am thankful to have lived until the Lord's work has begun. I feel it in my heart. I hold him; I hold Jesus! I am happy. My heart is full of love to God."

Others spoke to the same effect. Silas closed the meeting. He was a man of power in prayer, and as he poured out his soul in supplication the feeling became intense, and shouts and amens were heard all over the house. A short time afterwards eight of these local preachers, who were married men, left their homes and friends, and went as missionaries to other islands.

In September, 1846, the Rev. John Watsford and his wife left Viwa to take up their residence for a year on Ono. Twice a week Mr. Watsford met the local preachers, to give instruction and to hear reports of their labours. Infant schools were established in each town of the island, and the boys and girls, who showed great aptitude, learned very rapidly to read and write.

The missionary and his family had some serious privations to undergo. In a letter to a friend, describing their situation, he thus refers to some of their bodily sufferings: There cannot possibly be any place in the world, I should think, as bad as Ono for musquitoes. I thought Rewa was bad enough, but it is nothing to Ono. No rest from

them do we have day or night. When your letters came we did not know what to do to get them read. We could not sit down to it. We had to walk, one with the candle and one reading, and both thrashing at them with all our might. We could not sit to eat our food; and although we did everything we could to keep them out of the curtains, yet they got in in numbers, and night after night we can get no sleep. My wife was wearied out, and Jimmy, the baby, was bitten most fearfully. I am scratching and kicking with all my might while I write this."

Mana, an island on the reef, was comparatively free from the pestiferous insects, and there Mrs. Watsford and her child afterwards spent most of their time.

In 1848, the Rev. David Hazlewood was appointed to labour one year in Ono, Mr. Watsford having been compelled by the exigencies of the work to go to another part of Fiji. He held weekly services as follows:—On Sunday morning, at eight o'clock, a prayer-meeting; at ten, the Sunday-school met, in which children and grown people said the catechism; at eleven o'clock, preaching; and at three o'clock, preaching again. The children's school met every day in the forenoon, and the grown people's school in the afternoon. Many oftentimes in the Monday afternoon gathering could repeat accurately the substance of the two Sunday sermons.

The sacramental occasions were seasons of

great interest. Mr. Hazlewood, in a journal which he kept, says that at many of these meetings the people shouted and wept aloud for joy. As a sample of the love-feast occasions, the following may be taken:—

Nathan Thataki, local preacher, said: "When I first heard the gospel preached I repented, and was very much ashamed. I became acquainted with my sins one Sunday morning. I looked to everything on earth, but found no Saviour; I then looked to Jesus, and in him I found salvation."

Meshach Senimbua, a teacher, said: "One great thing I know is my sins; another is the love of God. It is a new thing for me to love men; but I do love all, sinners as well as converts, and I pray for sinners to be saved."

Leva Soko, a female class-leader, a pious woman, said: "My child died, but I loved God the more. My body has been much afflicted, but my hope is in Jesus; he comforts me. I know that death will bring me to heaven."

William Raivakatu, a local preacher, said: "When I am in Ono I receive much of the Holy Spirit, and when I sail to other lands it is the same. Sometimes I have been in death, but my mind did not shake; I had joy in Christ."

Sylvanus, a class-leader, said: "My mind is like Paul's. I leave the things that are behind, and reach forth to those which are before; I press toward the mark for the prize of my high calling,

which is of God in Christ Jesus. I do not wish to live for earthly riches, but for God only."

You must remember that the men and women who thus spoke were only a few months previous cannibals, to understand fully the great change which had taken place in them.

In 1848 Mr. Hazlewood left Ono for another island, and his place was taken by Joel Bulu, a deeply pious Tongan teacher. At the latest dates the people were walking according to their profession, earnest, pious, sincere, "adorning the doctrine of God our Saviour."

LAKEMBA.

Mr. Calvert was left alone at Lakemba in 1839. He had only arrived about six months before, and knew but little of the people or their language. His circuit was very large, including thirteen towns on the island of Lakemba, and twenty-four surrounding islands, at distances varying from eighteen to a hundred and forty miles.

The thieving habits of the islanders were a source of continual annoyance. Iron pots, frying-pans, and whatever they could put their hands on, were carried off. Late one night the side of his house was cut through enough to admit a man, and fifty articles of wearing apparel carried off. Mr. Calvert went to the king about the robbery, and he and his brother feigned sorrow at the theft; but no effort was made to recover the goods. The truth of the matter was, both were glad

of the missionary's misfortune, and both hated Christianity.

The islands all around Lakemba, through the occasional labours of the missionaries and the converted natives, were brought under the influence at the same time with Ono. At Oreata, forty miles south-east from Lakemba, very many gave proofs of genuine conversion. In 1842 a new chapel was built, and nearly every one on the island had embraced Christianity, the head chief and the priests leading off in the matter.

In April, 1849, another chapel was built, and a company was formed that went to several other islands, bearing the glad tidings of the Gospel.

At Vanuambalavu especially, seventy miles north by west from Lakemba, great good was done. The converted Tongan, Josiah, laboured with peculiar zeal among the people here, and the first man who yielded to his exhortations was a chief of high rank and renown, belonging to the town of Lomaloma, named Mbukarau. When the other chiefs heard of Mbukarau's conversion, they called their priests together, who, after a consultation, declared that in consequence of the introduction of the new religion the island would be cursed by the gods with a terrible drought. The time for the cursing, according to their predictions, came, but there was not only no drought, but the crops were better even than usual.

This failure of the prediction of the priests shook the confidence of some of the other chiefs, who, on

conversing with Mbukarau, concluded to give up the old religion and examine the claims of the new. By this time Mbukarau had become an exhorter and a class-leader, and the missionaries had given him the name of *Joseph*, so that he was called Joseph Mbukarau. Through his consistent walk his wife became a Christian soon afterwards.

Disgraced by the failure of the prediction about a burning drought, some of the priests started in a canoe for another island; but when only a short distance out from Lomaloma a fearful tempest arose, and drove the canoe upon the shore a perfect wreck. The priests themselves were wet through and nearly drowned. The law of Fijian islands was to kill and eat all shipwrecked persons, whether priests, chiefs, or common people.

As the Lomaloma people came down to the shore, what was the surprise of the priests and those with them to see the Christians, instead of catching and cooking them, gathering and drying their mats and other articles! They exclaimed with one voice, as the mats were returned, and as they were assured that no harm would be done: "Where shall we go? We have no gods with us, and since the arrival of the Christian religion we have not known any god." Subsequently some of these shipwrecked persons became praying men and careful Bible readers, and three of them class-leaders.

Half-way between Lakemba and Vanuambalavu was a small island called *Turutha*. The mis-

sionaries were in the habit of stopping there in going to and from the main islands. They were always careful to exhort the people and to pray for them. Mr. Calvert made them a special visit in 1842, and found the chief and his adherents pretty much all Christians.

A very serious event occurred in Lomaloma in 1854. Some of the base fellows in the service of the chiefs of Somosomo planned the destruction of all the Christians in the town. Towards midnight they set fire to all their dwellings, and then as the inmates tried to escape killed seventeen of them. The chiefs of the two districts of Vanuambalavu, when they heard of it, affected great regret, and discovering the murderers, gave them up to the Tongan Christians for punishment. Nothing was done with them except to send them to another island, which made the heathen natives strangely wonder.

YANDRANA.

Yandrana is the most populous town on Lakemba, and is situated on the opposite side to the king's town. It had been repeatedly visited by the missionaries and teachers, but without apparent success. In September, 1842, some differences took place between these people and the king's town, and a sudden attack was made upon the Yandrana men while presenting food, when two of their number were killed and two wounded. The next day they sent a message to the king begging that no more might be killed, but that

they might be permitted to serve him in peace. On the return of the messenger a consultation was held, at which it was boldly asserted that their own gods were of no account, and that their heathen masters were treacherous and unworthy of trust.

At ten o'clock that night a man came to Mr. Calvert and informed him that the Yandrana people were tired of fighting and of being heathen, and wanted to become Christians. Knowing the danger of delay, Mr. Calvert arose and dressed himself, and walked about twelve miles, reaching the town a little after sunrise. Some of the principal men met him in a heathen temple, when one of them, speaking for the others, said—

"We were far from religion. The sky was nearer to us than religion to us. We feel that if we continue heathen we shall never be done fighting, and have therefore decided to embrace Christianity, that we may remain in our own land and enjoy peace."

Lua, the head chief of the town, and several other of the principal men, after Mr. Calvert had sung and prayed, bowed down and prayed for themselves to the true God.

On the next Sabbath all the rest were to abandon idolatry; but the king and his chiefs, suspecting what was going on, sent word forbidding them to become Christians. Mr. Calvert met the messenger just outside the town as he was returning, and rejoiced to know that the king's command came too late.

The king sent other messengers, and made various promises and threats, but in vain. Those who had embraced Christianity refused to recant, declaring their intention to serve God and save their souls, but yet to give tribute to the king as formerly.

It must be remembered that *Yandrana*, above all other towns on the Lakemba, had opposed the new religion. The inhabitants were specially loyal to the king, and joined him to the fullest in persecuting those who listened to the teachers of Christianity.

Mr. Calvert went to see Tui Nayau, the king, and told him that he should enjoin on the people to honour him as well as to fear God; and that, as religion was a great blessing to any land, it would be wiser for him to give up his opposition to it. The king's reply was remarkable:—

"It is true," said he, "I sent to inquire about their becoming Christians in order to prevent it, according to the custom of our land. So I did to other islands and towns, but my efforts were ineffectual. Religion is not like a dress, to be put on and off, but it is a work in the heart. When I send a message to those who have only put on religion like a dress, they are afraid and give it up; but those who have religion in their hearts press on in spite of opposition, and will not give it up. You know that religion exists and prevails at all the places where I have made efforts to destroy it. It is my way to oppose, but yours to go on and be successful."

Vosa, aged twenty-eight years, son of the king's orator, was among the earliest of the converts. He was a man of fine mind, and learned to read the New Testament in about a month's time. Though much and grievously persecuted, he maintained firmly his Christian character, and, becoming eventually a local preacher, did great service to the cause of Christ in proclaiming its unsearchable riches.

In 1854, nearly twelve years after that morning when Mr. Calvert met a few in the temple to accept Christianity, being in need of men to help in other parts of the group, he again visited Yandrana to try whether any would be willing to give themselves up. He called upon Lua, one of the few who took part in that first service twelve years before, and found him very weak and ill, but in a happy frame of mind. The chief, on hearing the object of Mr. Calvert's visit, said: "You may take any of my relatives or friends who may be willing and suitable to go. The salvation of souls is infinitely of more importance than planting yams and taro and building houses."

The great drums were beaten, and all the people in the neighbourhood called into a commodious chapel close at hand. A hymn was given out and sung, a prayer offered, and then Mr. Calvert preached a missionary sermon, to which all gave earnest attention. At the close of the service he spoke in words as follows:—"I am here, friends and brethren, to seek men who have felt the truth

and power of religion in their hearts; who know the Scriptures, can read well, and are desirous to do good to their countrymen in the darker places of Fiji, where light has lately begun to shine. It is very likely that some who go in this great and difficult work will lose their lives, for Satan and wicked men are busy in stirring up opposition to God's truth everywhere. I therefore only want right-hearted men, who, being prepared for the work, are willing to go forth and suffer, and, if need be, die in the cause of Christ."

Nearly twenty young men offered themselves, most of whom, after a proper examination, were selected, and sent out to various posts of toil and peril. They laboured patiently and faithfully and well, and in the hands of God were instrumental in bringing many from darkness into the glorious liberty of the Gospel.

January 9, 1846, the king, and Wetasau, the chief next in power to him, announced that on Sabbath, January 11, they would *lotu*, or embrace Christianity. There were a number of Romish priests on the island, very wily and cunning, who, upon hearing this, went immediately to the king and Wetasau to prevent them doing it. They succeeded, after long pleading, with the king; but not so with Wetasau, who in no measured terms denounced them for their meanness and depravity.

Early in 1848 a new and large chapel was opened in Nasangakalu, the third town in Lakemba. Wetasau helped to the extent of his power in the

erection. Philemon Sandria, the teacher here, had formerly been a notorious robber; but now, to the astonishment of all who knew him as a heathen, he was not only honest, but suffered the loss of his own property, and endured patiently many outrages which formerly he would angrily have resented. He had worked very hard in preaching and in building the chapel.

Situated on Lakemba was a settlement called Levuka, the people of which were a sailor tribe, and very crafty and successful in stealing. One of the chiefs of Levuka was the leader of the company who overtook, killed, and ate the four men of the schooner "Active," to which reference has already been made. He was a bold and desperate character, distinguished for the number of his wars and murders. His hate of Christianity amounted to a passion, and when, at last, the missionary obtained an opportunity of talking with him about his course, he abruptly told him he never should *lotu* whatever might be said to him.

What was the surprise, however, of Mr. Calvert shortly afterwards to have a visit from this lawless man, inquiring the way of salvation through Christ! His distress and earnestness seemed proportionate to his former crimes, and several of his relatives, and many who had known him as he used to be, were led by his contrition to seek mercy for themselves. All parts of Fiji were open to him, and many had good reason to remember his visits. But now wherever he went people saw

that he who had stolen stole no more; that the man of overbearing tyranny and treachery was now humble and straightforward; and the wonder was great accordingly. He had many wives, who brought him much wealth by their preparation of sinnet and other articles of clothing and tribute. All these, except one, he gave up, and to her he was religiously married in the presence of a great crowd. This, in connection with other steps taken by him, produced an impression among the chiefs of Fiji that words could not tell.

On the nineteenth day of October, 1849, the old king, Tui Nayau, made a public profession of Christianity. There was now but one heathen priest on the island, and in the afternoon of the same day he announced that he was through with his false gods, and wished to be a man of Jesus. Next day the chief of the great town of Nasaugakula, hearing what the king had done, ordered the drum to be beaten for service, when he and most of his people joined together for the first time in the worship of the true God.

The following Sabbath was a day of great rejoicing on Lakemba, and the other islands whither the news had travelled. Every opposition to the whole people becoming Christian was now removed from Mr. Calvert's circuit. A meeting of the principal chiefs and people was held in the king's house, October 25, and measures adopted for the better government of the kingdom. Among the things agreed on was one to the effect that the

common people should be respectful to their own chiefs and to the king, and that all should be industrious. This latter clause was thought highly necessary, as some of the Christian Tongans living on Lakemba had heretofore set a very bad example, and one even had been excluded from Church privileges because he would not work. It was also further ordered that no petty chiefs should be permitted to impose taxes on the people.

Now, after a lapse of ten years, the people of Lakemba are as orderly, pious, and industrious as they were in the year 1849. Not a heathen temple is left standing, and the sacred terraced foundations on which they once were are now cultivated as garden plots. Over one thousand children regularly attend day-schools, and nearly two-thirds of the grown-up people are sincere and exemplary followers of the Redeemer. Prayer-leaders, class-leaders, exhorters, and local preachers abound, and the people praise God with a voice almost united.

I am sorry to say that Wetasau, the great chief, while on a missionary tour in the latter part of 1856 to an adjoining island, was lost at sea and his body never recovered. But he was a good man and went right, and no doubt rests from his labours in heaven.

VIWA AND MBAU.

Near the south-eastern extremity of Viti Levu, or Great Fiji, is a little islet called Mbau; and two miles north of Mbau is another islet of about

the same size, called Viwa. As early as 1835, the chiefs of Mbau had attained great power, and were felt far and wide over the adjoining islands, as well as over Great Fiji. The Mbau king, Tanoa, had probably more power than any other king in all the two hundred islands of the Fiji group.

It was not long, however, till a rebellion broke out among some of the chiefs against the king, so that he was compelled to fly to another island for safety. Through the superior tactics and skill of Thakombau, the king's son, the rebellion was crushed, and the chiefs engaged in it were doomed to sacrifice.

It was during this storm that Mr. Cross left Lakemba for the purpose of beginning a mission in Mbau. He found the island densely crowded with savage people, infuriated with war, and that two rebel chiefs had just been eaten, and two more were in the ovens roasting. Thakombau, on meeting him, told Mr. Cross plainly that he could not guarantee his safety in the present state of affairs, neither could he himself think of religion while actively engaged in war.

Mr. Cross deferred establishing the mission till 1839, when, in company with Mr. Hunt, he returned to Mbau and found the war over and general quiet prevailing. The old king appeared to be friendly, and promised several times to build a mission-house, but he broke his promises as readily as he made them. Thakombau, the king's

son, showed active opposition. He was vexed that Mr. Cross had not located himself two years before on the island instead of going to another, thus putting Mbau, as he said, second instead of first among the islands of Fiji. He went so far as to say to Mr. Cross that no house should be built for him, let his father promise what he pleased.

Thus prevented from obtaining a lodging-place for himself and family, Mr. Cross went to Viwa, two miles to the north, where he could, from nearness of residence, exercise a powerful influence on Mbau. By occupation the people were sailors, and were of a bold and enterprising spirit.

The chief of the island was Namosimalua. Previous to the arrival of the missionaries at Lakemba, he had led a lawless and corrupt life; latterly, however, he had embraced Christianity, as also had quite a number of the Viwa people.

It was near the close of August, 1839, that Mr. Cross landed at Viwa. He was astonished to find already completed a beautiful and commodious house of Christian worship. A dwelling house, a servant's house, and a kitchen were also in readiness for the family of the missionary, all the result of the thoughtfulness and kindness of Namosimalua, who laboured to make the new-comers as comfortable as possible.

On learning of the establishment of Christianity and the observance of the Sabbath at Viwa Thakombau became more than ever vexed. He

was joined in this feeling by a Viwan chief named Verani, a nephew of Namosimalua.

This Verani, many years previously, had been the principal character in murdering the crew of a French trading vessel while anchored off Viwa. He was in all respects the perfect type of a Fijian warrior, excelling most others in desperate daring, brutal ferocity, and diabolical cruelty.

Thakombau and Verani were on most intimate terms, and from the commencement of the planting of Christianity on the islands they had resolutely set themselves together to resist it, and had warned their people against embracing it.

Bad as Verani was, he treated Mr. and Mrs. Cross, now that they were his neighbours, with something of respect. The missionary and the converts, on the other hand, offered up daily fervent prayer for his conversion.

Visitors from Mbau were frequent at the mission-house, and none left without some words of religious instruction. Among them at last came Thakombau, who pretended to Mr. Cross to wish to see him on some matters of trade, but who really wanted to dispute on questions connected with Christianity. Two or three of the interviews were each four hours long. On leaving, the missionary expressed a wish that he might *lotu*, or embrace the truth, whereupon Thakombau indignantly shouted: "Never, sir; never!" "If you do not, then," said Mr. Cross, "your children will." "No, sir," was his reply, "they shall

not; when I am dying I will tell them not to *lotu*."

About ten miles from Viwa, on the main land of Great Fiji, was a district called Verata, subject to Mbau, but now in a state of revolt. Thakombau declared war against the Veratans, and asked Namosimalua and Verani to assist him. The former declined, while the latter, with many Viwans, joined heartily in fighting the Veratans. The last battle occurred in October, and resulted in the almost total destruction of the rebels. With his own hands Verani killed some twenty men, and he was the most active of all in baking and eating the murdered victims.

With sounds of war on every hand, Mr. Cross kept diligently at work, and was consoled with the reflection that his influence was spreading not only in Viwa, but to the homes of the people who visited him, and to almost numberless places where the converts called on their trading voyages. Requests, frequent and urgent, came in for teachers from islands whose names were wholly unfamiliar to him.

In a conversation with Mr. Cross Verani confessed that he was not so good a man as he might be, and that religion was in many respects a desirable thing. "Some day," said he, "I may *lotu;* but I cannot now."

In April, 1840, Verani sailed to a part of Great Fiji which was tributary to Viwa, and desiring to kill as well as collect, he made a call on some

people fishing, and, without a word of warning, struck two men dead, and frightened all the rest away.

A town called Mathuata had failed to pay its customary tribute to Mbau, and Chief Thakombau requested Verani to lead an expedition against it, and subdue the inhabitants. Pleased with the compliment, he collected a large army, and, reaching Mathuata, burned it to the ground, and killed over one hundred of the people.

Subsequently to this he laid a plot by which a large number of his own friends were decoyed and murdered by Thakombau. The missionary expostulated with him about the exceeding wickedness of the act, but he showed the slightest sorrow merely, and, turning away with a laugh, remarked: "May be you are too anxious for me to *lotu*."

Yet notwithstanding the wars continually occurring, the work of the Gospel went forward. At the end of 1841 Mr. Cross reported an increase of ten Church members, two of whom were chiefs from distant parts who would spread the knowledge of the Gospel in other islands. A hundred and twenty persons were under religious instruction in Viwa, and some of them gave cheering signs of being truly converted.

A dark cloud settled over the mission at this time. The health of Mr. Cross, never very strong, now began rapidly to fail, and it was deemed best for him to move to Somosomo, where he could have the skilful medical aid of Mr. Lyth. He

arrived at Somosomo, but the change did not benefit him, and he continued to sink till death came to his relief, October 15, 1843. Among his last words were: "Best for the missionary to go home; to escape to the skies, and join the enraptured hosts of heaven, and be with Jesus and the angels." His wife and five children survived.

The station thus left vacant was occupied shortly after Mr. Cross's departure by the Rev. John Hunt, who had served seven months on the island of Rewa, and some three years at Somosomo. He was a man of great mental and physical energy, untiring industry, and deep piety, and was in the fullest sense the missionary for Viwa. The people welcomed him warmly, and attended to the number of one hundred to one hundred and fifty on his Sabbath services. The class-meetings and prayer-meetings were full and interesting, and the boys and girls were prompt at the weekly catechism.

During 1843 a schooner called at Viwa, and Mr. Hunt had the offer of a passage around Great Fiji, which he accepted. The trip was a tedious and protracted one; but it afforded him the opportunity at many towns of talking to the people and recommending Christianity to them. During 1844 he had the satisfaction of witnessing the steady and healthy progress of the mission.

August 12, 1844, the Rev. James Watsford, from Sydney, joined Mr. Hunt. A bloody war

between Rewa and Mbau began about two months after this, and the scenes of murder and cannibalism which the missionaries were compelled to witness are beyond description. "One day," said Mr. Watsford in a letter to some friends in England, "the chief of Mbau, Thakombau, and his men saw some of the Rewa people in a cove, fishing. They gave chase, captured one hundred, and roasted and ate at one meal twenty-eight of their unhappy victims."

At the height of the war Mr. Jaggar and his family were compelled to leave Rewa and seek an asylum at Viwa.

THE CONVERSION OF A WARRIOR.

The converts, who had long and patiently prayed for the wicked Verani to *lotu*, came one day to Mr. Hunt and told him that the chief had become persuaded that the new religion was better than the old, and that he dared not go out any more to battle for fear the great God would let him fall, and thus his soul be lost for ever. He still called himself a heathen, but often would go to the woods, and hiding himself behind a tree would pray to have his sins forgiven.

All the while, however, he was compelled to go to war, but his life was repeatedly and remarkably preserved, a fact which he duly acknowledged and made cause of thanksgiving. He had learned to read, and all his spare time was given to a copy of the New Testament which was in his possession.

At last, so pungent were his convictions, he laid the whole matter before Thakombau, and asked permission to become a Christian. The chief, who was wily, and who dreaded the loss of so powerful an arm in war, told Verani that he had no very serious objections to his becoming a Christian, but that he would prefer his putting the matter off for the present.

Verani loved Thakombau sincerely, and was anxious to serve him, but his anxiety about his own soul was so great that he could not rest. He sought light from every convert he met, and finally calling on Mr. Hunt, confessed to him that his sins would not let him have peace, and that he must become a better man. He went with the missionary to the prayer-meeting, and there, in the presence of a large assembly, declared, "I will this day become a Christian," and then, humble as a child, bowed his knee, and asked God to have mercy on his soul. This was Sabbath, March 21st, 1844.

Hearing of Verani's intention to embrace Christianity, Thakombau, when too late, sent a messenger requesting him to put it off a little longer, so that both might renounce heathenism together. His answer was: "Tell Thakombau that I have waited very long at his request, and now that I have become a Christian, I shall be glad to go anywhere with my people to attend to his lawful work. But I fear Almighty God, and dread falling into hell fire, and can no longer delay."

Message after message was sent, but in vain. Then promises, entreaties, and threats were made. "You shall have your supplies taken away, and shall wander a poor man to the end of your life." But he had counted the cost, and was not to be moved.

When everything had failed, the people expected that Thakombau would visit his friend with bitter and summary vengeance. What was the astonishment of all, and the disappointment of many, when he exclaimed, "Did I not tell you that we could not turn Verani? He is a man of *one heart*. When he was with us, he was fully one with us; now he is Christian, he is decided and not to be moved."

So it is. *The kingliness of consistency* is acknowledged the world over, and even Fiji savages were quick to pay tribute to it.

Namosimalua, and other chiefs, though acknowledging the excellence of Christianity, and following most of its requirements, were never admitted as members of the Wesleyan society, because they refused to part with their many wives. But Verani sought the blessings of the Gospel in the full recognition of its requirements. Not through policy or novelty, but through the urgency of intense conviction, he bent his heart to the Gospel, and repenting bitterly of his great sins, he "brought forth works meet for repentance." Of his own accord, he resolved lawfully to marry his chief wife, and set the others at liberty. Old men of

rank and influence, to whose judgment he had hitherto implicitly yielded, begged him not to dismiss his wives, but to retain them at least as servants. But his heart was fully set to do right, and his reply was, "You are on the devil's side. If my wife cannot manage in our house, I will help her to get wood and cook our food; but I will not continue to sin against God."

Verani's crimes had been of no ordinary kind and number. Few men's history had been so blackened with every kind of outrage and abomination, and few men's hands were so stained with blood. His grief and penitence were proportionate to the enormity of his sins, and amounted to agony as he wept bitterly before God, while every remembrance of the Saviour's love drove the stings of remorse deeper into his broken heart. If few men had ever sinned more, no man ever repented more deeply. His high-souled pride was gone, and in his lowliness "this poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles."

Verani continued in prayer day after day, until he found salvation by faith in Christ's atonement, and went out before his fellows a changed man, rejoicing in the blessedness of having his iniquity forgiven. Every one whom he met he exhorted to "flee from the wrath to come," and "lay hold on Jesus Christ." Perhaps a month after his conversion, he had an interview with Thakombau on board a trading-vessel lying off the coast. Ve-

rani told him all that he knew and felt of religion, and when he had done, the chief said, "Go on! go on!" The next day he paid him another visit, and told him that the Christians would obey all his commands, if right; but they would do nothing wrong, and could not take part in cruel and barbarous wars. The chief said, "Very good; you stay at home and learn your book well, and may be some day soon I will *lotu*."

Though Verani refused, on behalf of himself and the Christians, to engage in war, yet his was too earnest and active a nature to remain idle. He ordered his great war-canoe to be launched, but not to go on its old work of bloodshed and crime. A dark day was it in time past for some town or island when the great sail of that canoe went up to the wild shouts of the painted warriors who thronged the deck; but it was far otherwise now. Verani, with his energy of soul, directed by the new power of love to God and man, was setting sail to carry the missionary to the distant islands under his charge, and wherever the war-canoe of the dreaded chieftain touched, it brought the fulness of the Gospel of peace.

Shortly after Verani's conversion, his sincerity was severely put to the test. A principal chief of the Mbau fisherman, who had been spending some time with him, and whose sister he had married as a head wife, returned home, but scarcely had he reached there before he and his aged father were brutally and treacherously murdered. Such

an act was an aggravated and deadly insult to Verani; but the arm, once so quick to strike in bloody revenge, now was unmoved. In answer to repeated inquiries, "Will you not revenge?" he replied, "I cannot; I am a Christian; the work of death and revenge with me is now over."

The mission was greatly helped by Verani's conversion. His decision for God, his marriage to one wife, and his willingness to be poor and despised, were subjects of wonder and inquiry throughout all Fiji. And wherever he went his simple zeal and earnestness increased the wonder, and drew more fixed attention to the religion that had worked so marvellous a change. He went with the missionaries to various islands, and did all in his power to persuade people to embrace Christianity. At his baptism, he took the name of Elijah, and instituted and kept up in his family regular worship. He was always happy and kind, and thought no trouble too great and no distance too far, if anything could be done to heal a quarrel, or prevent a war or strangling, or any other horrors in which he had formerly taken so active a part.

He was a man of prayer. He went continually to God with his difficulties, and they were many. In praying aloud he had great fluency and power. Mr. Williams, while on a visit to Mbau, heard Verani in the public congregation, and wrote down his prayer. Here is part of it:—

"O Lord, our Lord! O God, our Father, whose

abode is heaven, we worship before thee. We offer not ourselves or our own righteousness to gain thy notice, but we present Jesus. O Holy Ghost, descend upon us, and prepare our hearts for worship! Tell us that our names are written in the book of life. We do not ask to know this at some time that is yet to come; do thou speak it to us now, as we do not know the continuance of our lives here. Oh tell us now that we are saved through Jesus!

"We pray for our ministers. They see much evil by living with us in Fiji, and they suffer, and are weak in their bodies, and there is nothing with us that we can give them to strengthen them. This only can we do; we can pray for them. O Lord Jesus Christ, hear our prayers for them! Mr. Williams is weak; do thou strengthen him, and let his life be long, and make our land good for him; and bless the lady and the children, and let thy Spirit be always with them to comfort their minds.

"When our minds think of Fiji they are greatly pained, for the men and women of Fiji are thy people, and these thy people are strangled, and clubbed, and destroyed. Oh have compassion on Fiji, and spare thy servants that they may preach the true word to the people! And, O Holy Spirit, give light to the dark-hearted, and give them repentance! And set us in motion that we may not be so useless as we have been; but that we may now, and for the time to come, live to extend

the kingdom, that it may reach all Fiji, for the sake of Jesus Christ, the accepted offering for us!"

The Rev. Mr. Lyth heard Verani preach at Levuka from Luke xv. 6: "And when he cometh home, he calleth together his friends and neighbours, saying unto them, Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep which was lost." "What he said," remarked Mr. Lyth, "told on the congregation, and his spirit was throughout devotional and stirring. He said that while he was going about serving Thakombau he had his mind fixed on his true Master, Jesus Christ. The service and person of Thakombau, he said, had a low place in his esteem compared with the Saviour; that he was altogether his who had bought him with the price of his own blood; his body, soul, vessel, all he possessed, were his."

ANOTHER WONDERFUL WORK.

In October, 1845, there was much religious excitement in Viwa, in which Verani took a deep interest. Penitent meetings were held on Saturday evenings, at which large numbers attended. Very often nothing was heard but weeping and praying. In nearly every family night and morning, worship was heard, and in some instances the whole family were crying for mercy with one heart and one voice. Business, sleep, and food were almost entirely laid aside. During the first five days of the revival seventy-five persons were converted. Mr. Hunt, speaking of the work, says:

"Some of the cases were the most remarkable I have ever seen, heard of, or read of; yet only such as one might expect the conversion of such dreadful murderers and cannibals would be. Certainly the feelings of the Viwa people were not ordinary. They literally roared for hours together for the disquietude of their souls. This frequently terminated in fainting from exhaustion, which was the only respite some of them had till they found peace. They no sooner recovered their consciousness than they prayed themselves, first into an agony, and then again into a state of entire insensibility. Of course, there was a great deal of confusion; but the result was most happy. The people that sat in darkness have seen a great light. Many never understood till now what we have been preaching to them for some years."

A few months later Mr. Hunt wrote as follows: "Our Saturday evening meetings continue. At a recent one Verani led, praying at the opening with a power such as I have seldom witnessed. Then other members followed, the sacred influence increasing as the meeting proceeded, so that long before its close nearly all the people were praying together. As they had never seen anything of the kind before, there could be no deception in the case. It was evident that the hand of the Lord was among them. Many were pricked to the heart, and cried in agonies for mercy; and some were enabled to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and were made happy in a consciousness of their

acceptance with God through him. Then they prayed for others, and the holy fire spread.

"Some of the worst cannibals in Fiji were suddenly seized with the most powerful conviction, and a sight of their state and danger threw them into the most awful agonies of sorrow. They wept and wailed most piteously, and some were so agitated as to require several men to prevent them doing themselves and others bodily harm. Yet there was nothing foolish in what they said. They bewailed their sins, and prayed for mercy in a manner which astonished us. Some of them had but very lately abandoned heathenism, yet their knowledge of the Gospel, and the propriety with which they expressed themselves in prayer, would have done credit to a person who had been born and educated in a Christian country. They were certainly taught of God."

The year 1847 was remarkable for the completion of the first entire edition of the New Testament. To aid its circulation Verani gave freely both of his means and time.

DEATH OF MR. HUNT.

In 1848 the Fijian mission lost John Hunt. The amount of his labours at Viwa during his six years can never be told. Every part of the mission machinery received his unwearied care, and, in addition to his constant toil in preaching, visiting the people, travelling to various islands, exposure to storm and privation, diligent training of the native

agents, and superintendence of the schools, he was the man who completed the translation of the New Testament, and who carried it through the press.

On August 9, Mr. Hunt was attacked with violent spasms and inflammation. His brother missionaries, together with the converts and the heathen natives, were filled with grief on learning the fact. Verani especially was overpowered with sorrow. He went to Mr. Hunt's residence, and kneeling down, prayed with intense fervour: "O Lord, we know we are very bad, but spare thy servant. If *one* must die, take *me! Take ten of us;* but spare thy servant to preach Christ to the people." The missionary's course, however, was run. He lingered a few weeks, and then in triumph passed to heaven.

A dying message from Mr. Hunt to Thakombau, urging him to give up his evil ways and embrace Christ, produced temporarily a powerful impression on the chief's mind. In several instances he gave Messrs. Calvert and Lyth to believe that he was sincerely seeking the way of life, yet he as often relapsed and disheartened them. Veran, availed himself of every opportunity to converse with his former colleague in war, but with as little effect as the missionaries. In December, 1852, old King Tanoa, Thakombau's father, died and notwithstanding the earnest and prolonged entreaties of Mr. Watsford, one of the missionaries, five women were strangled and buried with him.

A REVOLT—VERANI'S DEATH.

About twenty miles from Viwa was an important island called Ovalau, tributary to Thakombau, who on the death of his father was vested with supreme power. By some means, on the 20th of September, 1853, Levuka, the chief town of the island, was burned, and immense quantities of provision, stores, etc., were destroyed. The suspicion existed that Thakombau was privy to the burning, and a revolt ensued. The islanders, especially those who lived in the mountains of the interior, declared themselves free from the government of Mbau, and, to show themselves sincere, killed several Mbau carpenters, who were temporarily residing on Ovalau.

Thakombau was much concerned on receiving news of the revolt, and, consulting with Verani, determined to send a message to the mountaineers, to win them back, if possible, to their allegiance; but no one was willing to undertake the hazardous work. Moturiki, an island near Ovalau, threatened to join the revolt, and Thakombau was under the necessity of visiting it, and making liberal presents to conciliate the people. The clouds thickened, however, and Verani saw that, unless the Ovalau mountaineers were won back, the calamities falling on Thakombau and his adherents would be terrible. He therefore offered to go himself as a messenger of peace. Mr. Calvert, knowing the danger of such an enterprise, remonstrated, and

begged of him not to go; but Verani felt it still his duty to undertake the task, remarking: "It may be the time of my removal, but that I leave with my heavenly Father." Mr. Calvert prayed with him on the morning of his departure, and both wept freely.

After a short sail, Verani, with two of his brothers and four others, reached Ovalau. They landed by night at an uninhabited place, and passed through the bush into the mountains, having several times halted for prayer. At break of day the party came near the town of Lavoni, and found Nanduva, one of the two head chiefs, at home, and presented him with five necklaces of whales' teeth, which were graciously received and drums beaten in acknowledgment. The other chief, Tawaki Rambo, with many of the people, was down at Levuka, and when he heard of Verani's arrival he announced it to the crowd about him, and offered a large amount of property to any company of men who would secretly go to Lavoni and kill him. A large company presented themselves, and a brutal fellow by the name of Koroi Thava was made captain. They started off in haste, and arrived at Lavoni the next evening, but kept themselves hid till daylight. Early in the morning, as Verani and his companions were passing by a temple, Koroi shot at him, when two others ran up to strike him with their clubs, but he was already dead. All the party perished but one, and several were eaten, among whom was a

valuable local preacher who was very useful in the printing establishment. The bodies of Verani, his two brothers, and another were carried to Levuka; on hearing which Mr. Waterhouse, the missionary, went boldly and begged them, and gave them decent burial.

The death of Elijah Verani produced a powerful effect on the mind of his old friend Thakombau, whose pride was being humbled by many reverses, and by the well-organized opposition which now threatened to crush his power in Fiji. He was seized with a severe illness, and, while confined to his room, news was brought to him of the death of a late visitor of his, Tuikilakila, king of Somosomo. April 22, 1854, a letter came from King George, of Tonga, urging him to become a Christian. His heart was moved, and he sent for Mr. Waterhouse and Mr. Calvert, and, with tears, informed them that he had sinned long enough, and must now make a change in his life. April 30, religious service was appointed, at which the king was to *lotu*. At nine o'clock the death drum, *rongorongoi valu*, "reporter of war," was beaten. Ten days before its sound had called the people together for a cannibal feast, now it gave the signal for assembling in the great Strangers' House for the worshipping of the true God. Some three hundred people were present, before whom stood Thakombau, with his children and many wives and other relatives. In front of him was his priest, an old man with gray hair and a long

beard. All were well-behaved and serious. Mr. Calvert, who had so long watched and toiled for this event, was deeply moved by the scene, and could scarcely find voice to go on with the service. That was a day ever to be remembered in the annals of Fiji. After the service, Thakombau made a few remarks, and announced that hereafter the Sabbath should be strictly observed. A great many followed the example of the king, some of course as a matter of expediency, but the majority from conviction, and a desire to lead a new life. Among these was the high priest and three chiefs of Mbau.

DANGERS THICKEN.

About this time the chief of the island of Rewa, elated by the reverses of the Mbau people, as well as by a great increase of his own resources, determined to destroy the town and its king. He sent word to Mr. Waterhouse as to his intentions, and requested him for his own safety to remove elsewhere; but Mr. Waterhouse remained firmly at his post, which greatly affected Thakombau. "When the vessel is sinking," said the king, "every one is anxious to provide for his own safety, as many of my own relatives are now doing; but you, Mr. Waterhouse, when I am reviled, remain to perish with me." "Only be faithful to God," replied the missionary, "and follow the guidance of his word, and I will remain with you until your death, should it be

permitted to come to pass during the present agitation."

Day by day the dangers surrounding Mbau thickened, and the people, being reduced and in peril, sought after God. King Thakombau specially felt his need of power from a higher than human source, and yielding to the mild influences of the gospel, sent messengers to the enemy, asking for peace. The Rewan chief, however, sent back a proud refusal, saying that he would soon kill and eat Thakombau, and that he defied his God Jehovah to save him from his vengeance. The king was unmoved by the insulting message, and calmly expressed his confidence in God. About the same time a spy was caught trying to bribe a Mbau town to revolt. He was not killed, but was sent home with a new dress furnished him by Thakombau. A second peace message was sent to the Rewan chief, but met with as defiant a rejection as the first. The speedy destruction of Mbau seemed inevitable.

In June, 1854, Mr. Calvert was placed in great jeopardy while trying to make peace. In a letter dated Viwa, July 26, he writes thus: "In sailing from Levuka to Viwa, I wished to call at the island of Moturiki. Besides wishing to speak to them about Christianity, I desired to warn them of danger near. I had been told that the mountaineers of Levuka had determined on destroying Moturiki at night. We found some difficulty in landing. I told one of my men that he might go

on shore, as it was a long distance for me to wade, and that I would put in at another point for him where I could see the people. He got into the water, and was proceeding towards the shore, when he observed several persons come out from among the cocoa-nut trees. He was afraid, and said, 'They are from Lovoni, and will kill me.' I requested him to come into the boat. The men continued to call, and I immediately got on my old water shoes. I did not believe them to be Lovonians, but said to the boat's crew that I left behind that, should I be killed, they must return to Levuka, so that my friends there would get my body and bury it. A Rotuman islander, by the name of Kaitu, wished to go with me. I forbade him, and ordered them to take the boat around by the deep water near the reef, and put in for me at the other side. The beach was a considerable distance from me, and the water was in some places over knee deep.

"As I proceeded shoreward, many more persons made their appearance, some running fast towards me from two directions. As they neared me they looked very fierce, and made gestures indicative of evil. I could not now reach the boat, and was compelled to wade for the shore. One man rushed into the water with gun uplifted to strike me. I expostulated with him.

"Quickly several were up with me, some of whom had clubs uplifted to club me, some with hatchets, some with spears laid on in a position to

throw. One came very near me with a musket pointed at me, with desperate looks; I trembled, but protested loudly and firmly that they ought not to kill me. I was surrounded by upwards of one hundred. One man who had seen me at another island, and who had always been my friend, took hold of me saying I should live. I clung to him as a frightened child to its mother, and disputed for my life with those who clamoured for my death. Another man's face, through a thick covering of soot, exhibited features familiar to me; but a fearful battle-axe he held in his hand attracted my eye. However, I laid hold of him and told them not to kill me. Thus I was between two who might be friendly. I told my name, my work, my labours in various ways, again and again, on their behalf; my having offered Tui Levuka a big looking-glass if he would let them alone; my having entreated the mountaineers of Ovalau not to attack them, and my preventing an intended attack.

A great many other things I told them of my friendly efforts towards their island, and matters were becoming hopeful, when a very ugly man drew near with great vehemence. Many had avowed themselves in my favour; but, in spite of opposition, the fellow seemed resolutely determined to take away my life. He became extremely ferocious, but several seized his arms and held him tight. He struggled hard for a length of time to get his musket to bear on me, which, indeed, he

once or twice managed, but it was warded off before he could fire. At length his rage subsided, and all consented to my living. But the thirst for killing and eating had got up; and, as they could not kill me, they wished me to return to the boat, intending to accompany me, hoping to get one or more of my natives in my stead. I refused to go, and persisted in approaching towards the shore, led by two. One untied my neckcloth and took it. They pulled my coat, felt me, and I fully expected to be stripped. My trowsers were wet and heavy; I was weak with talking and disputing with them, indeed quite hoarse. As we still went on in the sea they commenced their death song, always sung as they drag along the bodies of enemies slain. I feared that might increase their rage, and desired them to stop it. It was most grating to my feelings, and I stood still and entreated them to desist. After a short time they did so, and we proceeded to the beach. Those who had run to destroy me departed to their own town.

"I found Ratu Vuki, a chief of Mbau, had just arrived. On my statement of what I had received he was filled with vengeance, and said he must punish some. I begged he would not, and after some time he became pacified, and put me in a canoe, and sent me to Viwa, where my wife was anxiously waiting to hear my fate."

Wars raged in several islands around the missionaries, and the determination seemed fixed to destroy both them and Thakombau since he had

embraced Christianity. Several times Mbau was on the verge of destruction, but Providence interfered and saved the people.

FAVOURABLE CHANGES.

January 26, 1855, the implacable king of Rewa was carried off by dysentery, and the whole aspect of affairs was changed. About the same time King George, of Tonga, visited Mbau, and very unwillingly became involved in a war with a large number of the neighbouring districts. It terminated speedily, however, and in the return of seventy rebellious towns to the alliance of Thakombau. The strange clemency shown to those who had revolted made many of them cry out, "The new religion is not like our religion—the new religion is the best."

Thus, after much toil and distress, the work of the missionaries was being followed by success. The great Strangers' Home at Mbau was set apart for the public worship of God, and about a thousand people would meet there, a large proportion of whom were sincere worshippers, many of whom had bitterly repented of their sins, and brought forth fruits meet for repentance. Chapels were built and houses opened for religious service in every direction.

January 11, 1857, Thakombau was publicly baptized. The scene was very affecting. In the presence of God he promised to "renounce the devil and all his works, the pomps and vanities of

this wicked world, and all the sinful lusts of the flesh," and, in the name of the Holy Trinity, "to keep God's holy will and commandments, and to walk in the same all the days of his life." He then, at the request of Mr. Waterhouse, addressed the people. In times past he had considered himself a god, and had received honours almost divine from his people; now he humbled himself, and adored his great Creator and merciful Preserver. And such a congregation as he had! husbands, whose wives he had dishonoured! widows, whose husbands he had slain! sisters, whose relations had been strangled by his orders! relatives, whose friends he had eaten! and children, the descendants of those he had murdered, and who had vowed to avenge the wrongs inflicted on their fathers!

A thousand stony hearts heaved with fear and astonishment as he spoke: "I have been a bad man. I disturbed the country. The missionaries came and invited me to embrace Christianity; but I said to them, 'I will continue to fight.' God has singularly preserved my life. At one time I thought that I had myself been the instrument of my own preservation, but now I know that it was the Lord's doing. I desire to acknowledge him as the only and true God."

He sat down trembling and covered with perspiration. His wife, the queen, was baptized with a new name, Lydia, the king's having been changed to Ebenezer.

In August, 1857, Mr. Waterhouse, in writing home, says: "Our Church members, with few exceptions, retain their piety. In Viti Levu, or the Great Fiji, nearly one thousand idolaters have forsaken heathenism and are under Christian instruction. There have been admitted into full communion, 267 at Ngau, 40 at Mbatki, 59 at Koro, 200 at Nairai, and 36 at Moturiki. In the whole Mbau circuit, after filling up vacancies by death, removals, and expulsions, there is a net increase of 750 members, with 722 on trial."

During the year 43 native agents had been entirely supported by the contributions of the congregations, 96 schools had been commenced, 12 chapels had been finished, 600 marriages had been solemnized, and 9000 people had been religiously instructed. Mr. Calvert had left the islands for England in November, 1855, to superintend the printing of the Bible in Fijian there, under the auspices of the British and Foreign Bible Society. In September, 1857, the health of Mr. Waterhouse failed, and he also was compelled to leave. He sailed for Sydney. The latest advices from him were to the effect that he hoped he would be able to return to Fiji, in restored strength, in June, 1859.

After Mr. Waterhouse's departure the management of the Mbau circuit devolved on the Rev. J. S. Fordham, who had become well fitted for the post by a large experience and many sufferings on the island of Nardi. Wars against Mbau had not

entirely ceased, but King Ebenezer Thakombau no longer fights. He is firm and consistent in his profession of Christianity, and deals as mildly with those who try to disturb his government as the maintenance of law and order will allow, avoiding bloodshed as far as possible. The kingdom of peace is daily making progress, and "the pure religion and undefiled" has been established in many of the Mbau hearts of Fiji.

MBUA.

With a brief notice of Mbua, an island which must not be confounded with Mbau, I shall close this sketch of Fiji. About 1843 the heathen chief of Mbua obtained a teacher from Viwa to instruct a friend of his who had renounced idolatry for the Christian faith. This teacher, and others who were afterwards sent to his help, laboured with such success that, though there was war almost constantly on the island, the number of converts in 1845 amounted to three hundred.

Very shortly afterwards, however, the chief of the island, who went by the name of Tui Mbua, changed his views towards the teachers and the Christians, and commenced the work of persecution. The profession of Christianity was prohibited, and those who adhered to it were subject to much wrong. Their hogs, fowls, and gardens were destroyed, their yām stores broken open and plundered of their contents, and their church and one of the teachers' houses were burned. In 1847

Tni Mbua died, when three of his wives were strangled. The refusal of the Christians to take part in any of the funeral observances subjected them to still greater persecutions and punishment.

The name of the town on the island where the Christian natives lived was called Tiliva. Immediately on the burning of the church edifice, poor as the members were, they resolved on rebuilding, and to this end sent for the Rev. Thomas Williams at Somosomo to come and live with them. Mr. Williams reached Tiliva, November 3, 1847. His congregation the first Sabbath numbered one hundred and twenty, and for the most part was orderly and attentive. But he found the heathen islanders, if anything, more corrupt than the people of Somosomo. Infanticide was dreadfully common, insomuch that it was difficult to persuade them that there was any wrong in it. In an effort to convince the chief of the wickedness of heathenism, Mr. Williams was threatened with the loss of his life. "I will kill you," were the words of Mbati Namu, "and take your wife for my own, and burn up your house and all your things." Mercifully, however, the Lord preserved his servants, and the chief was very suddenly cut off in a war with a neighbouring clan a few weeks afterwards.

Hezekiah Vunindanga, the Christian chief of Tiliva, went around from place to place with Mr. Williams, and by his exhortations did great good.

Liue, a chief of the island of Vatu Kea, was among their converts. On nearly every Sabbath of the months of April, May, and June, 1849, one or more persons renounced heathenism and united with the little Christian society. During the year the increase of Church members was ninety-two, and of those on trial sixty-nine. The baptisms were one hundred and forty, including several who had joined in 1848, and of regular attendants on class-meeting three hundred.

The erection of the mission-house at Tiliva, the finest in all Fiji, was an interesting work. Hezekiah, the chief, who was naturally a man of strong sense and unyielding perseverance, was allowed by Mr. Williams, on commencing the work of erection, to make a speech to the people. He took the ground that no labour nor material could be too good for the house in which the true God was to be worshipped; and, acting on this principle, he and some other men who were famous for "lifting up the axe" started off many miles in search of the best timber for the frame of the building. While they were gone the old men of the village, together with many of the women and older children, were busy in making ornamental lashings and plaitings for the inside and outside walls. At the end of two days the joyous shout of the returning woodcutters broke the quiet of the evening, a signal at which those who were left in the village ran off to assist their weary friends in dragging some giant of the forest to the spot where it was to become a

pillar in the Lord's house. The next day another and larger party went on the same work, and so Hezekiah and his people kept busy for three months, at the end of which time eighty beams of from twelve to fifty feet long were collected, many of them from a distance of ten and twelve miles, and by manual labour only. The logs were *vesi*, or green heart, the most valuable timber in all Fiji. Happier people than these Christian islanders were while thus at work eye never saw in any land. They cheered each other by chanting almost constantly passages from the Scriptures, such as the following: "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go unto the house of the Lord." "But will God indeed dwell on the earth? Behold, heaven and the heaven of heavens cannot contain thee; how much less this house that I have builded!" To which another party would respond: "The Lord hath chosen Zion; he hath desired it for his habitation." Another favourite chant was 1 Kings viii. 28—30. And with suitable feeling a number would join in the petitions, "Hearken unto the prayer which thy servant shall make;" "And when thou hearest forgive."

Besides the chapel the people built a beautiful and commodious parsonage, and erected for themselves twelve new and tasteful dwelling-houses. Schools were established, and the blessing of God attended the preaching of his Word.

But towards the end of 1850 trouble came. The Tiliva people had been disturbed only by

rumours of wars, but now conflict was at their doors. The chiefs of two adjacent districts, Ndama and Na Sau, by the fire of musketry, on Sunday, November 17, announced the time for battle. A skirmish ensued the same afternoon, and some blood was shed. Mr. Williams at once had an interview with Tui Mbua, chief of Ndama, and succeeded for a while in securing peace. Other difficulties, however, followed, and battles and loss of life were almost continually occurring; yet the mission had success and some increase.

During this Ndama war the native teachers were very exemplary, labouring almost night and day in persuading their fellow-islanders to forsake heathenism and serve the Lord God. One of them sank under his labours, and died in a town some distance from Tiliva. A fellow-teacher wrote this brief and singularly expressive letter to Mr. Williams about him:—

"I write, sir, to you, the servant of God, to make known that Stephen Thevalala sleeps. Stephen went happily to sleep. He died at Nganga, as I was bringing him from Tavulomo to you, if happily there might be any medicine that would be useful in his case. 'But your care of me will not avail,' said he. 'I shall not reach the missionary, but through Jesus Christ I shall reach heaven. Amen; amen.' My report of the happy death is ended.

"LAZARUS NDRALA."

Stephen Thevalala was born at Wakaya, a small island forty miles from Mbau, amid the disquietude and slaughters of that people when struggling for the ascendancy. Most of his friends fell victims to the clubs of Mbau. But for a quick eye and agile limbs he had not lived to tell the tale of his escape. In an attack made on his native village a powerful man aimed a blow at Stephen's head, but suddenly dodging, and darting between the warrior's legs, he happily made his escape, though but for the fleetness of his heels he would even after this have been killed.

Mr. Williams first became acquainted with him in 1841. At his urgent entreaties he allowed Stephen to become one of his household servants. He was active, obedient, and obliging, and learned in a short time to read and write tolerably well. He engaged in the work of a missionary teacher in 1848, and was patient and successful. In 1849 he was painfully afflicted with a skin disease called elephantiasis, which caused one of his limbs so to swell that he could scarcely walk. He was on his way from Tavulomo to Tiliva, hoping when he reached the latter place to be under such medical attention from Mr. Williams as would insure his recovery. He was carefully borne, and rested at short distances, but never reached Tiliva. Some of his dying exercises were very affecting. The language of praise was ever on his lips: "Praise, praise God! Thanks be to God! Amen! amen!" After a pause he remarked: "I shall never reach

our father at Taliva; I shall reach heaven first." "That is well," said Lazarus, who was at his side. "Yes, it is well; I shall enter heaven." Lazarus asked: "Have you any friend there, through whose interest you expect to gain admittance?" "No, no human friend; but Jesus is my friend, and through him I shall enter there." In a short time he wept. To the question, "Why do you weep?" he replied: "Not for myself, but for you; I pity you; you will continue in pain and trouble, and I go away to my rest. I leave you in the midst of war to enter a heaven of peace!" "Through whom did you say?" "Through Jesus; in me there is nothing to merit heaven." "You know," subsequently remarked Lazarus to him, "that St. Paul says: 'There remaineth, therefore, a rest for the people of God.'" "Yes," was the reply, "I know it, and I am getting near that rest to-day." Shortly after, wishing to be raised in bed, he put his arms around the neck of Lazarus, and uttering the words, "Now I am going home," sweetly fell asleep in Jesus.

Trials and successes alternately followed the labours of the missionaries. The health of Mr. Williams almost entirely failed, which made it necessary to have in 1852 another missionary, the Rev. Mr. Moore. The chief of the island, Tui Mbau, also played a double part, sometimes favouring, but oftener secretly opposing Christianity. At last, however, in August, 1855, seeing the wickedness of his course, and having been frequently

reproved by the missionaries, Tui determined to *lotu*. The day was a great one, and many others at his example renounced heathenism and embraced the new religion. Just afterwards news came from Somosomo that several towns on the island that had long resisted the labours of the missionaries had *lotued*.

Mr. Wilson wrote in January, 1857, to the General Secretary of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, London, thus:—

"The work of God in Fiji is great, and it spreads with a rapidity which bids defiance to our utmost efforts to meet its wants, or to keep pace with its claims. If each of the missionaries now in the field possessed the zeal of St. Paul, with his various gifts and powerful talents, there is in these islands more than ample room for their full development."

Writing again in July, he said:—

"During the last ten months in this Mbua circuit alone 1167 have turned from heathenism, and but for some serious local difficulties from hostile chiefs the number would have been doubled. Throughout Fiji nearly 15,000 converts have been added during the past year; there are 2677 on trial for Church membership; the total number of attendants on public worship is 54,281; and the scholars of both sexes amount to 20,185. We are in great need of more labourers. Thousands are waiting and eager for instruction, and unless they receive it greater darkness than ever will fall on them."

On August 12 a school anniversary and a missionary meeting were held on Mbua. Five hundred boys and girls took part in the former, reciting passages of Scripture, singing hymns, and saying their catechisms. The missionary meeting followed the children's meeting, and lasted four hours, during which the missionaries and the native teachers made speeches. A contribution was called for, and sixty gallons of oil, the people having no money, were forthcoming.

The latest news from Mbua was in a letter written by Mr. Wilson, dated April, 1858. He says that though surrounded by war, the work of *lotuing* was going on; but that there was a great and pressing need of more teachers and missionaries. At Mouta four hundred had renounced heathenism, but there was no teacher. At Naviu, the extremity of the circuit, the same condition of affairs existed, hundreds inquiring the way of life with none to direct their steps. He concludes his letter by saying: "We are happy in our family and in our work, and notwithstanding the difficulties and discouragements surrounding us, we are looking for the day when all Fiji shall be the Lord's."

Reviewing the entire work in the Fijian group, we find the change which has occurred in the last twenty-five years marvellous indeed. Throughout a great number of the islands cannibalism has become entirely extinct. Polygamy and infanticide have also in a great measure disappeared.

Hateful and arbitrary and despotic violence on the part of the chiefs is rapidly yielding to justice and clemency. Human life is no longer reckoned cheap, and the avenger of blood comes not now as a stealthy assassin or backed by savage warriors, but invested with the solemn dignity of established law, founded on the Word of God. Of Church members, throughout the group, including those on trial, the number is 9660, and of stated hearers of the Gospel at least 60,000. Were there more missionaries, the membership and hearers could readily be doubled. All accounts go to demonstrate the fact that Christianity, and Christianity only, has benefited the islanders, and that their present reformation cannot be explained on any grounds except by recognizing a supernatural force, almighty and divine.

EIGHTEEN MONTHS IN A DEATH-PRISON.

BURMAH—LAWS AND CUSTOMS.

Situated in the south-eastern corner of Asia is a country five hundred and forty miles in length by four hundred and twenty in breadth, called Burmah. Like the Emperor of China, the king of the country is worshipped by the people. He is called the "Lord of life and death," and the "Owner of the sword," the latter being given him because, instead of holding a sceptre in his hand, he has a sheathed sword of gold. Torture, imprisonment, and death are inflicted at his will on any subject, whether of high or low degree. Nowhere, probably, in the world are such terrible punishments visited on offenders. There is a law against drinking brandy, and any man who is suspected or known to have violated the law has molten lead poured down his throat till death ensues. A soldier deserting his army for any cause, has, if caught, both his legs cut off above his knees, and in this condition is left till he bleeds to death.

The king of Burmah has an endless number of lords around him, any one, in fact, whom he pleases he can make a lord; but very often he treats these lords with terrible cruelty, and death even. He has constantly in his employ a large body of men with tatooed or spotted faces, called executioners. At sight of these spotted faces both the people and the lords are filled with terror; for with secret orders they torture and put to death any whom the king may name.

RELIGION.

The religion of Burmah is Buddhism. Buddha was a man who was born in the city of Benares, India, over two thousand years ago, and the people say that for his goodness he was made a boodh or god. None of the Burmese believe that he is alive now; they, on the contrary, think that he is taking a long sleep or rest; yet they keep praying to him all the while, and for the reason that they think it will do them good, and that Buddha, though asleep, will some day reward them. The people cherish the belief that they have been born into the world a great number of times; at one time as a worm or bug, at another time as a bird or monkey, and at last, for being very good, as a man. The poor think if they keep themselves very humble and prayerful that the next time they are born they will be rich; while the rich flatter themselves that if they are good they will, when they die, have a long, undisturbed rest like Buddha.

The religion of the Burmese consists in making

idols and pagodas, and in offering sacrifices to the idols. The pagoda is a house without doors or windows, with an idol hidden inside. In almost every direction pagodas meet the eye; and on every hill-top and in every valley, as well as along the roadsides, idols are abundant. Children are taken at a very early age and made to say prayers to the idols.

The persons who are considered the best in Burmah are the priests. They pretend to be exceedingly poor, and go out early in the morning with empty dishes in their hands, asking for money. They usually succeed well, and return home laughing to think how easily they have imposed on the people. To keep up a sort of appearance of poverty these priests go clad in rags, or rather they cut up pieces of cloth of various colours, into small bits, and sew them on their gowns. Sometimes they preach, but their preaching is only the narration of some silly story in regard to the character or feats of Buddha, calculated to make the people cry out or laugh.

A MISSIONARY MOVEMENT.

It was in the year 1810 that some young men of Andover, Massachusetts, hearing of the degraded condition of the people of India and Burmah, determined to offer themselves as missionaries for life to that country. Among them was Adoniram Judson, aged twenty-two years. With his wife he sailed from Salem, Massachusetts, for Calcutta,

India, February 19, 1812, and from there for Rangoon, Burmah, where he arrived July, 1813. He at once set himself to work studying the language of the country. As soon as he was able to read and write Burmese, he prepared a tract containing the doctrines of the Christian religion. Of this he made several copies, and loaned them around to the people, requesting them to read and circulate them. Some did as he desired, while others tore the tracts up before the missionary's eyes, and informed him that they had plenty of religions without any of his new kind.

In 1816 the Rev. George H. Hough and his wife reached Rangoon as missionaries of the American Baptist Missionary Society, and were warmly welcomed by Mr. Judson. Mr. Hough brought with him a printing-press and a large supply of Burmese type and paper for printing tracts and books. A tract, a catechism, and the Gospel were first set up and printed by Mr. Hough.

In 1819 the first zayat was opened for preaching and religious instruction. A zayat is a large and beautiful house, found in every village, where strangers and travellers could rest. It is very much like a hotel, only it has but one or two large rooms. In June a man came to Mr. Judson, expressing sorrow on account of his sins, and desiring baptism. After some conversation with him the missionary became convinced of his sincerity, and baptized him. In November two others were baptized, making three converts in seven years' toil. But these

three, in embracing the Christian faith, became the occasion of a great excitement and persecution. The priests were specially enraged, and by their influence obtained an order from the government to stop zayat and all other preaching. This circumstance led Mr. Judson to see what peril he was in, and at once, in company with Mr. Colman, his associate in the mission, he started for Amarapura, where the king resided. They carried with them many rich and costly presents, and after a long delay obtained an opportunity of stating their case. But no sooner had they finished than the king abruptly ordered them away, telling them he would in no sense grant their request.

This stern repulse so affected the brethren that they resolved on removing from Rangoon to the adjacent district of Arracan, under the government of Bengal. They stated their determination to the three converts, who heard the news with hearts of sadness, and said it must not be so. "We will stay with you and die for you, if need be," remarked Moung Nau, the first one converted; "you must not leave." The fixed purpose of these men changed the views of Mr. Judson, and he concluded to remain a while longer at Rangoon.

In the summer of 1820 Mr. Judson baptized seven additional converts, though it was at the peril of their lives.

Towards the close of 1821 the Rev. Jonathan Price and his wife were added to the mission. Mr. Price was a physician as well as a preacher, and as

soon as the Burman king learned this he sent for him to come and live at Ava, which had become the seat of government. Accordingly, accompanied by Mr. Judson, Dr. Price went up the Irrawadi River, and presented himself at the court of the Burman monarch. Several persons, among them the king, at once recognized Mr. Judson, and entered into conversation with him about his new religion, his success in converting the Burmese, and kindred topics. The king was so free in his inquiries as to ask for a sample of missionary preaching, so that he and his court could know something about what sort the new religion was.

WAR BREAKS OUT.

For several months the doctor and Mr. Judson remained at Ava, the former being very successful in his practice, and both, by their kind conduct, winning the regards of all with whom they came in contact. In fact, so strongly was the king prepossessed in favour of the missionaries, that he insisted on their making Ava their permanent home. With this they were pleased, and both began immediately to arrange their affairs to this end; but scarcely had they begun when the news spread like wildfire all over the country, that war had been declared between Great Britain and Burmah. May 23 a messenger announced to the missionaries the capture of Rangoon by the English, which filled them at first with joy and then with fear. Besides the missionaries there were three young English

merchants at Ava, named Gouger, Laird, and Rogers. These were arrested as spies and put in confinement, and Dr. Price and Mr. Judson were fearing the same fate, though more than once assured by the king's brother that they should not be disturbed. At length word came for the missionaries to appear before a court of inquiry. They were rigidly questioned, the great point being to know whether they had not been in correspondence with the government of England in regard to the state of Burmah. To this both the Doctor and Mr. Judson replied that they had written letters only to friends in America, never once having had any correspondence either with English officers or the Bengal government. After their examination they were not put into confinement, but were permitted to go to their own houses. Subsequently, however, in looking over the accounts of Mr. Gouger, the Burmese officials found that the missionaries had taken money orders from him on Bengal. Not understanding the nature of such transactions, they lost no time in telling the king that Dr. Price and Mr. Judson were in the pay of the English, and that in their opinion they were both liars and spies. The old king was terribly angry when he heard this, and ordered the arrest of the "two teachers."

THE "TEACHERS" ARRESTED.

Just before dinner, on June 8, 1824, a gang of men rushed into Mr. Judson's house. One of

them was an officer, with a black book in his hand, and another of the twelve accompanying him was a man of spotted face, an executioner, with a small hard cord in his hands.

"Where is the teacher?" called out the officer.

"Here I am," calmly replied Mr. Judson.

"You are called by the king," exclaimed the officer.

These are the words always used on occasion of making a criminal arrest. Scarcely had they been uttered ere the man of spotted face had thrown Mr. Judson on the floor, and began tying him with the cord, the instrument of torture. Mrs. Judson caught him by the arm and said, "Stay, I will give you money;" whereupon the officer vociferated, "Take her too, she is a foreigner." Mr. Judson, too, begged with an imploring look that they would not bind him till he could see the king himself.

By this time the whole neighbourhood was in an uproar. Some masons who were working on a brick house close by threw down their tools and came in, and the street people by hundreds gathered round to see what was going on. The little Burmese children were terrified because of the spotted-face man, and ran screaming and crying in every direction; while the servants in Mr. Judson's employ stood amazed at the indignity and cruelty shown their master.

Mrs. Judson offered the hardened executioner a handful of silver if he would untie the cords from her husband and let him go; but, with a stern

coldness, he spurned the offer, drew the cords tighter, and dragged the poor man off. She then gave the money to a Burmese friend, Moung Ing, requesting him to follow the crowd, and, if possible, procure a mitigation of Mr. Judson's tortures. The cord was tied around the two arms above the elbow, and could be drawn back at any time so as to stop breathing. Very often, under the operation of the punishment, a shoulder was dislocated, and cases without number are on record where the blood was forced suddenly from the mouth and nose, causing death in a few moments. Moung Ing took the money and followed on; but when he made the offer the officer refused it, and told the executioner to throw Mr. Judson down and tighten the cords, which he did.

The gang went on to the court-house, where the officers of the law were in waiting, one of whom read the sentence of the king commanding Mr. Judson to be cast into what was termed the death-prison.

THE DEATH-PRISON.

This death-prison was constructed of boards, and was considerably stronger than any ordinary Burmese dwelling-house. There were no windows, nor other means of admitting the air, except by such cracks as always exist in a simple board house, and only one small door. The ground served as a floor, and prisoners were continually dying from disease, making the atmosphere very unhealthy and dangerous. The supply of food was so irregu-

lar, that, when it came, the maddened way in which it was devoured not unfrequently resulted in death.

The keepers of the prison were themselves criminals. Some of them had the word "Thief," others, "Robber," and still others, "Murderer," burned into the flesh of their foreheads or breasts; some had blue and black rings on the cheek or around the eye; and others had only half a nose, or one eye, and no ears. The head jailer went by the name of *tiger-cat*, and had on his breast, in deeply-burned, large letters, Loo-th'at, or *murderer*. He pretended to be very kind, bringing down his heavy hammer with a joke on his lips as he made more secure the manacles of some wretched prisoner, and affectionately putting his arms around some one's neck and kissing him as he pinched his flesh or ran needles into it.

Into such a prison and among such cruel wretches was Mr. Judson thrust. His wife was at home alone, excepting four small Burmese girls who had been living with her. She went into an inner room and tried to pray, but the Burmese officers without kept her in fear of her life the whole night. Some of them threatened to tear her house down, and put the cord on her and carry her off; others yelled out that they had fire, and would burn her and the house up together. Morning came, however, without finding herself or the little girls injured.

Moung Ing calling, Mrs. Judson requested

him to go and ascertain the situation of her husband, and to give him food, if living. He soon came back with the news that Dr. Price and Mr. Judson and all of the white prisoners were alive, but that each of them had on three pairs of iron fetters, and that all were fastened to a long pole to keep them from moving. This pole was passed between the legs, and was fastened at each end; so that the men, nine in number, were compelled to lie in a row upon the floor, without a mattress, or so much as a block or piece of wood for a pillow. One leg rested on the upper side of the long bamboo pole, and with all its weight of iron shackles pressed upon the leg below, producing, even after partial numbness had taken place, an agony almost beyond endurance.

Mrs. Judson had seen Burmese offenders manacled in this way before, and her distress and anxiety to do something for the relief of her husband and the rest were great. But being a prisoner herself, she could do nothing. She begged and entreated one of the officers to let her go to some member of the government and state her case; but he said he dared not do it. She then wrote a letter to one of the king's sisters, with whom she was on intimate terms, beseeching her to interfere on behalf of the missionaries; but the letter was sent back, with the message that nothing could be done. Fearing, as night came on, that the officers would trouble her with threats as they had on the previous evening, she made them some

tea and gave them cigars, which had the effect of keeping the brutal wretches quiet.

On the third day she wrote and sent a letter to the governor of the city, who had the entire direction of prison affairs, requesting permission to visit him with a present. The governor was pleased and told her to come, and at the same time informing the guards that they must offer her no indignity or resistance. On reaching the governor's house she was received pleasantly, but was informed that the prisoners could not be set free, though possibly their situation might be rendered more comfortable. "Go to my head officer at the prison," said the governor; "may be he will do something for you." She went, but her first glance told her that the tiger-cat would probably do nothing.

"What shall I do," said she to the chief jailer, "to obtain some mitigation of the sufferings of the two teachers?"

"Give me," was the reply, "two hundred ticals, (about £10), two pieces of fine cloth, and two pieces of hankerchiefs."

Mrs. Judson had her pocket full of gold and silver, but she had no cloth or handkerchiefs either with her or at home. She drew out the money, and begged that he would take it, and not insist on articles which were not in her possession. The hardened monster frowned at first and refused, but in a few moments agreed to take the money and relieve the teachers.

Mrs. Judson then procured an order from the governor for her admittance into the prison, and started to see her husband. The order, however, failed to admit her. She was only permitted to see Mr. Judson at the door, and while conversing with him there the iron-hearted jailers gruffly told her to leave. She showed the order from the governor, and entreated them piteously to let her go in; but they told her, with greater roughness than ever, to leave instantly or they would drag her away.

The same evening the missionaries, together with the other prisoners who paid an equal sum, were taken out of the prison and confined under a shed in the prison-yard. Here Mrs. Judson was allowed to send them food and mats to sleep on, but was not herself allowed to enter.

Shortly afterwards the property of Mr. Gouger, amounting to fifty thousand rupees, or nearly £5000, was confiscated. Next the officers entered the dwelling of Mrs. Judson, and informed her they were going to serve her the same way. She gave them chairs to sit on and some sweetmeats to eat, and treated them very civilly, though her heart was almost too full to allow her speaking a word.

"Where is your gold and silver?" said the royal treasurer, after having looked around in vain for money; "and where are your jewels?"

"I have no gold or jewels," said she, "but here is the key to a trunk containing all the silver I have; do with it as you please."

The trunk was pulled out and unlocked, and the silver weighed.

"This money," said Mrs. Judson, while they were at work, "was collected in America by the disciples of Christ, and sent here for the purpose of building a *kyoung* (the name of a priest's dwelling) and for our support while teaching the religion of Christ. Is it right for you to take it?"

The reason of saying this was because the Burmese are very much opposed to taking what is offered in a religious point of view.

"We will talk to the king about it," said the chief officer, "and if he sees proper he may restore it."

So they went on searching, taking everything that struck their fancy, but making a list only of the articles of clothing, the medicines and books, and of a little work-table, and rocking-chair, sent over from America by Mrs. Judson's brother as presents.

The officers carried the money and other things to the king, saying, "Judson is a true teacher; we found nothing in his house but what belongs to priests. In addition to this money there are an immense number of books, medicines, trunks full of clothes, etc., of which we have only taken a list. Shall we take them or let them remain?"

"Let them remain," said the king, "and put this property by itself, for it shall be restored to Mr. Judson again if he is found innocent." This was an allusion to the idea of his being a spy.

Mrs. Judson prepared a petition to the queen, who was once her warm friend, asking her to intercede for the release of her husband and Dr. Price; but the queen sent word back, "*The teachers will not die; let them remain as they are.*" This went like a thunderbolt to her heart, and for ten long days she endeavoured to obtain admittance to the prison to tell Mr. Judson the sad news. She then wrote a letter, and managed to secure a poor Burmese labourer, her friend, to carry it secretly to her husband. The plan succeeded, and in this way several letters were passed back and forth. At last the letter-carrier was found out, and whipped nearly to death, and then placed in the stocks, and kept there several days. Mrs. Judson was also fined ten dollars for the alleged misdemeanour, and threats were made to her that the prisoners would suffer additionally.

During seven months the nine prisoners were subjected to exactions and extortions next to incredible. Sometimes gold and silver were demanded of them; at other times pieces of cloth and bundles of handkerchiefs; and then again an order would be issued that the white prisoners should not speak to or look at each other, or have any communications with their friends without. Servants who carried food into the prison were made to pay extra heavy prices to the jailers for the privilege. For days and days together Mrs. Judson could not go to see her husband till after dark; and then, at nine o'clock at night, weary and exhausted, she

had to return home alone, leaving her husband, fettered and helpless, on the prison floor.

A CHANGE FOR THE WORSE.

One afternoon at the close of the seventh month a change came. A crowd of natives rushed into the prison-yard, and while some seized the white prisoners, already burdened with three pairs of fetters, and put on two pairs more, others tore down the little bamboo house which Mrs. Judson had built, and snatched up and carried off all the pillows and mattresses. Mr. Judson and Dr. Price, as well as the seven others, were stripped nearly naked, and hurried into the inner prison, then thrown on the floor and the bamboo pole run between their legs. The cause of all this was the receipt of the news at Ava of the complete rout and destruction by the English of the Burman army under Bandoola, the greatest war-captain the king had.

Here were more than one hundred wretched men writhing and groaning and rattling their chains, and struggling to obtain a little pure air and some relief from the fever and heat of the dark room. At nightfall one of the jailers whispered that all the white prisoners were to be executed at three o'clock that night. Dr. Price heard this whisper, and told Mr. Judson, and soon the whole prison knew of it. There was no attempt at sleeping after that. The long, terrible hours before midnight were passed in silence. At one

o'clock Mr. Judson prayed aloud for all the company, and afterwards each one prayed long and earnestly for himself. Two o'clock came, as they supposed, and there was no movement outside, and then three o'clock, the fatal hour; but still there was no sound among the jailers, and the prisoners began to hope it was only a false report. They waited in suspense till the gray morning light shone through the board cracks, when the head jailer came in, and in answer to their questions whether they were to be executed, chucking them under the chin, he said, "Oh no, I can't spare my beloved children yet." As he finished speaking he kicked the bamboo pole so violently that all the chains rattled, and the five rows of fetters dashed together, pinching sharply the flesh they caught between them.

After Mr. Judson had been about a month in the inner prison he was attacked with a slow fever, which threatened to terminate his life. His wife, on learning his illness, was greatly distressed, and begged permission of the jailers to rebuild the bamboo house in the prison inclosure; but it was all in vain.

STARVING A LION TO DEATH.

Something like a year before the war broke out the king had received from a foreign friend the present of a noble lion. The king thought a great deal of his present, as also did all the members of his court. But now it was noised around that the English carried a lion upon their standard, and

that the real reason of the failure in war of Bandoola was because of the lion kept by the king. No one, however, dared to speak out boldly against the lion, except a brutal fellow who was brother to the king's wife, and who owed all his position and influence to the subtle tricks and sly intriguings of his sister. He said two or three times in the hearing of the king, "If that old lion was only out of the way, they could soon kill off the English army." Another fellow, called a *pakanwoon,* was full of the same superstition; but the king informed them both that their stories were fool's notions, and that the lion should not be disturbed.

These two men, nevertheless, kept up their talk, and succeeded in making a vast number of people believe them, and at last the king was compelled to take the lion from the palace, and have him placed in a cage in the prison-yard. He gave special orders, however, that the lion should not be killed or tortured without his written orders. The queen's brother nodded assent, and added that he would carefully see to him; yet scarcely was the king out of sight before he gave orders to the prison-keepers to withhold all food from the lion till he should starve to death.

The cage was newly ironed and barricaded, and every precaution taken to prevent the animal's breaking out. And now began a new and terrible scene of misery. The missionaries had seen men and boys beaten and smothered and starved, and then dragged out by the heels and fed to the dogs.

But to see a lion, that could not comprehend the meaning of such cruelty, was something for which the missionaries were not prepared.

Day after day the poor beast writhed with the pangs of hunger, parched with thirst, and bruised and bleeding from his fearful struggles to escape from the cage. "His roarings," said Mr. Judson, "seemed to shake the prison to its foundations, and sent a thrill of indescribable terror to our hearts." The head jailer said it was the British lion struggling against the conquering Burmahs, though at times his face betrayed marks of uneasiness and fear. Now and then a woman, who could not bear to hear the poor animal howl and roar so, would steal in, in the nightfall, and throw some crumbs of food to him through the cage bars. Instead, however, of appeasing his hunger, his ravings were only made the wilder by so small an amount. At last, however, he died, and his skeleton was dragged out of the cage and buried with more honour than is customarily shown in the case of human beings.

By long importunity Mrs. Judson succeeded in obtaining the permission of the governor to take her husband out of the prison into the empty lion's cage. He was very weak from the fever, and could scarcely crawl to his new quarters; and when in the cage neither he nor Mrs. Judson could stand up in it, so low was its top.

The governor, it ought to have been stated before, though a man of rough appearance, had some

redeeming qualities. At one time, when Mrs. Judson went to see him in reference to liberating her husband, he told her that he would be glad to set him at liberty, but he could not except at the peril of his own life. "Three times," said he, "has the queen's brother given instructions to murder all the white prisoners; but I have as often defeated his orders, and though all the other white prisoners are executed, yet never, so long as I have the use of my sword, shall any one kill Mr. Judson." This revelation in regard to secret orders for murdering the prisoners filled Mrs. Judson with the utmost consternation and fear. She lived every hour expecting the next would be the time set for their execution.

ANOTHER CHANGE AND THE SECRET MARCH.

One morning, while Mrs. Judson was sitting in the cage with her husband, just after he was through eating the breakfast she had brought, a messenger came in haste to inform her that she was wanted at the governor's. She started up in fear, and hurried tremblingly to his house. At first sight of his face, which was all smiles, her fear left her, and when he stated to her that his watch was out of order, and that he wished it examined and fixed, she very pleasantly replied that she would do the best she could, and sitting down she began the work.

For some two hours she was in the governor's company, he being very talkative and agreeable.

She then started home, but on her way was met by one of her former female servants, who told her that the prisoners, her husband among the rest, had all been carried off. Instantly Mrs. Judson saw through the governor's deception, and became almost wild with grief. She ran into one of the principal streets, and a long distance down it, hoping to catch some glimpse of her husband, but in vain. She asked every one she met what had become of the white prisoners, but no one could answer her. At length she met an old woman, who informed her that they had been marched off towards "the little river," and that they were afterwards to be taken to Amarapoora. She thereupon ran to the little river, but could see nothing of them. She then hurried to the place where criminals were executed, but found nothing of them there. Lastly, she returned to the governor's house, and inquired of him, who at first pretended to be surprised at their having disappeared, but in the end said he supposed they had gone to Amarapoora.

Next morning Mrs. Judson packed two trunks with some of the most valuable articles in her house, and had them and the medicine chest deposited at the governor's; the rest of the things she left in charge of two faithful servants. By sunrise she and her little company, consisting of her babe, three months old, named Maria, two little Burman girls, and a Bengalese cook, who was the only servant, were on their way. They proceeded

five miles in a covered boat, and then secured a cart for the two remaining miles. The day was dreadfully hot and dusty, and Mrs. Judson and her babe nearly perished before reaching Amarapoora.

What was her astonishment on arriving at the courtyard to learn that the prisoners were not there, but that two hours previously they had been sent to a prison four miles distant! The carman who brought her to Amarapoora refused to go further, saying that his bullocks were tired, and that it was too hot and dusty. With her babe in her arms, and the sun pouring down its blistering rays, she walked all over the town seeking a new carman. Succeeding at last, the journey was resumed, and just at dusk they came in sight of Oung-pen-la, where the prison was located. Procuring a guide from the governor of the place, she made her way to the prison-yard. The prison itself was an old and shattered building, without a roof; eight or ten Burmese labourers were at work making a roof of leaves; and underneath a projection outside of the prison sat the nine chained white prisoners, almost dead with suffering and fatigue. Mr. Judson, especially, was very much exhausted, having not yet recovered from his attack of fever.

THE IMPRISONMENT AT OUNG-PEN-LA.

What did Mrs. Judson say at the sight of her husband, and what did he say at sight of her? Nothing escaped her lips; but *his* first words were:

"Why have you come? I hoped you would not follow, for you cannot live here." It was now dark. Mrs. Judson and all the rest were very hungary, but she had no tea or bread, nothing even of which they could make a meal. No one had a bed on which to lie; and as to Mrs. Judson and the children, they were not permitted to stay in the prison or the prison-yard over night. She begged of one of the jailers the privilege of putting up a little bamboo hut near the prison; but he said it was not customary, and refused the request. Seeing, however, the weak state of the babe, and the mother's exhausted strength, he took them to his own house of two small rooms, and told her she might have the smaller one. It was partly filled with grain, and was damp and filthy; but the hour being late, and this her only chance for the night, she went in. Borrowing some lukewarm water of the jailer's wife, she drank it instead of tea, and then threw herself on a mat to sleep.

Early next morning Mr. Judson gave his wife an account of the brutal treatment he received when taken from the prison at Ava. While she was at the governor's he was roughly dragged out, and all his clothes stripped off except his shirt and pantaloons. Every other prisoner was served in the same way. Then round the waist of each a stout rope was wound, and thus fixed, barefooted and bareheaded, walking in pairs, an officer in advance of the company on horseback, and a slave holding

to each pair by a cord, the wretched men marched along none of them knew whither. It was in May, the hottest month of the year in Burmah, and about eleven o'clock A.M. They had proceeded scarcely half a mile when Mr. Judson's feet blistered, and so great was his agony that he cried out to be thrown into the river. There were yet eight miles to walk, and the way was over sand and gravel that felt like hot coals to their naked feet. The skin peeled almost wholly off, but the unfeeling drivers plied them with their whips, caring nothing if they killed them even before reaching Amarapoora.

Previous to starting, Mr. Judson had tasted no breakfast, and from the effects of his fever was unable to endure fatigue like the rest. When about half way the company stopped to drink, and he asked the officer who took the lead if he could not let him ride a while on horseback; but a scowl of vengeance was all the reply he received. He then asked the man to whom he was tied, Captain Laird, if he might not take hold of his shoulder and rest himself a little, to which the captain kindly assented. But they had proceeded in this way only a little over a mile when the captain's strength failed. Just at this time a Bengalee servant in the employ of Mr. Gouger came up, and seeing Mr. Judson's failing condition, gave him his shoulder, and carried him nearly all the remainder of the journey. He also tore his turban in two, which was made of cloth, and giving half

to Mr. Gouger and half to Mr. Judson, they bound up their bleeding feet with the pieces.

One of the prisoners, a Greek, who was fleshier than the rest, fell prostrated by the heat when the party were two miles out from Ava. The drivers whipped him most inhumanly when down, but finding he could not rise they pulled him along by the arms, and at last threw him into a passing cart. He reached Amarapoora with the rest, but died one hour afterwards.

The captain seeing the deplorable condition of his prisoners, determined to stay one night at Amarapoora, though originally he had determined to reach Oung-pen-la before stopping. An old shed was found, and under it they were driven to spend the night. The wife of the lamine-woon, or chief officer, had her heart moved when she saw the wretched condition of the "white men," and immediately ordered some fruit, sugar, and tamarinds for their supper. In the morning she further manifested the benevolence of her heart by cooking some rice, which, poor though it was, was eaten with grateful hearts. Carts were then brought, drawn by oxen, and the prisoners placed in them, they being unable to walk. All this while no one knew what was going to be done with them, and when they arrived at Oung-pen-la a whisper passed round that the white faces were to be burned up. Happily their fears were relieved when they saw the lamine-woon give orders to his men to patch up the prison for their occu-

pancy. While the men were mending the roof Mrs. Judson and her little girls and servant came.

After a restless night with her babe Mrs. Judson arose, and leaving the child with the older one of the girls, started in search of food. She returned after a long march unsuccessful. One of the prisoners, however, a friend of Dr. Price, had brought some cold rice and a vegetable curry, or stew, from Amarapoora, and another one some tea. Out of these a breakfast was made. For dinner they had a stew of dried fish and vegetables. Mrs. Judson had a little money with her, secreted in her dress; but she could make little use of it, from the fact that there was nothing to buy.

Here, also, began great personal troubles with Mrs. Judson. She had not a single article of convenience, not even a chair or stool. The very morning of her arrival little Mary Haseltine, the older of the two Burmese girls, was struck down with small-pox in the natural way. Her husband was also prostrated with a fresh attack of fever. She could obtain no help or medicine. Her babe cried piteously and almost constantly, and she had to keep her nearly every moment in her arms. First she would have to look after Mary Haseltine and then after her husband, and all the time after the babe, except when asleep. Then it would lie for an hour or so on a bamboo mat by the side of its father.

At length Mary Haseltine became delirious, and her whole body was so covered with the pox

as to leave no distinction of pustules. Mrs. Judson had inoculated Abby, the younger Burmese girl, and the baby and the jailer's children. But the inoculation not taking effect in the case of her babe, it was soon prostrated with the disease. For three long months it suffered most distressingly. The fact that Abby and the children of the jailer escaped almost entirely led the people of the town to flock to Mrs. Judson in great numbers with their children. She vaccinated the latter by scratching a place on their arms till the blood started a little, and then rubbing the place with vaccine matter which she obtained from some of the townspeople. Mrs. Judson herself, though she had been vaccinated in America, had over one hundred pustules on her body while nursing Mary and the babe.

Gradually Mr. Judson grew better. At first the prisoners were chained two and two, but as soon as the prison-keepers found other chains they separated the men, fastening on them but one pair. The great exertion which Mrs. Judson had made brought on a disease of the bowels, to which foreigners are subject in India, and which almost always terminates in a few days with death. She had no medicine with which to check it, nor was any to be found nearer than Ava. She became so weak that she could scarcely go once a day to see her chained husband; but in this low state she set out for Ava, where her medicine chest was deposited. She reached the governor's house in safety,

and for two or three days the disease was at a stand. Suddenly it came on again, and so violently that she saw death staring her in the face. Her only wish now was to get back to Oung-pen-la and die beside her husband and babe. There was no one to give her medicine, but with great effort she crawled to the medicine chest, and taking out a vial of laudanum swallowed two drops. She did this at the end of every two hours for a day, and then crawled down, being too weak to walk, and got into a boat bound for Amarapoora. The last four miles of her journey to Oung-pen-la was in a cart. It was the rainy season, and the mud was knee-deep to the oxen at every step. The wheels of the cart were simply a large board roughly rounded, with a hole in the centre, allowing any amount of play to the axle or pole; for the carts were all constructed with a box resting on a pole passing through these rough wheels.

On reaching Oung-pen-la she was almost gone. Her faithful Bengalee servant on first seeing her burst into tears at her emaciated appearance. He picked her up and carried her to her little room in the jailer's house, and there, on the bamboo matting, she lay helpless for two months. But for the kind and unwearied attentions of her Bengalee cook she and her husband would have died. According to the caste or religion of Burmah a cook must never do anything but cook; but in the present case the young man forgot his caste, and did everything in his power to relieve the babe and

Mr. and Mrs. Judson. Very often he would go without food all day in his anxiety to promote their health and happiness. He had frequently to walk miles for wood and water, and yet he never uttered a word of complaint nor said anything about pay.

During these two months' sickness Mrs. Judson's babe, Maria, suffered the most. She could not nurse her, nor could the father be of any help. By long persuasion and the offer of presents, she prevailed on the jailer to allow her husband to go out into town with the child in his arms, to beg the privilege of having it nursed by mothers who had small children. Through the night Mr. Judson was chained in the prison-yard, and the poor child lay all night on the matting in a corner of Mrs. Judson's room, and yet she was unable even to drag herself to it! Once in a while the jailers would allow Mr. Judson to visit her, and then again their iron-hearts would not suffer him to go for a week or more. In almost all cases it became necessary to pay money for the privilege of a visit.

The pakan-woon, or commander of the army, had determined on the sacrifice of all the white prisoners. He was at the head of an army of fifty thousand soldiers, and more than once had made his arrangements to proceed in person to Oung-pen-la to have the prisoners put to death. Very providentially for them he was suspected of treason by the king, and, without any examination or warning, was put to death himself.

THE RELEASE.

At the end of eighteen months' imprisonment, an order came for the release of Mr. Judson. With a joyful heart Mrs. Judson prepared to leave Oung-pen-la; but what was her disappointment on being informed by the chief jailer that she was not mentioned in the order of release, and therefore could not go. She told them that she was not a prisoner, never had been, and that, therefore, an order for her release was unnecessary and absurd. But the avaricious wretches could not thus be satisfied. They forbade on penalty of execution any villager from hiring her a cart and oxen.

Mr. Judson was then taken out of prison to the house of the jailer, and there, after a long altercation and various threats and promises, he obtained permission for Mrs. Judson to leave also. Only within a few days she had received a liberal supply of provisions from Ava, and all this had to be surrendered to the jailers for their own use.

At noon they left, Mr. Judson being in charge of the chief jailer, and Mrs. Judson and her servant and children in a boat which she hired. Both reached Ava before dark; but while Mrs. Judson found her way to her own house, Mr. Judson was locked up in prison.

Early next morning Mrs. Judson went to look after her husband. She was almost disheartened to find him locked up again, and still with his chains on; but the governor of the city informed her that he was only imprisoned for a short time,

and that as soon as certain affairs were settled he was to go to the Burmese camp as interpreter. "He shall come to-morrow on his way to Maloun, where the army is encamped, and see you a while," said the governor.

With great anxiety Mrs. Judson waited to see if the governor's words were true. They so turned out. Her husband spent an hour or two with her, and was then hurried into a little boat for Maloun. He was three days on the river, and having no bed and being exposed to the night dews, was attacked again with fever, which very nearly put an end to his life.

Scarcely had her husband left before Mrs. Judson, whose health had never recovered from the sickness suffered at Oung-pen-la, began rapidly to fail. A dreadful Indian disease, called the spotted fever, attacked her. She knew that in the majority of cases the disease terminated fatally. Her distress in regard to her babe, Maria, was great, but the very day she was prostrated a Burmese nurse offered her services. This was all the more remarkable, from the fact she had repeatedly, on previous occasions, tried hard, yet in vain, to obtain a nurse.

At this dreadful period Dr. Price was released from prison, and hearing of her illness hastened to see her. He found her situation distressing to the last degree, and thought she could not survive many hours. Her hair was shaved and blisters applied to her head and feet, and the most strenu-

ous efforts made to have her take some nourishment, which she obstinately refused for several days. Dr. Price was permitted to remain with her only part of one day, and his heart ached and hope died within him as he was dragged away.

About this time Mr. Judson was returned from the Burmese camp to Ava. He passed immediately in front of his own house as he proceeded to the governor's house. He had not seen his wife or child for six weeks, and he begged earnestly and imploringly that he might go in at the door, which was open, if only for five minutes; but his keepers were deaf to his appeals, and dragged him on to the court-yard. There, under a decaying shed, he lay chained for the night. Early in the morning the governor sent for him, and remarked to him that he would be security to the government and let him have his liberty.

More swiftly than the feet of a deer he ran to his house; the door was open, and without being seen by any one, he entered. The first object which met his eye was a fat, half-naked Burmese woman, squatting in the ashes beside a pan of fire, and holding a puny babe on her lap, all covered with dirt, and which he did not for a moment think was his own. He hurried into an adjoining room, and across the foot of a bed, as if she had fallen there, was a woman whom he had as much difficulty in recognizing as his child. Her face was ghastly pale, the features shrivelled and pinched, and the hair entirely shaved from the head, which

was now covered with a coarse cotton cap. The room itself wore an air of the most abject wretchedness. The person lying on the bed was Mrs. Judson, that devoted woman who had so unwearied followed him from prison to prison, alleviating his misery, and all without so much as common hireling attendance. The scene was too much for his heart, and the hot tears from his eyes falling upon her cheek, together with the wail of sorrow that escaped his lips, awoke the almost dying sufferer. Gradually she recovered; but it was a month before she could stand on her feet.

An attempt was subsequently made to have Mr. Judson sent back to the prison at Oung-pen-la. His wife accidentally hearing of this, while yet confined to her room, was so seriously affected that her nurse ran out of the house and declared she was dead. Referring to the circumstance, Mrs. Judson, in a letter to her brother, used these words: "If ever I felt the value and efficacy of prayer I did at this time. I could not rise from my couch; I could make no effort to secure my husband; I could only plead with that great and powerful Being who has said, 'Call upon me in the day of trouble, and *I will hear*, and thou shalt glorify me!' and who made me at this time feel so powerfully this promise that I became quite composed, feeling assured that my prayers would be answered."

The English army were approaching constantly nearer and nearer to Ava, and the Burmese were

thrown into great consternation. They saw, from the ease with which their forces were vanquished, that unless peace was speedily made their city would fall into the hands of the foreign army. Mr. Judson and Dr. Price were consulted daily, as also were two officers in captivity there. After almost endless negotiations, and the payment of a large sum of money to the king by Sir Archibald Campbell, the commander of the English forces, Mr. and Mrs. Judson, were allowed to leave Ava for the English camp at Amherst, thirty miles from Maulmain.

It was on a cool moonlight night in March that the little party, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Judson, their babe, and Abby and Mary Haseltine, set sail down the river Irrawadi for the British camp. For the first time for a year and a-half they were free from the oppressive rule of the Burmese. That they were happy need not be said. Mr. Judson, in referring to the matter, wrote these words: "My wife was by my side, my baby in my arms, and we all free. No one but ourselves could understand the feeling of our hearts. It needs a twenty-one months' qualification; and I can never regret my twenty-one months of misery when I recall that one delicious thrill, experienced that March moonlight night as we floated down the Irrawadi. I think I have had a better appreciation of what heaven may be ever since."

Mrs. Judson's words in regard to her release

are these: "With sensations of delight not to be described, I beheld the masts of a steamboat, the sure presage of being within the bounds of civilized life! As soon as our boat reached the shore, Brigadier A. and another officer came on board, congratulated us on our arrival, and invited us on board the steamboat, where I passed the remainder of the day, while Mr. Judson went on to meet the General, who, with a detachment of the army, had encamped at Yandabo, a few miles further down the river. Mr. Judson returned in the evening, with an invitation from Sir Archibald Campbell to come immediately to his quarters, where I was the next morning received with the greatest kindness by the General, who had a tent pitched for us near his own, took us to his own table, and treated us with the kindness of a father, rather than as strangers of another country. I presume to say that no persons on earth were ever happier than we were during the two weeks we passed at the English camp. For several days this single idea wholly occupied my mind—that we were out of the power of the Burmese government, and were once more under the protection of the English. Our feelings continually dictated expressions like this: 'What shall we render to the Lord for all his benefits towards us?'"

Not long after, a treaty of peace was concluded and signed by both the English and Burmese, and a public proclamation made of the cessation of hostilities. Mr. and Mrs. Judson went to Yan-

dabo, remained there two weeks, then left for Rangoon, where they arrived after an absence of two years and three months.

During the stay of Mrs. Judson at the British camp, Sir Archibald Campbell gave an entertainment to a number of the Burmese officials. A large table was spread, and some twenty invited to it. Mrs. Judson sat on the right of General Campbell, and, in reply to inquiries made by him, narrated a number of stories regarding the Burmese commissioners at the table. They did not fully understand Mrs. Judson's English, but they knew enough to comprehend that they were the subjects of the conversation. There was one old man concerning whom she told several painful circumstances. Once, when Mr. Judson was suffering from fever in the stifled air of the inner prison, with five pairs of fetters about his ankles, she walked a distance of several miles to his house to ask a favour. She left home early in the morning, and stood waiting at the foot of his stairs till near noon before he would condescend to see her. She stated her request on his appearance, but he roughly refused her, ordering her at once to leave. As with a heavy heart she was turning away, his eye caught sight of the silk umbrella in her hand, which he instantly seized. She pleaded with him for its return, telling him she had no money with her with which to buy another, and that she feared she would fall with the sunstroke if she went home without one. But his heart was hard and his

ears deaf. "Go off with you," said he, "you shall not have even a paper umbrella from me; you have no need of any such thing, for you are too little for the sun to find you;" and so off through the terrible, burning heat for five miles she was compelled to walk. It was a miracle almost that she was not struck dead.

As she told this incident to General Campbell and the other officers at the table, they were filled with indignation, and could scarcely keep from wreaking their vengeance on the Burmese commissioners. The poor fellow who was the subject of her remarks understood much of what was said, and turned deathly pale, while the cold sweat came out all over his face. Mrs. Judson spoke softly to him in Burman, saying that no harm should be done him; yet even this failed to compose him and his fellows. They felt that they deserved death rather than kindness.

In the latter part of June, 1826, Mr. Judson settled with his family in Amherst. At the earnest entreaty of Mr. Crawford, the British commissioner, and with the hope of securing religious toleration for the foreigners, Mr. Judson, on July 5, left Amherst for Ava, by way of Rangoon. He was so delayed that he did not reach Ava, however, till September 30. He failed in his application to the king, and on November 24, a letter came with a black seal in the handwriting of a British officer, reading thus:—

"My dear Sir,—To one who has suffered so much and with such exemplary fortitude, there needs but little preface to tell a tale of distress. It were cruel indeed to torture you with doubt and suspense. To sum up the unhappy tidings in a few words, *Mrs. Judson is no more.* She died of remittent fever on October 24, in the thirty-seventh year of her age. A few native Christian women were her only female attendants. She sent as her last message to her husband by Dr. Richardson these words: "Tell him I love him, and that he must not enter the service of the British Government, but devote his life entirely to the missionary work.'"

On February 2, 1827, Abby Haseltine, one of the two Burmese girls whom Mrs. Judson took to bring up, died.

On April 24th, the baby, Maria Judson, died, aged two years and three months. Her little form was laid in a grave beside her mother, and there, under the shade of the *hopia* tree, both are sleeping till the morning of the resurrection shall dawn.

Mr. Judson lived eight years after the death of his wife Ann alone, and then married Mrs. Sarah H., widow of the Rev. George D. Boardman. His second wife died on shipboard at St. Helena, September 1st, 1845. She was buried in a beautiful shady grove on the island beside Mrs. Chater, a missionary from Ceylon, who had a short

time previously died also on shipboard when in sight of anchorage.

On June 2nd, 1846, he was married the third time to Miss Emily Chubbuck, better known under the name of Fanny Forrester. They left Boston for Maulmain July 11th, reaching their destination November 30th following.

In November, 1849, Mr. Judson, while assisting his wife in nursing a child during the night, was attacked with a violent cold, which was followed by fever of a graver type than any ever before suffered by him. He received the best medical attention in Maulmain, but continued nevertheless to decline. A sea voyage was recommended. Accordingly, on April 3rd, 1850, with Mr. Ranney of the Maulmain mission for a companion, he set sail for the isle of France. When scarcely three days out of sight of the mountains of Burmah, death came, and in triumph and peace he passed away. A strong plank coffin was constructed, several buckets of sand poured in to make it sink, and at eight o'clock in the evening, Friday, April 12th, 1850, all that was mortal of Adoniram Judson was committed in silence to the depths of the sea.

Since Mr. Judson's death, other missionaries have gone to Burmah, and now in that land some twenty devoted men and their wives are toiling for Christ's cause. Besides these, there are over ten hundred male and female assistants at work, and a Church membership of at least eight thousand souls.

CHRISTIAN MARTYRS OF MADAGASCAR.

THE ISLAND—THE PEOPLE—THEIR RELIGION.

To the east of the southern extremity of Africa, and washed on all sides by the waters of the Indian Ocean, lies the island of Madagascar. It is nine hundred miles in length from north to south, by three hundred broad, in its widest part, from east to west. It contains about two hundred million acres of land. The mineral productions are silver, iron, slate, limestone, and coal; the vegetable, cotton, hemp, silk, indigo, tobacco, gum elastic, sugar-cane, etc. The island has many fine ports, from which considerable trade is carried on with the Isle of France or Mauritius, one hundred and eighty-six miles to the west; with the Isle of Bourbon, and with the Arabs, and the Americans.

The population is something over three millions, though the island is capable of sustaining eight times that number. The government appears never to have formed one kingdom, but independent tribes to the number of twenty and

thirty have occupied the territory, as their disposition and strength would allow. The most powerful state is the kingdom of Madagascar, situated about two hundred miles from the eastern coast, in the central part of the island, called the Hova country.

The great mass of the people having emigrated from Malay are called Malagasys. In their system of religion, they acknowledge one God, the creator of all things, whom they call *Zanhare*, or "the God above." Although they have temples, or stated times or places for public worship, they possess all the elements and practise individually all the rites of the grossest idolatry. They observe every week a day of rest, or Sabbath, on which no manual labour is performed, the law of the island acknowledging and enforcing the propriety of such a regulation as both necessary and humane.

In manners and customs they resemble, in most particulars, other heathen nations. They are lazy and proud, full of revenge and superstition. The men and women each spend a great portion of their time in combing and plaiting their hair. Every settlement has one or more professional hair-pullers, generally girls, who, on the appearance of a gray hair in the head of the person who employs them, at once remove it. No man will allow his neighbour to think that he is growing old, and hence there are multitudes of people with thin coverings to their heads, the hair having

been pretty much or all pulled out on its turning gray, or at least before the full setting in of old age.

An English gentleman, the Rev. William Ellis, carried over to the island a few years since a photographic instrument for taking portraits, and copying plants, trees, animals, insects, and natural scenery. The natives were wonderfully astonished, and said it must have come down out of heaven. One man, whose portrait was taken, had a large mole or wart on one of his cheeks; this mole was, of course, copied faithfully in the photograph. He was wild with excitement, and pulling first at the wart on his face, and then at the one in the picture, said, if he could but get the wart from the picture, the one on his face would be frightened and fly away. Mr. Ellis had along with him a telegraphic instrument, and when he explained its use, and specially how the words would go miles in a minute along the wire, making no noise as they moved, the admiration of the islanders was extreme. The queen, however, was filled with fear, and declared she did not wish such a thing put up, as she had messengers who could carry the news quite fast enough for her.

In domestic life polygamy is universal, each man being allowed as many wives as he can provide for. Infanticide is recognized by law, and is carried on to a degree that is revolting beyond heathen countries generally. A class of priests called *Ombiasses* pretend to read the faces of the stars at the time of the birth of a child, and decide

its fate according to their reading. The months of March and April are especially unfortunate ones. The eighth day and last week of *every* month, together with every Wednesday and Friday, are pronounced by these Ombiasses to be under the influence of the stars and planets, so that during nearly half the year numberless human beings are liable to be destroyed. The usual method of accomplishing the horrid deed is by drowning, or by exposing the children to wild beasts, or else burying them alive.

FIRST MISSIONARY EFFORT.

From the time of its organization, the London Missionary Society had its eye upon Madagascar. In the year 1818, the Rev. David Jones and the Rev. Thomas Bevan left England, with their wives, for the island, under the auspices of the Society. They reached their destination in the rainy season, the sultriest and most fatal period of the year, and the whole party, Mr. Jones excepted, were swept off in a few days with fever. The mission was recommenced by Mr. Jones and Mr. Griffiths in 1820, at Tananarivo, the capital, in the district of An Kova. This was in the interior of the island, and its most healthy and populous part; and the mission was established with the express sanction of Radama, the chief, or king, as he styled himself. Schools were formed in the capital, and in various towns throughout the island, in which not only the English language, but the

principles of Christianity were carefully inculcated.

For fifteen years the mission proceeded undisturbed, and in this time the whole Bible was translated, corrected, and printed in the native language at the capital. Twenty thousand tracts and one thousand copies of a catechism were also printed. By the close of the year 1835 one hundred schools had been established, with four thousand scholars; and some fifteen thousand persons had received instruction at the hands of the missionaries. Two printing-presses were in operation at Tananarivo; a Malagasy and English Dictionary, in two volumes, had been published; adult Bible classes were formed throughout the city, and the minds of multitudes, enlightened by the preaching of the Gospel, had thrown off the bondage of superstition, and were now addressing in prayer the true God and Jesus Christ his Son. The women were especially active, appointing and leading prayer-meetings in the houses and groves. Through the exertions of one a chapel was projected and ultimately completed in a town near the chapel.

The more barbarous customs, civil and religious, of the island began to give way under the teachings of the missionaries. In several districts infanticide disappeared, and the ordinance of tangena, or the compulsory drinking of poisoned water, was abolished. Some four thousand officers employed by the government transacted their business in writing, which had a wonderful effect on the native

mind, considering the fact that before the arrival of the missionaries no such thing as pen or ink was known. Everything indicated a rapid change from barbarism to civilization and Christianity, when by an inscrutable providence the reigning king, Radama, was cut off, and an entirely different policy was instantly adopted by his successor.

BLOODY PERSECUTIONS.

Radama's successor was a woman, "Queen" Ranavalona, who had no title whatever to the succession, but who, through the help of the priests, to whom she was bigotedly attached, and two officers of the late king, managed to remove every obstacle out of the way. She was a woman of a peculiarly treacherous and bloody character; and though large promises were made on her behalf to the men who helped her to the throne, she nevertheless at an early date murdered one of them with her own hands. Several of the household of Radama were starved to death by her orders, two she poisoned, and one was scalded, a pit having been dug and the victim thrust into it head downward. Orders were issued for collecting a standing army, and in a few months twenty-five thousand persons were enrolled. This army was sent out by divisions into all parts of the country, and by it villages were destroyed, men murdered, and women and children carried captive and used in ways worse than death.

Mandates were published oftentimes requiring

all the men of certain districts to work solely for the government; and no pay or food being given them beyond what was necessary for their own sustenance, their families suffered beggary and starvation. Added to the infamy of this oppression was the fact that the men so employed were not in the necessary service of the government, but were compelled to spend their strength and time chiefly in collecting fighting bulls and dancing idiots for the queen. On one occasion the idiots not being as active in movement as desired, an order was issued that both they and the men who had procured them should suffer the tangena, or poison-water ordeal. In this punishment the poison was extracted from a plant called tangena, and mixed with the entrails of a fowl. If death ensued it was considered a proof of guilt; but as the judges had the power of regulating the strength of the dose, they produced whatever result they pleased. In the case of the men and idiots eleven died.

Some months after the queen's assumption of the government, she sent expeditions into every part of the island, with orders to destroy all the men who might be *presumed* to be unfavourable to her reign. These expeditions of armed men perpetrated fearful outrages. Not only was the enormous number of one hundred thousand men put to death in cold blood, but their wives and children were reduced to beggary and slavery.

About the same time those who had embraced

Christianity were commanded to come forward and abjure their religion. The schools were all broken up, and the books surrendered to the government. On the last Sabbath in February, 1835, the queen ordered all the women who had been taught by the missionaries to sew, to assemble in the palace court-yard and sew for her. The order was very reluctantly obeyed, for these women had sacredly kept the Lord's day since their conversion and baptism; yet in this instance it was compliance or death. In the evening of the same day, as she was returning home from a bull-fight, the queen heard singing in the chapel occupied by the missionaries, and stopping, she said to some of her attendants: "These people, I see, will not leave off till some of their heads are taken from their shoulders." Accordingly, on the following Tuesday orders were issued to secure a list of all the places where prayer-meetings were held, together with the names of all the baptized persons. Ranavalona solemnly swore that she would put to death the owners of all such houses. On Thursday of the same week the missionaries were notified to cease their teachings in favour of Christianity. A short time afterwards all the people who had been baptized, or who were in the least favourable to the new religion, were convened in the court-yard attached to the palace. Vast numbers of troops were present, and guns and cannons were fired to produce as much consternation as possible, after which the queen read an address

threatening with death all who would not recant. To give a show of reason to the movement, the charge was made that the missionaries and those who embraced their teachings were endeavouring to destroy her government, which charge had no truth whatever in it.

At the close of her speech many who had attended Christian worship, and among others twelve of the principal native teachers, came forward and accused themselves, and made their submission; but others remained faithful, and said they could not recant, "We did no evil," remarked some, "and intended none to the queen or her kingdom in our prayers and observance of the Sabbath. We prayed to the God of heaven to prosper her reign."

Being asked how often they prayed, the reply was: "We cannot tell; we always prayed before going to our work in the morning, and before going to sleep in the evening; also before and after eating, and often at other moments in the course of the day."

A man of considerable influence from a distant district was insultingly asked how many times he called on his God through the day. "I can scarcely tell," said he, "but for the last three or four years *I have not spent a single day* without offering prayer several times. I have never, however, asked for anything injurious to any one."

The judges then said they would like a specimen of his praying, to which, after some hesita-

tion, he assented. Finishing his short prayer of two minutes' length, he added that he always confessed his sins before God, implored his forgiveness, and asked for his help to enable him to live without sinning, that he might be prepared at last to reach heaven. "The same thing which I ask for myself," remarked he, "I ask for my family and friends, and the queen and all her subjects. I supplicate always in the name of Jesus, for we sinners can receive nothing from God but through his Son Jesus Christ, who died for sinners." The judges told him his style of praying was good, and that he explained himself well; but that as the queen was opposed to it he must do no more of it in her country.

During this time of trial a small company of converts met for prayer at midnight every night in the week, and many of them said they had never before enjoyed so much in drawing near to God.

A CURIOUS EXAMINATION.

In the second week in March four of the principal officers were ordered to examine the Bible and hymn book, and other books published in the Malagasy language by the missionaries. As these officers were not literary men, and could read but poorly, the twelve teachers who had recanted were required to read for them. They began with the Bible, it being the largest book and the one most read. With the first verse in Genesis they found no fault; but the word *darkness* occurring in the

second, they said the queen did not like darkness, and proceeding no further in the chapter, unanimously condemned the Bible. Next came the hymn book, which, finding the word *Jehovah* in the first hymn, they also unanimously condemned. Then several tracts and catechisms were examined, but in all these the words "Jesus," "Christ," "Jehovah," "darkness," "hell," "Saviour," and "resurrection" occurring, they also, without exception, were condemned.

Having finished the books in the Malagasy language, they addressed themselves to the Hebrew, one of them being in possession of a Hebrew Bible. None of the teachers or officers knew a word of the language, yet one of the former pretended glibly to read the first chapter of Genesis. When through with his nonsense the officers put the book in the list with the other condemned ones. The English and French books, together with a few Latin and Greek, shared the same fate. A great pile was made of the volumes collected in an unoccupied building, and in a few weeks the rats, which were numerous and voracious, destroyed the leaves, backs, and all.

FOUR MISSIONARIES LEAVE THE ISLAND—CONTINUED PERSECUTION.

In consequence of repeated orders from the government, four of the missionaries left the island in June, 1835; two, however, Messrs. Johns and Baker, remained a year longer, although greatly

embarrassed in giving instruction and comfort to the converts. The queen took special pains to have all the principal bull-fights on Sunday, and to have the native Christians work the most and the hardest on that day. Two servants in the employ of Messrs. Johns and Baker were put to death by the tangena, because they remonstrated with one of the government officers against Sabbath desecration. A small child, also, of one of these servants was strangled by the queen's orders.

Notwithstanding these trials, and the prospect of severer ones, the converts continued secretly to worship God. They held midnight prayer-meetings in the forests and on the mountains, where the bull-dogs that were trained to scent them out had difficulty in catching them. Unable to use their Testaments and hymn books, which to this time they had managed to carry concealed about their persons, a company of them dug a large hole in a mountain side, lined it with long dry grass and leaves, and then buried all the books they had.

An order was issued for the poisoning of Messrs. Johns and Baker if they did not immediately leave Madagascar, and they in consequence, with great sorrow, prepared to sail for Mauritius. This was in September, 1836. They had managed, in regard to some Bibles and other books, to escape the vigilance of the four officers who were commissioned to collect and condemn; and having ex-

cavated a large grave in a dry place, with the assistance of a few native converts, they buried several boxes of hymn books, catechisms, spelling books, and Bibles.

Just as they were leaving the capital the storm of persecution burst out afresh. The first person to suffer was Rafaravavy, a woman who had embraced Christianity before the queen came into power. Previous to her conversion she had been so devoted to idolatry, that when there was not a meal of rice in the house, the money required to purchase it was paid to the support of idol worship; but when she embraced Christianity she became one of the most zealous converts. She took one of the largest houses in the capital for the purpose of maintaining a prayer meeting, and did much to secure the attendance of others on the means of grace. A short time before the missionaries left she, with nine of her companions, was accused by three of her servants with reading the Bible and praying on the Sabbath. The queen, on hearing the case, ordered the ten to be put to death; but afterwards, relenting, decided to fine Rafaravavy to the amount of half her property, and half her own value if sold into slavery.

Soon afterwards she discovered that she was very narrowly watched by her father and his friends, and this determined her to sell her house in the capital and purchase a smaller one in the suburbs. The little band continued to meet at her new home, and sometimes at the house of a friend,

and sometimes again on the tops of adjacent mountains. During one of these meetings fourteen were seized and sold into slavery for their adhesion to Christianity. One of the persons so arrested and sold was named Paul. In reply to a number of charges made against him he said: "I have certainly prayed to the God who created me and supported me, and who made all things, to make me a good man; to bless the queen, and give her real happiness, both in this world and that which is to come; to bless the officers and all the people, and to make them so good that there might be no more robbers and liars in the country, and that God would make all the people wise and good." This discreet answer had some effect on the officers, and two or three were disposed to intercede with the queen for his liberty; but the majority were clamorous against him, and declared that no one had a right to pray to Jehovah, and that he ought to be sold. So he was pronounced guilty, and sent to hard work and hopeless slavery.

Two weeks afterwards a gang of people came rushing, almost out of breath, into the house of Rafaravavy, and seizing upon every article of her property, cried out that the queen had so ordered it. Having removed all the furniture and other articles the crowd began to pull the house down. In less than an hour the destruction was complete. The order then was for her to follow four men of the class employed in putting criminals to death. She expected immediately to feel the edge of the

executioner's axe, and as she went along she repeated to herself, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit," feeling almost certain she had done with the body. Several native Christians followed her, uttering words of encouragement and comfort. But instead of going directly to the place of execution, the four men turned aside into a house by the way, and put heavy irons on her; the queen's orders being that she should be put to death before daylight the next morning. That night a great fire occurred in the capital, burning down many houses, and causing so much dismay and consternation that the order for execution was forgotten.

The queen, half suspecting that the fire was sent as a judgment from heaven, changed the sentence, and decided to reduce Rafaravavy to perpetual slavery, so that neither friends nor any amount of money could be given as a ransom for her. A short time afterwards another Christian woman, by the name of Rasalama, was apprehended, and on her confession of Christ was pierced through the heart with spears, and her body fed to the dogs. She died with a prayer on her lips, for mercy to her murderers.

Rafaravavy was kept in irons five months after the sentence of perpetual slavery had been pronounced on her. Every day she expected to be led out to execution. It was supposed that the regard the government had for her father was the means of saving her life. Her friends did all they could to alleviate her sufferings, visiting her as

often as they dared, taking with them Christian books and reading to her, the guards remaining outside, and they were not a little encouraged to find her sustaining her afflictions so cheerfully. Her conversation with the guards and others who visited her was so discreet and edifying as to produce a very favourable impression upon their minds. When asked if she was not sorry that she had brought this trouble upon herself, she replied: "How can I be sorry for the pardon of my sins, and for asking God to bless me and make me for ever happy?"

At last the decree of selling her into slavery was executed, but, as it was supposed by design, she fell into the hands of a distant relative, who treated her kindly, and allowed her to go and come as she pleased, provided she did her work. During this time she was visited by her husband, a colonel in the army, who, hearing of her condition, had obtained liberty to spend a few months at the capital. The other Christians who had been sold into slavery had been in the habit of meeting for prayer and religious conversation at the house of a young man named Rafaralahy, who had built a room for the purpose a short distance from the village where he resided. After being released she found out the little band, and united herself with them. But they were soon discovered, and Rafaralahy was put to death; all who met at his house, so far as they could be discovered, were also apprehended. This was brought about by the treachery

of a man named Rafiakarana, who had received Christian instruction and baptism, and appeared zealous for the truth, but who had apostatized on the suppression of Christianity, and became openly vicious. Rafaralahy, having formerly received instruction from him, conversed with him, and thinking he had gained him, disclosed the facts respecting the meetings of the Christians; but his kindness was requited by being cruelly betrayed.

Those who had not been apprehended before were treated more leniently; but Rafaravavy, Paul, Joseph, and others who had been previously arrested, having nothing to expect but death, were advised by their Christian friends to seek safety in flight. Yet they knew not what to do. At first they thought of attempting to go to a neighbouring province which was at war with Madagascar. But the dangers and difficulties in the way appeared insurmountable. Three of the company were concealed for several months in a forest near the capital, and were fed by a friend in the city till his means were exhausted. Others of the party, including the women, wandered about from one village to another, concealed sometimes in houses, sometimes in pits, and in bogs, the country meanwhile being filled with soldiers in search of them. After enduring incredible hardships and experiencing many hair-breadth escapes, a large party of them escaped by water to Mauritius. Six of them, among whom was Rafaravavy, now called Mary,

soon after embarked for England, where they arrived in May, 1839.

At the time of the martyrdom of Rafaralahy an eminently pious young woman was arrested and sold into perpetual slavery. Her husband had previously divorced her, and her father had disowned her. Her relatives, preferring that she should die rather than disgrace them, procured her trial by the tangena, under the effects of which she died. Many of the Christians who escaped from the capital, but not out of the country, were put to death by the same process. The queen issued orders to her soldiers to spear the Christians wherever found. The usual plan of execution, however, was to dig a pit, tie them by the hands and feet, thrust them head downwards, and pour boiling water on them till they perished. During the year 1839, it was estimated that six hundred persons underwent the ordeal of tangena, by which five hundred died. The manner in which these Christians endured their trials and met the terrors of martyrdom was worthy the apostolic times. When brought to the final test, not one renounced the Saviour's name. Nominal professors, indeed in great numbers, hastened to make recantation on the first breaking out of the persecution; but none of those who really by their fruits showed themselves Christians made any renouncement when the spear or the poison water was presented. In the deep hour of trial they were unfaltering in their allegiance to and reliance on the Saviour.

CRUELTY OF THE GOVERNMENT — AN ARMY OF MARTYRS.

During the year 1840 the injustice and cruelty of the queen raged with increased violence and success. Many of the people sought a sanctuary on the tops of the mountains, or in the caves of the wilderness, where they might hold fellowship with each other and God, and yet with all their attempts at secrecy in worship they were hunted out and pitilessly massacred. In the month of June, 1840, sixteen persons left the capital by night, determined to seek, under British protection in Mauritius, the liberty of conscience which they could not enjoy in their native land. They travelled till daylight without interruption, and on towards noon of the next day, when some soldiers stopped and queried them. Explanation was given, and the captain of the party of soldiers, having a relative among the group, permitted them to proceed on their journey. For a day or two longer they proceeded safely, but just as they came in sight of the coast, and saw the waters that they hoped were to bear them away to a haven of rest, a large marauding party, in the employ of the queen, encompassed and ordered them immediately to retrace their steps to the capital. The shock was a dreadful one, but there was no alternative except death at the spear's point. On the return march two escaped, and ultimately embarked for and reached Mauritius. The other fourteen were

driven into the palace-yard at the capital; five of them were condemned to perpetual slavery, and the remaining nine haltered and led around to the deserted mission-house, where, being requested to recant, but refusing, they were speared to death in a kneeling position.

In the following year (1841) some three thousand Christians suffered death from the tangena and scalding. In 1842 there was little or no abatement of the queen's persecuting power, and a number were added to the glorious company of the martyrs. Among these was a poor young man who had long suffered as a cripple. The officer who brought him the poison water remarked, that if he would stop praying to Jehovah, he should not only have his life, but a home with a family who would feed and clothe him, and require no pay or work at his hands. The temptation was a strong one, but, turning to the officer with his eyes full of tears, he exclaimed: "How can I cease praying to Him who has done everything for me? My prayers harm no one; I ask God to bless my friends, my enemies, and all the world; surely I ought not to suffer death for this." Poor man! his plea did not avail. The deadly draught was swallowed, and he died in great agony a short time afterwards.

Notwithstanding the persecutions and deaths endured, the number of converts increased. In 1847, under the blessing of God, the labours of a young man named Ramaka resulted in a great

awakening, and the addition of one hundred to the band of converts. Among the number was Rakotondrama, only son of the queen, and heir presumptive to the throne. Five months after his conversion the queen issued orders for the apprehension of all the new converts whose names had been reported to the government, twenty-one of whom were condemned to die. The young prince, then only seventeen years of age, came forward, and used his influence to save their lives, in which he was successful. Nine of them, however, were compelled to pass through the ordeal of tangena, one of whom died; four escaped, and the rest were sentenced to slavery, three of whom were immediately redeemed by their friends, the prince contributing largely towards the object. In every way possible he continued to afford the persecuted followers of Christ the most conclusive evidence that he was a faithful brother in the Lord. In defiance of the laws, he assembled with them for worship in their places of retreat; and when their lives and liberties were in danger, he employed all the means in his power to warn them of impending danger, and to effect their rescue.

A NEW PERSECUTION.

About the beginning of 1849 a new and most terrible persecution broke out. Nearly two thousand persons were summoned to the capital for worshipping the true God and for believing in his Son. Three of the most distinguished were sen

tenced to be burned, and three times while their bodies were consuming the rain descended and extinguished the flames. Their sufferings were excruciating beyond human language to describe, yet they witnessed bravely to the truth. Ten others were thrown from a granite precipice near the city, and dashed in pieces. At this juncture the prince at the risk of his life interfered, and boldly withstood the prime minister, who was the author of this cruelty.

A month or two afterwards the fires broke out again. The Rev. Mr. Ellis, who visited the island for the third time in 1856, thus refers to the persecutions of 1849: "Of the numbers implicated some idea may be formed from the fact that, at one time and place, thirty-seven who had explained or preached the Word were reduced to slavery with their wives and children; forty-two who had possessed books were made slaves, and their property seized; twenty-seven who had possessed books, and who had preached or explained, were made slaves with their wives and children; six with whom it was a second offence were imprisoned; two thousand and fifty-five had paid one dollar each; eighteen had been put to death; fourteen were hurled from a steep rock, and four burned to death."

Those who received the death sentence were treated with the greatest indignity. They were wrapped in old, torn, or dirty mats, and mouldy rags were stuffed into their mouths. Many of

them were tied by the heels to a pole, and thus carried by two men to the place of execution. Persons of noble blood were not killed in the ordinary way, there being an aversion to shedding their blood; hence burning was the method of their execution. At one place a man and his wife and child, of noble descent, were placed upon a high pile of wood; then additional sticks were thrown over them till they were covered entirely from sight. They were called to, and exhorted to recant, but their answer was, "We cannot deny the Saviour;" whereupon the torch was applied and all three were consumed.

The following account of the examination and bearing of eighteen persons condemned to death at one time was obtained by Mr. Ellis from a native journal, and is in every sentence and word just as it was written down at the time:—

"On the 14th of March, 1849, the officer before whom the Christians were summoned said: 'Do you pray to the sun, or the moon, or the earth?'

"R. answered: 'I do not pray to these, for the hand of God made them.'

"'Do you pray to the twelve mountains that are sacred?'

"R. 'I do not pray to them, for they are mountains.'

"'Do you pray to the idols that render sacred the kings?'

"'I do not pray to them, for the hand of man made them.'

"'Do you pray to the ancestors of the sovereigns?'

"R. 'Kings and rulers are given by God that we should serve and obey them, and render them homage. Nevertheless, they are only men like ourselves; when we pray we pray to God alone.'

"'You make distinct and observe the Sabbath-day?'

"R. 'That is the day of the great God, for in six days the Lord made all his works. But God rested on the seventh, and he caused it to be holy; and I rest, or keep sacred that day.'

"And in similar manner answered all the Christians. And when a man who had kept aloof saw that one—a woman—did not deny God, and remembered that to deny God was followed with compunction, he went and spoke as the others had done. And when these brethren and sisters were bound, the priest and one of them who had heard their confession came and said to them: 'Be not afraid; for it is well if for that you die.' He was a soldier from a distance, and not of the number of the accused. Then he was examined, and as he made the same avowal they bound him also. And they removed these ten brethren and sisters, and made their bands hard, or tight, and confined them each in a separate house. At one o'clock we met together and prayed. On the 22nd of March, when one had said, 'Jehovah is God alone, and above every name that is named, and Jesus Christ is also God,' the people cried out mocking; and to

another the officer said, 'Rabodampoimerina (the sacred name of the queen) is our god, but not your God.' He answered: 'The God who made me is my God, but Rabodo is my queen or sovereign;' and when he refused other answer, they said, 'Perhaps he is an idiot or a lunatic.' He answered, 'I am not an idiot, and have not lost my understanding.' Then there was a commotion or buzz among the people, saying, 'Take him away;' and they took him to prison.

"And the eighteen appointed to die, as they sat on the ground surrounded by the soldiers, sang the hymn:—

'When I shall die and leave my friends,
When they shall weep for me,
When departed has my life,
Then I shall be happy.'

"When that hymn was finished, they sang:—

'When I shall behold him rejoicing in the heavens.'

"And when the sentences were all pronounced, and the officer was about to return to the chief authorities, the four sentenced to be burned requested him to ask that they might be killed first and then burned. But they were burned alive. When the officer was gone, they took those eighteen away to put them to death. The fourteen they tied by the hands and the feet to long poles, and carried on men's shoulders. And these brethren prayed, and spoke to the people as they

were being carried along. And some who beheld them said that their faces were like the faces of angels. And when they came to the top of Nampaminarina they cast them down; and their bodies were afterwards dragged to the other end of the capital, to be burned with the bodies of those that were burned alive.

"And as they took the four that were to be burned alive to the place of execution, these Christians sang the hymn beginning, 'When our hearts are humbled,' each verse ending in 'Then remember us.' Thus they sang on the road, and when they came to Faravohittra, then they burned them fixed between split spars. And there was a rainbow in the heavens at the time close to the place of burning. Then they sang the hymn:—

'There is a blessed land,
Making most happy;
Never shall the rest depart
Nor cause of trouble come.'

"That was the hymn they sang after they were in the fire. Then they prayed, saying, 'O Lord, receive our spirits; for thy love to us has caused this to come to us, and lay not this sin to their charge.'

"Thus they prayed as long as they had any life. Then they died, but softly, gently. Indeed, gently was the going forth of their life, and astonished were all the people around that beheld the burning of them there."

In such a record we seem rather to be reading

of a persecution of primitive days than of the constancy of partially-instructed Christians of a semi-barbarous people, among whom the true light had only shone for a period of eighteen years. Who could help praising God for such bright examples of the sufficiency of this grace?

The young prince continues to this hour firm and decided in his Christian profession, and has worked wonders among the subjects of his mother the queen. He has a faith that enables him to look through the mist and darkness of this world to that high and blessed world where the Saviour and his redeemed dwell in perpetual peace. In the heart of forests, and on the tops of lonely mountains, and concealed by the darkness of unfrequented caves, the Christian people of Madagascar still assemble to worship the true God; and often in the midnight hour the low, sweet music of hymns that delight Christian hearts in other lands are sung, and prayers are uttered, and hopes cherished of meeting at last in the land

> ——— "Where the weary are blest,
> And the mourner looks up and is glad."

We know not the future; only the Omniscient eye can read that. The queen is old now and in a decline, and her death may at any time occur. If, when she dies, the prince, her son, could quietly ascend the throne, and if his example and precepts were allowed freely to act, the spread of Christianity would be as a triumphal march. But

opposed to him and his views are that powerful tribe, the Hovas, who have waged many a war of extermination on the island. They will oppose his reigning as king, and will oppose missionary effort also; yet with all these dark features there is room for hope. He who has done so much for his people, we must believe, is preparing them for a work of lofty and wonderful triumph. Very soon we hope to hear that the Churches and Sabbath-schools and day-schools are being re-established all over the island, and that the Gospel of Christ is enjoyed by every heart. For that day let us who enjoy the privileges and liberties of this happy country pour forth ardent prayers, and then when the time of victory comes we too can join in the shout of praise to God.

TRIUMPH OF CHRISTIANITY IN MADAGASCAR.

—o—

Since the foregoing was written, a remarkable religious revolution has taken place in the Island, and the blessed seed of the Gospel, sown by devoted Christian missionaries and converted natives, has taken root, and produced the most unexampled and unexpected results.

Before referring to the details of this religious movement, it may be well to look back a few years, on the relentless and exterminating persecution waged against European Christians and native converts by Radama's successor.

We have seen that the idolatry of the sovereign, nobles, and people, was of the lowest type, and morality at the lowest ebb. It was no offence to cheat or lie, but a mortal crime to chase a wild cat, or shake a spear at a crocodile; a red rag or a shapeless block, like the negro fetishes, received divine honours.

The hatred to the new religion was intense and persecuting. It was a struggle between conscience and a relentless woman. All were

required to abjure Christianity, those who did so escaping with fines or confiscation, but for the "obstinate," nothing was too bad. The land was scoured by soldiery for those who fled rather than yield themselves into the Queen's hands. They were forced to seek refuge in swamps and forests, among crocodiles and serpents, and many died of starvation and exposure. Many were sold into slavery, many were banished, but took their religion with them. Not a few were speared, or suffocated in rice-pits, or crucified, or buried alive, or scalded to death, or flung over precipices. This reign of terror lasted for twenty-five years—from 1835 to 1861. At the Queen's death, her illegitimate son, Radama II., was the next monarch, and favoured the Christians as much as his mother had injured them. But he was soon after murdered, and his wife, Rasoherina I. made Queen. Under her, though a heathen, perfect religious liberty was enjoyed, and in the rising light, idolatry approached nearer and nearer its fall. She died on the 1st of April, 1868, and another Queen, her younger sister, was proclaimed ruler, under the name of Ranavalona.

The new reign has proved decisive as to the old idolatry and Christianity. At her coronation, instead of idols and priests, the Queen had the Bible at her side, and mottoes from it on

the canopy over her. The idol-keepers were not recognised as such, though treated courteously as subjects.

We learn from a letter from the Rev. W. Pool, dated from the capital, on the 23rd September, that the Queen has had the royal idols publicly burned; that she and her aristocracy have embraced Christianity; and that the whole province of Imerina, in which the capital is situated, has followed the example of the Government. The Queen embraced Christianity early in the year, and has all the summer been building a Chapel Royal. Meanwhile, the wooden fence around the temple of the great national idol had been pulled down, and the priests assumed a threatening aspect, even hinting that their god had medicine which would avenge him on the heretic sovereign. On the 8th of September, they came in force to the capital to claim their rights as nobles. A council was called, and it was decided to send the chief Secretary of State, and other high officials to the sacred village, seven miles from the capital, and burn the idol before its keepers returned. They set off the same afternoon, and, by an authority from the Prime Minister, seized the idol's house. The wood of the fallen fence was collected, and a fire was made, and the contents of the temple were brought out to be burned. First, the long cane carried before the idol in processions was

thrown in; then twelve bullocks' horns from which incense or holy water had been sprinkled; then three scarlet umbrellas and the silk robe worn over the idol by the keeper who carried it. Then came the idol's case—the trunk of a small tree, hollowed and fitted with a cover; and last of all, the idol itself. Hardly any of the present generation had seen the god, and great was the surprise when he was produced. Two pieces of scarlet silk, about three feet long and three inches wide, with a small piece of wood about as big as a man's thumb inserted in the middle between them, so that the silk formed, as it were, two wings, was the great god of Madagascar, whose touch was sanctifying, and whose nearness was preservative. "You cannot burn him, he is a god," said the people. "If he be a god he will not burn," said the officers, "we are going to try," and held it on a stick in the fire, that the people might see it as it was consumed. The victory was complete. Next day four other idols shared the same fate, and the rest followed. One was a little bag of sand; another consisted of three round pieces of wood, united by a silver chain. The people looked on in wonder, and when the process was over, seeing that they had now no gods to worship, they sent to the Queen to ask what they were to worship for the future.

The Government thereupon appealed to the native Christians to send Christian teachers, and they at once responded. It was found that of 280 towns and villages in Imerina, 120 already had Christian churches, and teachers were at once found for all the rest. This movement, which is remarkable for its purely native origin, is another proof that in certain stages of civilization nations may be converted by authority. The conversion of Madagascar has been accomplished in the nineteenth century much as that of the Saxons was accomplished in the sixth. The Iconoclast is the Reformer's forerunner. To overthrow a fetish worship, the fetish itself must be first destroyed.

The Rev. W. Ellis, the well known missionary, supplies the following additional particulars on this interesting subject :—" The influence of the royal idols is not national ; it extends only to the Royal family and the Government, and to the personal and public action of the Government. The heads of villages, as well as the heads of families, have their own idols, which they respectively worship. The idols of the Hova Government are not acknowledged by the conquered rulers and people of other provinces. None of the idols of the people were destroyed by order of the Queen, for in a letter from the Prime Minister, written on the day on which the royal idols were burnt, he informs

me, that when the officers and people assembled in the court of the palace asked the Queen if she wished all the idols to be destroyed, she said—'That would please me, for I have no desire that there should be idols any more in my kingdom; nevertheless, I do not wish to force you, my people.' The destruction of the idols is rather the effect than the cause of the conversion of the people. It is less than four months since the order for the destruction of the Government idols was given, and it is nearly forty years since the first converts to Christianity were baptized. After thirty years of severe persecution, during which at least 200 died, and thousands suffered for their faith, the numbers of the Christians during that period had increased from less than 100 to 7,000. At the close of the last year, seven years later, the adherents to Christianity exceeded 40,000, while in some parts of the province their number has doubled during the present year. The additional teachers now being sent forth to places destitute of instructors are not sent by the order or on the authority of the Government, but by the existing Churches in the capital, and they will be supported by the voluntary offerings of the Christians, including the congregation in the court of the palace. The only favour which these Evangelists will receive from the Government will be exemption

from the public service required from other classes, which exemption will be given to such teachers as may be approved and appointed by the native churches and the missionaries."

It may also be added that the Memorial Church to the Martyrs was brought to a completion, and opened in November, 1868, and others, large and substantial, were erected in different places. Christianity has, meanwhile, been widely spread through the provinces, schools greatly multiplied, and the press has sent out, besides other books, an edition of 15,000 native spelling-books, of which 10,000 have already been sold. A native religious magazine is regularly published, native hymn-books are in great demand, and 20,000 Malagasy New Testaments have been printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society.

The statistics of the Mission, as given by Mr. Ellis, are as follows, in the month of December, 1868:—Twelve English agents, of whom eight are ordained ministers; twenty native pastors; 437 native preachers and teachers; 37,112 adherents of Christianity; 7,066 communicants. Of these, 20,909 adherents and 2,050 communicants were added during the year. On the 21st of February, 1869, the Queen was publicly baptized, along with the Prime Minister, after a careful preparation like that given to the ancient cate-

Warrior of the Sandwich Islands.

chumens. Four months later, they publicly took the Communion, and thus set the seal to their profession of the religion of the Cross.

Mr. Ellis also gives a letter from the Prime Minister, supplying interesting details of the crowning act of this national regeneration of creed—the public burning of the long-venerated idols. We give it at length.

Translation.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM ELLIS.

ANTANANARIVO, *Sept. 8th*, 1869.

DEAR FRIEND,—I have received the letter which you wrote on the 14th of April last, telling me of your joy and praise to God when you heard how the Queen loved the Word of God, and proposed to walk in His ways; also to trust in the great Saviour, our Lord Jesus Christ.

Yes, there was true reason for your rejoicing, for things greatly to gladden the heart indeed are these. We may indeed praise God, for it is as His Word, which says, "The sovereign's heart is in the hands of the Lord; He turneth it whithersoever He will." God has guided the heart of the Queen to that which pleases Him, and caused her to understand that in which He delights; and now the Queen has been baptized, and has partaken of the feast of the Lord.

We are also building a beautiful stone house within the court of the palace, to be a house for the worship of God. The good friend, Mr. William Pool, made the *marky* (drawing or plan) of that good house. Joyous are the men in this good work; energetic are the Christians, because they see the worship of the sovereign; for those who believe in Jesus Christ have no anxiety and no fear. Truly rejoicing is it to behold the deportment of the people at Antananarivo on the Sabbath day. Scarcely is any one to be seen in the streets until the close of public worship, because the great majority of the people assembled in the houses of prayer. No public *work* is done on that joyful day.

And this, my friend, is another fresh cause of rejoicing here. On the same day that I write this letter to you, the Queen sent for the officers and the heads (of the people) to come within the court of the palace, and when they were assembled, the Queen said,—"I shall not lean upon or trust again in the idols, for they are blocks of wood; but upon God and Jesus Christ do I now lean or trust. And as for the idols (viz., the national idols), I shall burn them, or cause them to be burned; for they do no good whatever; they are all deceit and falsehood."

And when the people heard this they expressed their pleasure, and asked the Queen if

she would summon a kabary, or general assembly, to cause all the idols of the people to be burned.

The Queen answered, and said, "That would please me. I have no desire that there should be idols any more in my kingdom. Nevertheless, I do not force, or compel you, my people."

Then agreed, or consented the people, there before the Queen, to the burning of all the national idols in Madagascar; and the Queen, consenting, rejoiced. And on the same day the Queen sent officers to burn all the idols of the Queen, which are called Rakelimalaza, Rafantaka, Ramanjakatsiroa, Ramahavaly, &c., &c. And they were all burned, and some of the people also burned theirs.

And astonished to the utmost were the keepers of the idols when they saw the idols in the flames; for they had said that the idols were too sacred and powerful to be affected by the burning.

That was a new thing here, therefore we sincerely thank God, for He has manifested His power here in Madagascar. And (we thank God also) because He has given to the Queen a true heart to put away the root of belief in things that are nothing (have no existences).

I rejoiced when I heard that you (the Christians in England) prayed unto God for me.

For that I thank you, indeed, greatly. May the blessing of God be with you.

I visit you, and your family, and my desire for you is that God may bless you,

Saith your true friend,

RAINILAIARIVONY, *Prime Minister.*

Such are the wonderful and glorious results of the spread of Christianity. It is to be hoped that the change will be lasting and progressive, and that the sunshine of Royalty will be as favourable to the health and growth of the new faith, as storms and clouds proved to be, and that blessed results in the lives and hearts of all will follow.

THE ISLAND ORPHAN BROTHERS.

WHAT CAME OF THEIR VOYAGE.

In the year 1809 a vessel set sail from one of the Sandwich Islands, in the North Pacific Ocean, for New York. A day or two before sailing, two orphan boys went to the captain and asked passenger with him to New York. His first reply was a refusal, but reflecting a little he said: "You can go, boys; we sail on Thursday at noon." Very gladly those little Sandwich Island fellows accepted, and were, with what of clothing they could collect, on hand at the sailing hour. The voyage was long and tedious, the captain paying the boys the slightest attention only, and the sailors foregoing no opportunity to have amusement out of them. At last the vessel arrived at New York, and with no money in their pockets, and not so much as a note of introduction to any one, the captain sent the orphan brothers ashore.

Wandering about the streets of the great city, their forlorn looks arrested the attention of a gentleman who lived at New Haven, and who had several times been to the Sandwich Islands. He spoke cheerfully to them, took them by the hand,

and inquired if they would not like to go home with him. Their pleased look showed how happy they were to receive such an invitation, and that evening they were on board a Long Island vessel, in company with their friend, bound for New Haven. Reaching that city, they became in a short time objects of sympathy on the part of Christians. They were taken to hear preaching as well as to prayer and other meetings, and though they understood but little of the English language, they nevertheless, in a short time, began to feel that the preaching was as much for them as for others, and that they ought to pray. The older one, whose name was Opukakia, was especially concerned, and in a few weeks professed to believe in Christ as his Saviour.

The interest in these boys increased daily, and the religious people of New Haven became seriously moved as to the moral condition of the islands whence they came. Going to Andover, Massachusetts, Opukakia and his brother became acquainted with a class of young men who were educating for the ministry. Two of these students had determined on a missionary life, and the presence and conversation of these boys influenced them to select the Sandwich Islands as their future field of toil. Their names were Hiram Bingham and Asa Thurston.

Completing their arrangements, Messrs. Bingham and Thurston, with their wives and thirteen others, set sail from Boston on the 23rd of October,

1819, and after a long voyage reached the island of Hawaii, April 4th, 1820. On landing they found the people kindly disposed towards them, but sunk in the deepest barbarism. Mr. Bingham, writing home of the islanders, uttered these words: "The nation has neither books, pens, nor pencils, nor any means of communicating thought or acquiring instruction. They sit like Turks or tailors, on mats spread on the ground, dip their fingers in their dishes to eat their fish, *poi*, and dog-flesh, having no knives, forks, or spoons. They stretch themselves at full length on the mats, to play cards, or otherwise kill time."

Another writer, speaking of the islanders before the arrival of the missionaries, says of them that they had large fields or public arenas, where boxing-matches were held. At the close of a day's boxing, it was nothing uncommon to see thirty, forty, and even fifty men dead or dying from the fight.

They were great gamblers, and every person, from the king to the meanest subject, indulged in the vice. They gambled away their property to the last vestige they possessed. They staked every article of food they had, the crops in the valleys and on the hill-sides; men staked their wives, fathers their daughters, and multitudes the very bones of their arms and legs, to be made into fish-hooks after they were dead.

Nothing could exceed their drunkenness and licentiousness. They prepared a drink from a

mountain plant called *awa*, which had the properties of most deadly intoxication. A man who was in the habit of drinking *awa* carried the appearance of a leper, and sometimes a drink of it would send a man into a sleep from which he never woke.

When a person fell sick, instead of nursing and administering medicine to him, they would go off and let him suffer and die alone. They would take a boy or a man who was a maniac, and tying him by his heels to the limb of a tree would suffer him to swing till dead. Afterwards the birds or the dogs would pick off all his flesh. Sometimes they would cut a hole in the tongue of a crazy man, and then tie him to a stake by the sea-shore, and leave him there till the waves of some great storm would roll up and drown him.

If their parents became infirm or feeble, they dug a hole in the ground and threw them in it, and thus buried them alive. If they caught members of other tribes on their own grounds, they would kill and eat them, or first roast and eat them.

These were some of the wicked things the Sandwich Islanders did when the missionaries found them, and it was the recital of things like these by the two brothers that led the Andover young men to move in the work of going out as missionaries.

There was one thing that gave encouragement. A few years before their arrival, King Kamehamea,

of Hawaii, a man of great energy and strength, had subdued all the islands, and brought the different tribes under his control. He died May 8th, 1819, but his son Liholiho carried on the government. Among other things that Liholiho determined to bring about, was the abolishment of idolatry. The tribes who were in favour of idolatry gave him and his men battle, but he triumphed, and demolished all the false gods that could be found, far and near.

The missionaries were full of hope at this. With the permission and help of the king and the chiefs, they built themselves native huts. These huts had each one room, with nothing but two or three square holes for windows, and no floors or ceilings. The boys and girls of the island gathered together to see the new comers, who spoke kindly to them. In a week or two, schools were organized, and the chiefs and great men were the first scholars. Hardly had one quarter passed before the king could read, and at the end of six months several of the chiefs could both read and write.

In November, eight months after the landing of the missionaries, there were four distinct day-schools, with ninety pupils attending them. On Monday, January 1st, 1822, a spelling-book of eight pages, in the Hawaiian language was printed. The reason that no larger book was printed was, the great difficulty which the missionaries had in ascertaining the exact sounds of the language, and

the fact that the islanders had no printed or written language of their own.

In 1830, ten years after the first labours had commenced, not only was the language of the islands reduced to writing, but there were two printing-presses at work at Honolulu, a town of Hawaii, at which 387,000 copies of twenty-two distinct books in the native tongue had been printed, amounting to over ten millions of pages. A large edition of the Gospels of Matthew, Mark, and John had been printed in the United States for the mission, swelling the whole number of pages in the Hawaiian language to 13,632,800 pages. Nine hundred native schools for teaching the people to read were in operation, and about 45,000 scholars, 21,000 readers, and over 3000 writers were reported. The government had adopted the law of God as the basis of its future administration, and had recognized the Christian religion as the religion of the nation. Most of the higher chiefs and rulers were members of the Church of Christ, and meeting-houses had been erected in very many villages. Laws were passed and strictly enforced against Sabbath-breaking, whisky-selling, gambling, and other vices.

In 1834, a newspaper, called the "Hawaiian Luminary," was started, and a short time after another one, with the name of "Hawaiian Teacher." In June, 1837, there were fifteen churches on the islands, with 1049 members. In the latter end of the year, a spirit of religious fervour broke out;

the number of missionaries and preaching places was increased, and in June, 1838, it was found that religion had been revived at every station, and that about 5000 persons had been converted. The good work continued, and in the next twelve months over 10,000 persons experienced a change of heart, and joined the Church. In June, 1840, there were nineteen churches, with 18,451 members in communion.

It is very remarkable, that of the 10,000 who were converted in the "Great Revival," very few fell away, and that for every year since, about 1000 persons have been converted and added to the Church. Up to June, 1853, the number of those who had been admitted to the Churches from the origin of the mission was 38,544. Of these, however, 11,782 had died, leaving the actual membership at 22,236.

Mr. Coan, writing from Hilo, in Hawaii, April 17th, 1854, says that it is impossible for words to tell of the triumphs of the Gospel in the islands. All men with eyes can see the great work, and all men except the bigoted and blind confess it. "Nowhere on earth," says he, "are life and property more secure. Nowhere may the people sleep with open doors, by the way-side, or in the forests more safely than here. Nowhere may the traveller with more impunity encamp where night overtakes him, lay his purse by his side, hang his watch on a tree, and commit himself to sleep. Natives often hang calabashes of food, fish, clothing,

and other things, on the limb of a tree by the roadside, and leave them thus for days or weeks, till they return from an excursion. And the Gospel, the Gospel only, is the explanation of all this."

Many interesting incidents might be told about the benevolence and religious enterprise of the islanders. In church-building, they were specially active. A large stone edifice at Honolulu, costing £4000, was six years in building. A church was built at Kealakekua, and the following account will give some idea of the way in which it was done:—

The stones were carried on the men's shoulders from three to five hundred yards. The coral for making the lime they procured by diving in water ten to fifteen feet deep, and breaking off blocks or fragments. If these happened to be too heavy for the diver to bring up to his canoe with his hands, he ascended to the surface to take breath, then went down again with a rope, tied it to the coral, and mounting to his canoe, drew up the rock from the bottom, and when the canoe was well loaded, he rowed it ashore and discharged his freight. By this plan, they procured nearly 8000 cubic feet of coral rock. To burn this mass, the Church members brought wood from the mountains on their backs. The lime being burned, the women took it in calabashes, or big gourd shells, and bore it on their shoulders to the place of building. In this way the women also carried the sand and water for

making the mortar. Thus, about 700 barrels each of lime, sand, and water, making about 2000 barrels, or 350 waggon-loads, were carried by the women over a quarter of a mile, to assist the men in building the temple of the Lord, which they desired to see erected for themselves and their children. The sills, posts, beams, and rafters, and other things, they cut in the mountains, from eight to ten miles away, and then drew them down by hand. The posts and beams required the strength of forty to sixty men each. Nothing scarcely could be more tiresome than the way in which they had to drag the timber, yet they entered on it and kept at it with fine spirits. Always they chose one of the party for a leader; this done, the leader makes a speech, and tells the rest that none but himself must speak while the dragging is going on. He then arranges his men on each side of the rope, like artillerymen at the drag-rope. Every man is then commanded to take firm hold of the rope with both hands, straighten it, and squat down, inclined a little forward. The leader then passes from rear to front, and from front to rear, reviewing the line to see that every man has tight hold. All is now still as the grave for a moment, when the leader or marshal of the day roars out in a voice like thunder, "*Kano!*" Draw. Every man springs to his feet, and away dashes the timber, through thicket and mud, over lava and streamlet, under a burning sun, or amid drenching rain.

It was in this way that nearly every church in the Sandwich Islands was built. I have sometimes thought, if the members of the Christian Church in civilized countries were half as willing to take hold of the drag-rope of religious effort, it would not be a hundred years before the voice of the missionary would be heard in every valley and on every hill-top of the earth.

THE END.

J. Ogden and Co., Printers, 172, St. John Street, E.C.

CHOICE READING.

Books suitable for Presents, Libraries, &c.

Large fcap. 8vo, Illustrated, extra cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.*, gilt edges and side.

1. **MEN WHO HAVE MADE THEMSELVES:** Whence they Started; How they Journeyed; What they Reached. A Book for Boys. Numerous Illustrations and Portraits. 15th thousand.

This Work is issued with the view of exciting in the young a spirit of noble emulation, and a desire for true greatness. The Lives of upwards of Thirty Men who have distinguished themselves in Science, Commerce, Literature, and Travel, are told with spirit. It will be found the best book of the kind ever issued.

Contents.—HUMPHRY DAVY, the Inventor of the Spirit Lamp—JAMES FERGUSON, the Shepherd-boy Astronomer—JAMES WATT, the Inventor of the Steam Engine—GEORGE STEPHENSON, the Inventor of the Locomotive Engine—GIOVANNI BATTISTA BELZONI, the Traveller in Egypt—WILLIAM CAXTON, the First English Printer—JAMES COOK, the Discoverer of South Sea Islands—BENJAMIN WEST, the Quaker Artist—SIR WILLIAM JONES, the Oriental Scholar and Jurist—SIR HENRY HAVELOCK, the Christian Soldier—JOHN LEYDEN, the Poet and Asiatic Scholar—WILLIAM GIFFORD, the Learned Shoemaker—ALEXANDER WILSON, the Ornithologist of America—ROBERT BLOOMFIELD, the Poet of the Farm—ROBERT BURNS, the Poet of the World—COUNT RUMFORD, the Chemist of Comfort—JOHN WYCLIFFE, the First Protestant—GEORGE BUCHANAN, the Tutor of an English King—THOMAS RUDDIMAN, the Grammarian—ALEXANDER ADAM, the High School Rector—BARON HUMBOLDT, the South American Traveller—JOHN SMEATON, the Builder of the Eddystone Lighthouse—ROBERT PEEL, the Spinner—JAMES MORRISON, the Warehouseman—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, the Wise Printer—WILLIAM COBBETT, the Plough-boy Politician—PETER HORBERG, the Peasant Artist—HUGH MILLER, the Geologist Stonemason—ELI WHITNEY, the Inventor of the Cotton Gin—RICHARD ARKWRIGHT, the Inventor of the Cotton Water Frame—JOHN OPIE, the Carpenter Artist—SAMUEL BUDGETT, the Conscientious Grocer—THOMAS SCOTT, the Commentator on the Bible—RICHARD BAXTER, the Fervent Preacher—LOTT CARY, the Negro Colonist—WILLIAM EDWARDS, the Persevering Bridge Builder—R. STEPHENSON, the Railway Engineer.

2. **THE LION OF WAR**; or the Pirates of Loo Chow. A Tale of the Chinese Seas, for Youth. By F. C. ARMSTRONG, Esq. Eight Illustrations.

This is a book of Adventures and Incidents for Boys.

3. **LUCY NEVILLE AND HER SCHOOLFELLOWS.** A Book for Girls. By MARY and ELIZABETH KIRBY. Eight Illustrations. Fourth Thousand.

"Do justice, love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God."

5. **THE LIFE AND TRAVELS OF ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT**: with an Account of his Discoveries, and Notices of his Scientific Fellow-Labourers and Contemporaries. Eight Illustrations.

Contents.—Early Life—The Voyage and Visit to the Canary Islands—Excursions about Cumana — Towards the Orinoco—Up the Orinoco—To Cuba and Back—Colombia and Peru—Mexico—Results of Humboldt's Travels — Journey to Central Asia—Last Literary Labours.

6. **THE MILITARY HEROES OF ENGLAND**, from the Invasion of Julius Cæsar to the Present Time. Eight Illustrations. Tenth Thousand.

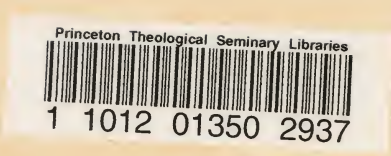
Contents.—The Ancient Britons and their Roman Conquerors—Saxon and Danish Rule—William of Normandy—Richard the Lion Hearted—Reigns of John and Henry III.—Edward I., and his Wars with the Welsh and Scots—Edwards II. and III.—Wars with Scotland, Wales, and France—The Wars of the Roses—The Tudor Sovereigns—Cromwell—William of Orange—Marlborough—Jacobite Rebellions—Chatham, Wolfe, Clive—War with United States, India, &c.—Wellington, Moore—Wars with Affghans, Sikhs—Sir C. Napier—Crimea, Indian Mutiny, Havelock, Sir C. Campbell, &c., &c.

10. **A POPULAR BOOK ON FLOWERS, GRASSES AND SHRUBS.** With Anecdotes and Poetical Illustrations; a Glossary of Botanical Terms, and a Copious Index. By MARY PIRIE. Numerous Illustrations.

A most excellent Book for Young Ladies.

11. **ILLUSTRIOUS MEN**: Their Noble Deeds, Discoveries, and Attainments. Tenth Thousand. Eight Illustrations.

Contents.—Alfred the Great — Geoffrey Chaucer — Cardinal Wolsey—Sir Thomas More—Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex—Hugh Latimer, Bishop of Worcester—John Jewell, Bishop of Salisbury—Sir Thomas Gresham—The Admirable Crichton—Sir Francis Drake—William Cecil, Lord Burleigh—William Shakespere—Sir Walter Raleigh — Francis Bacon — Sir Edward Coke—Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford—John Hampden—Dr. William Harvey — Admiral Blake — Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon—John Milton—John Tillotson—John Locke—Gilbert Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury—William Penn—Joseph Addison—John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough—Sir Isaac Newton—Robert Walpole—John Dalrymple, Earl of Stair—Sir Hans Sloane—General Wolfe—George, Lord Anson — George, Lord Lyttelton — William Pitt, Earl of Chatham—Sir William Blackstone—Dr. Samuel Johnson—Robert Lowth, Bishop of London—John Howard—William Murray, Earl of Mansfield.


Princeton Theological Seminary Libraries
1 1012 01350 2937